THE

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLXIV—October 1940

THE SITUATION[1]

On September 4th Hitler declared that the Royal Air Force was bombing German towns and villages unsystematically and without discrimination (' wahllos und planlos '). He told this falsehood to have an excuse for bombing the civilian population of London. ' We shall reply,' he said, amid prolonged applause, ' night after night . . . and if they [the English] announce that they will attack us on a big scale, we shall eradicate (' ausradieren ') their towns.' This last threat called forth another roar of acclamation from the bestial mob that makes up his Reichstag, a mob that cringes before him now but will rend him some day.

He did not, in his oration, which was one of the most truculent he ever made, declare that he would bomb London indiscriminately—he said he would retaliate for what he called indiscriminate bombing. And, indeed, he has not retaliated indiscriminately—the bombing of London has been systematic. Military objectives have been bombed also, for, foul creature though he is, Hitler is not a fool and would not forgo any chance of injuring in a military sense the most formidable foe he ever had to deal with. The bombing of London has been, above all, terroristic. Terrorism is rarely indiscriminate. The Germans, and Hitler above all, employ it

[1] In our previous article on 'The Situation,' 'Pan-Britannic' and 'Pan-Germanic' (p. 212) should read 'Pan-Britannica' and 'Pan-Germanica.' 'British, French, and, possibly, French condominium' (p. 213) should read 'British, Italian, and, possibly, French condominium.'

systematically and with calculated purpose. It would have been possible for Hitler's bombers to fly over London at an immense height in relative safety and scatter their bombs which would fall in parks and open spaces as well as in residential districts. But they have not flown as high as this and have *systematically* bombed residential districts again and again. It is no accident that so many hospitals have been bombed, some of them repeatedly. It can hardly be an accident that a bomb of exceptional size fell near St. Paul's Cathedral. The bombing of Buckingham Palace was *certainly* deliberate and there can be no doubt at all that Hitler is resolved on the extermination of the Royal Family. He has always hated royalty, for it represents a principle more exalted than any he could understand and it calls forth an allegiance far deeper than his terroristic *Führertum* could ever hope to command. That is why he pursued King Haakon with his bombers, that is why he tried to capture Queen Wilhelmina and to destroy her daughter and grandchildren, that is why he is trying to kill the King and Queen of England.

Hitler's foreign policy has always been in keeping with his home policy. He has always been, and still is, first and last a terrorist. He pursues his foes with insatiable ferocity. Incapable of any chivalrous action or any generous feeling, he is resolved on the extermination of all who stand in his way or who have ever stood in his way. He will always prefer the crueller method to the more merciful even if the one is no more efficacious than the other. To those who have given him the slightest offence he is merciless when they are at his mercy. The horrible torments he caused to be inflicted on Dr. Litten, who was counsel for the prosecution when Hitler was tried for high treason, are but one example amongst many—Dr. Litten died a long, lingering death as a result of his injuries. Hitler's malignance is altogether frightful. But it is always systematic. It is out of malignance that he has ordered the non-military bombing of London—and this bombing is no less systematic than the torture and murder of the prisoners in his concentration camps.

It is the wickedness of this foul monster that gives the Second World War its peculiarly nightmarish character. Napoleon at least had a conception, as Alexander the Great

had. Although a ruthless tyrant who brought immense misery upon the world, he, and the France that followed him, were not unworthy foes. But Hitler and his servile nation are altogether unworthy. The war which he, and they with him, prepared and started is utterly senseless—it is not being fought for any conception, it has arisen out of no necessity, or even clash of interests. It is untrue that Germany could achieve nothing by 'peaceful means.' Had Stresemann lived she would have achieved an unchallengeable ascendancy over the European continent, she would have carried out extensive annexations, and have reduced Poland, the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and perhaps Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to semi-vassalage, not, of course, without rearming, but nevertheless without resort to arms. So far from fulfilling the Pan-German dream of domination, Hitler has destroyed it—choosing the very period when that dream was, despite the defeat of 1918, at last moving, irresistibly, as it seemed, towards its own fulfilment. Hitler has not one constructive idea in his head—his genius is exclusively one of destruction (Dr. Rauschning is perfectly right when he describes the National Socialist Revolution of 1933 as 'nihilistic'). It is precisely because the war is utterly senseless that it must be fought out to the end until Hitler is overthrown and the power of Germany is broken for ever. There is nothing to be done with the genius of destruction except to destroy it. There is no possibility of any compromise that would not be a defeat and a betrayal.

The war is not an 'ideological' war. It is an *attentat* on a colossal scale, the coldly premeditated, cunning and ferocious attempt to destroy whatever there is of decency and civilised well-being in Europe, to murder, outrage, oppress and plunder for the sake of murder, outrage, oppression and plunder, war for war's sake and carnage for the sake of carnage. The war has nothing whatever to do with any 'conflict of principles,' it cannot be explained in terms of economics, it does not represent a 'crisis in capitalism,' nor is it the outcome of 'contradictions in the capitalist system.' Villainies are not always committed for ulterior reasons and there is such a thing as destruction for the sake of destruction. Wickedness *as such* is not explained when it is attributed to 'complexes' or 'economic causes.' To suggest that the

Bible goes deeper into these matters than Freud or Karl Marx, or that anything in the Bible carries any weight at all (except as 'literature') is to court derision nowadays. Nevertheless, men *are* 'under sin' despite the modern assumption that sin does not exist as such (if it does not exist *as such* it does not exist *at all*, for if it is causally explained it is explained out of existence).

When Mr. Churchill referred to 'Hitlerism' as 'the evil thing' he was right without being self-righteous. And, indeed, there is no reason for self-righteousness in this war, for England (and not only her habitual scapegoats, 'the politicians') has allowed this 'evil thing' to come upon her by her acceptance, or at least her failure to repudiate, the false religion which would deny, or imply denial, of the sinfulness of man, ignore the limits set on all human endeavour, and proclaim the possibility of a perfect state on earth. It is this false or secular religion which has lured her away from the simple duty (the duty she owes to her own people and to mankind, to the dead generations, and to her own future) of maintaining the armed strength needed for the defence of her shores and cities, her vital interests, and the overseas communications on which her well-being depends. It is this that has led her to support the utopian pacifism which is so incompatible with her own political genius. Without this sober and balanced genius she would not have achieved the Pax-Britannica, the greatest expanse that ever existed where peace and ordered freedom prevail. And unless the decline in the power and scope of this genius is arrested, she will lose the Second World War or, if she win it on land, on the sea, and in the air, she will lose it when it is over, just as she lost the First World War when it was over.

To have started a fire through negligence is no reason for not fighting it. To realise that England has a large measure of responsibility in Europe's failure to prevent 'the evil thing' from killing, burning, and destroying, is not to weaken the national resolve to fight on until it is beaten and its power can be broken for ever. On the contrary, he who shares the responsibility for a disastrous sequence of events, will, if he has any conscience left, be the more resolute in bringing that sequence to an end and in preventing its recurrence.

But the realisation that 'the evil thing' has got to be destroyed should not for one moment be allowed to divert this country from the pursuit of the essential war-aim which is, to break the power of Germany (to destroy 'Hitlerism' is not enough) and from the essential peace-aim, to keep the power of Germany broken. Hitler can be overthrown and his followers may be exterminated, and yet the power of Germany may remain unbroken. It is even conceivable that the overthrow of Hitler by internal revolution will be a means of reviving the power of Germany, of organising, under some new leadership, the German *levée en masse* for the *guerre à l'outrance* against the British Commonwealth. Even if the power of Germany is broken, as it was in the last war, it may be re-established, as it has been since. But if it is kept broken, then Hitler, whatever his personal fate, will have been reduced to impotence, and, what is the ultimate need, the Germans, whether despotically or democratically governed, whether nationalist or internationalist, will be unable to prepare and begin the Third World War. Necessary as the extermination of the foul creature is (Europe will not be a clean place to live in as long as he is alive), it is not, or should not be, England's essential war-aim. She is certainly fighting against 'Hitlerism,' against 'the evil thing,' for freedom, justice, for the common decencies, the liberation of the conquered territories, for an ordered and peaceful future. But all will be illusion, all will have been in vain, and no sort of resurrected internationalism, no 'new Europe,' no triumph of democratic principles, however signal, no return to the false religion that helped to bring the war about can end in anything but a Third World War if the power of Germany is not broken and kept broken. Of one thing we may be sure—this, the Second World War and the peace that must follow are the *last* chance. If that chance is missed, as the chance offered by the First World War and the peace that followed was missed, there will not be another. It will be the end of England—and the end of freedom, of civilised happiness and well-being in Europe, and the permanent dominion of the inhuman frozen anarchy that masquerades as a 'new order,' of the 'abomination that maketh desolate.'

The emissaries of that abomination are killing, burning, and destroying in London to-day. It is untrue that Londoners

are unafraid, that they are not suffering, that they are cheerful. After a few days of the horror that has come upon them, their faces are tragic—not the faces of those, perhaps, who arrive from the west and suburbs, although these, too, have suffered—but the faces of those who live in the East End and other congested districts and spend night after night in crowded shelters or in the Underground. Every morning their eyes show the lack of sleep more and more, and every evening the constant skyward glances and the hypersensitiveness to sound reveal the nervous tension and the dread of the night to come. The nights are indeed terrible with the malignant droning of the German bombers above, the glittering brilliance of the shell-bursts, the swishing, whining descent of the bombs, the earth-shaking roar of the explosions, the red glare of the fires that follow, the chattering rain of the jagged razor-edged shell-fragments, the reverberations (the one comfort on such nights) of the anti-aircraft guns, the houses, disembowelled and smashed and spilt into the deserted streets, the dead, and the injured.

No one who has lived through these nights, that have only just begun, will be the same when they are over. And yet, fervent as the yearning is that they may be over soon, the resolve that they shall not be over until the foe has been broken is more fervent still (there are prayers for peace in all the churches, and rightly so, but the prayers must be for peace and victory, never for peace alone). Awful as the horror and the tragedy are, and unendurable, almost, the apprehension of what is still to come, there is a pride and a glory in being a Londoner in London *now*—in London, greatest city that is and ever was, worthy successor to ancient Athens and Rome, heart of the Empire, and last stronghold of freedom in Europe.

When it is all over, London will have earned imperishable honour because, when other capitals surrendered or were overrun, or stood aloof, and when even Paris fell, she became, as it were, the symbol and the epitome of the nation and of the Empire that fought and crushed 'the evil thing'—the symbol and the epitome, in her endurance, her courage, her misery, too, in her defiance, in her resistance, and in her unbending will to win.

Soon it will be apparent whether the Germans have given

up their resolve to invade this country and make themselves masters of the capital. One thing is certain, if they give it up, they will do so because they have been defeated, because the heroes of the Royal Air Force denied them the command of the air, and because the men, women, and children of London, although frightened, could not be daunted. The war will then be extended to the Mediterranean—to Greece and Bulgaria, to Turkey, to Egypt, to Morocco, and perhaps to Spain. London's ordeal may not be over, even then. It may be that Hitler has his worst horrors still in store for the hated city on which his might is being shipwrecked. It may be that the beast, while clawing and rending still, will begin to whine and slobber and talk of peace (talk that should be the signal for even greater efforts in the air, on the sea, and on land, for an even stronger resolution to fight on until the beast is utterly and irretrievably broken). But the Battle of London, the first decisive victory in the Second World War, will have been won. To be a Londoner in London, now that such things are being accomplished, is a greater privilege and a cause for deeper gratitude than to have fought at Marathon.

THE EDITOR.

LA MÈRE HUMILIÉE

Toute l'histoire de la France ne tient pas dans l'été de 1940, rien n'est détruit de ce qu'elle a accompli. Nos morts n'ont pas quitté cette terre aux jours de sa honte. 'Ce grand embrassement des morts pour leur patrie' dont parlait un poete, devient au contraire plus étroit dans cette horreur qu'il nous faut vivre. Les gestes de nos ancetres, de nos pères, de nos frères et de nos fils, cela du moins ne nous sera pas ravi.

Le serviteur n'est pas plus grand que le maitre : nous avons appris, des l'enfance, a adorer une Face souffletée et couverte de crachats a cause de nos crimes ; nous n'avons donc qu'a suivre notre pente pour redoubler d'amour a l'égard de la France liée au poteau, pour écarter les cheveux qui retombent sur sa figure humiliée, pour essuyer la sueur sur ce front rayonnant de génie.

Montaigne est la toujours, et Blaise Pascal, et Jean Racine. Paul Valery respire en ce moment. Je souleve cette belle et forte main chargée de chaines, qui a tenu les pinceaux de Poussin, de Watteau, de Manet, de Cézanne. Une plainte s'échappe des levres entr'ouvertes et j'entends la petite fille Mélisande me souffler qu'elle n'est pas heureuse dans ce sombre monde.

Ne croyez pas ceux qui nous accusent d'avoir trop aimé les Lettres. L'auteur de 'Mon Cure chez les Riches' dénonce comme responsable de nos malheurs Charles Baudelaire et ses fils spirituels. Laissons-le dire et contemplons avec orgueil au front de la France cette couronne qu'aucune défaite ne lui ravira, 'ce beau diademe eblouissant et clair.' . . .

Quand nous nous rappelons ce que la France a donné au monde dans tous les ordres du génie humain et dans celui de la saintete, ce ne sont pas certains mépris qui nous étonnent (si quelque chose encore pouvait nous étonner) mais certains silences.

Après ces longues semaines pluvieuses, le vent, un de ces derniers soirs, chassa les nuées et la lune monta dans cet azur des fins d'orages qui fait rever aux premieres nuits de la terre. On eu dit que rien ne s'était passé d'horrible, sur cette vallée endormie dans la meme lumiere enchantée qu'au temps de mes vacances d'enfant heureux. Regarde : tout est la encore, chaque chose est a sa place. Les régimes s'édifient puis s'écroulent, les institutions, les systemes : tous bons et tous mauvais parce qu'ils participent tous de l'homme et de sa nature blessée, que ce no sont pas des anges qui les appliquent a d'autres anges et que l'histoire humaine se déroule dans un univers de passions et de convoitises.

Il est vrai. . . . Mais aucun désespoir ne monte, cette nuit, des pins du Bazadais, ni des vignes de Sauternes vouées a l'enchantement de la lune. Je bénis en eux cette France que nul désastre n'atteint, et qui invisiblement fructifie dans les tenebres, dans la honte, dans les larmes.

François Mauriac
(*Figaro*, 5 août, 1940).

THE AIR BATTLE FOR BRITAIN

By the time these words appear in print an attempt may have been made by the Germans to invade the British Isles. At the moment of writing one does not know what the morrow will bring forth, and all that is possible is to examine the trend of the contest in the air which has been in progress.

It is obvious to all parties that a hostile landing in Great Britain is only possible if the enemy can win a temporary and at the very least a local superiority in the air, and that this superiority must be fairly complete for the time and at the chosen spot. Another obvious necessity is to neutralise in some way, either by force or by evasion, the opposition of the Royal Navy, but in this article it is the air aspect which it is proposed to examine.

The problem before an invading enemy must be to convey his troops across the sea in surface craft (air-borne troops can only be ancillaries at the best), to seize some point on the British coast and secure it against the efforts of the defending forces during the disembarkation, and afterwards to maintain a connection between this spot and the main base on the Continent. The enemy may hope to accomplish the first part of this either by force or by surprise, or by a combination of the two. The naval superiority of Britain is such that to effect a surprise seems even more necessary in this than in most other warlike operations.

Surprise, however, is not a possibility so long as the British reconnaissance aircraft can observe and report concentrations of barges and other shipping in the continental ports, as they are able to do at present. On the strength of these reports the Navy can make its dispositions and the Bomber Command of the Royal Air Force can attack the concentrations, as it has been doing. Unless the Coastal Command and the Bomber Command of the R.A.F. can be

effectively put out of action, the invading force has a very poor chance of even making a start.

If, none the less, the start were made, if the sea were crossed without crippling loss, and the landing-point reached, the problem before the Germans would be something like this. They could not use their artillery until it had been disembarked, and so their bombers must play the part of artillery during the disembarkation. They would probably try to lay down a box barrage of bombs round the landing point so as to hold the British Army at a distance. Their bombers would have to be protected by fighters, and at the same time the German fighters would have the task of keeping the British bombers away from the disembarking German troops. That could only be done if the German fighters were very sure of their ability to master the British fighters completely. They feel no such confidence. Nothing which has happened so far in this war suggests that such a mastery is possible.

Incidentally, German difficulties would be increased if the landing were attempted at a spot outside the effective range of the Messerschmitt 109 fighter. This consideration narrows down the area within which an attempted landing is probable.

The German problem then resolves itself into this: the Coastal Command must be deprived of its eyes and the Bomber Command must have its fangs drawn. Another consideration to keep in mind is that British bombers are not dependent on fighter escorts to anything like the same extent as are the German bombers, for their power-operated gun-turrets give them formidable fighting powers, and they have several times proved their ability to beat off the attacks of German fighters. In any sort of strength they would be a terrible menace to landing troops. Therefore a fairly complete obliteration of British bomber strength is from the German point of view an almost necessary preliminary to an attempt at invasion.

Such an obliteration of the Bomber Command is only to be effected, if at all, by German air attacks on our bomber aerodromes and on the factories which make that class of aeroplane. German doctrine is that such attacks must be made by daylight if they are to achieve satisfactory results. Before the war night-flying was not extensively practised by

the *Luftwaffe*, and their pilots and navigators have not shown themselves adepts at the art.

The next stage in the argument is this. If the Luftwaffe is to have a free hand to make the above-mentioned attacks, it must be able to overcome the opposition of the British defence, and chiefly that of the Fighter Command. If the German bombers felt themselves able, with or without fighter escorts, to force their way to our bomber aerodromes and factories, the next step would be for them to carry out that operation. But from Dunkerque onwards the R.A.F. fighters have consistently shown themselves able to overcome mass daylight raids even when the raiders were escorted by disproportionately large numbers of Messerschmitts. Therefore the neutralisation of the R.A.F. Fighter Command has become the necessary preliminary to all other stages of the attack on Britain. That is what the *Luftwaffe* has been trying to accomplish in recent weeks. If it were to succeed in that, everything else might well be expected to follow.

All through the late summer large formations of German bombers have been crossing the South East and South coasts every day. They have distributed their attentions, frequently attacking the Thames Estuary, the naval ports on the South coast, and the industrial cities of the Midlands, the West, and the North. But nearly always there has been an assault on the aerodromes from which the fighter squadrons operate and on factories which build fighter aircraft. Their success has been slight. We learnt ourselves at Stavanger how difficult it is to put an aerodrome out of action, and the strength of the Fighter Command has actually increased, instead of being diminished, during the recent weeks.

At first the plan of escorting the raids with fighters met with a measure of success. That is to say, the daily tale of R.A.F. victories recorded more Messerschmitts than Heinkels, Dorniers, and Junkers shot down. It is a natural instinct among fighter pilots to engage enemy fighters before they do anything else. They are well aware of the disadvantage under which they would labour if the Messerschmitts dived on them from above while they were busy disposing of the bombers. By sacrificing themselves in considerable numbers the Messerschmitt pilots afforded a degree of protection to their charges, and gave them a chance to plant their bombs.

It was not long, however, before the R.A.F. pilots revised their tactics, and contrived to give the enemy bombers a due share of attention. Confident in the superiority of their own aeroplanes and their own skill, they never hesitated to tackle superior numbers. Even a single squadron of Hurricanes or Spitfires would divide itself, and one flight or flights would occupy the attention of the escort, while the rest played havoc with the Heinkels and Junkers. The A.A. gunners too, quickly improved their marksmanship with practice, and no practice is so useful as firing against actual enemy aircraft. Peace-time exercises consisted in firing at a towed drogue, or at best at a wireless-controlled Queen Bee aeroplane, and these were not nearly so beneficial. Soon the toll taken of raiders by the A.A. guns began to mount, and before long the country's two weapons of defence were between them bringing down more of the enemy bombers than of the fighters. The very heavy losses of the Germans throughout August and the first half of September will be fresh in every memory. Between August 11th and September 12th the Germans lost 1,558 raiders. Göring, having a large superiority in numbers, was not disturbed by the losses, but they were not producing an adequate *quid pro quo*. The principle of the fighter escort had been in the main a failure; daylight raiding was not achieving its object.

In the latter part of this period a few German machines usually flew over London during the night. They did not drop many bombs, and the object of the flights may have been primarily to train navigators in night-flying over the British Capital, with the secondary intention of disturbing the people's sleep and so lowering *moral*. They had one result. The R.A.F. Bomber Command was working on a definite plan. The greater part of its work was done by night, for the fine training of the navigators and bomb-aimers made it possible for them to find and to hit targets, while the German defences, consisting almost entirely of A.A. fire (*Flak*, the Germans call it) supported by great numbers of searchlights, inflicted a very small proportion of casualties. The plan was roughly to take first things first; and the most immediate objectives were the factories in the Ruhr, oil plants and depots, the transport system, and the aerodromes and harbours along the coasts of France and the Low Countries.

Occasional diversions were made to factories in Northern Italy and to German naval bases. The numerous targets in Eastern Germany, including Berlin, were on the schedule for attention in their turn. The strength of the Bomber Command was steadily increasing and would increase at a still greater pace when the Empire scheme, with Canada as its centre, came into full operation. But when bombs began to fall on London, the turn of the Berlin objectives was somewhat advanced on the roster, and British heavy bombers paid a visit to the German Capital on August 25th and bombed a target of military importance. Other raids on the Berlin area were made on subsequent nights at irregular intervals.

On Saturday, September 7th, the Germans made a heavy attack on London in the afternoon. It was a very fine summer day, which gave every advantage to the defence. Though some raiders got through, the result of this daylight raid was one of the heaviest defeats which the *Luftwaffe* had suffered since Dunkerque. The enemy lost in all 103 machines, of which 28 were brought down by A.A. guns.

That night saw the beginning of a series of heavy nightly raids on London. The weather at first was fine, the sky clear, and the moon waxing. According to theory, as established during the air exercises held annually for many years past by the R.A.F., all the conditions were favourable for the defence, provided two conditions were fulfilled. These were that the Observer Corps should spot and promptly report every raid (which was done), and that the searchlights, directed by the sound-locators, should catch the raiders in their beams.

At night efficient work by the searchlights is a *sine qua non* of successful defence. If the beams can catch and hold the raiders, it should be a straightforward matter for either the A.A. gunners or the fighter aeroplanes to shoot them down. The searchlights and their crews are provided by the War Office, and for a long time before the Munich crisis the War Office had neglected and starved this branch of our defences. When, after Munich, Parliament got thoroughly alarmed about the country's danger, the cry was always for A.A. guns, never for more and better searchlights. So in the destructive period which opened on the night of September 7th, the German bombers flew over at a height which the beams could not reach. The gunners saw no target on which to

guns fire. As for the fighters who were up, it is elementary that a pilot in the air at night cannot see another aeroplane unless the searchlights point it out to him. For four successive nights the enemy flew unscathed over the length and breadth of London and dropped bombs at his will.

New defence tactics were adopted on the fifth night. Very few searchlights were in action, but innumerable guns put up a vigorous barrage of shells. Two raiders were brought down, and it was obvious that the German pilots were daunted by this shelling, and were regularly turned off their course. The spirits of the people were greatly cheered by the audible evidence of an active defence. On Friday morning a change in the weather produced conditions ideal for daylight bombing. Over London hung a bank of clouds with numerous shifting gaps. Heavy German bombers came over and stayed above the capital for over four hours, aiming and dropping their bombs through the gaps in the clouds. One pilot, more venturesome than most, dived through a gap, risking collision with the balloon cables, and planted five bombs on or near Buckingham Palace. The clouds offered cover to the raiders when British fighters approached. Usually, daylight raids had not lasted longer than an hour or an hour and a half, as that was about the extent of time which the short-range Messerschmitts of the escort, with their limited tankage, could stay over England. On that Friday morning, with the clouds providing cover, the bombers were not circumscribed in time by that consideration, and they did considerable damage.

During the period of concentrated attacks on London, up to the time of writing, the raiding on other parts of the country grew notably less. It is interesting to speculate on what was working in the minds of the German High Command. For the time they abandoned their plan of striking at the nests of the Fighter Command. They seem to have realised that in fine weather daylight raids were useless, and that fighter escorts were ineffective. Doubtless they were not particularly concerned by the heavy losses suffered on each raid, for German tactics have never objected to losses provided that the set object could be attained. But losses without success were a different matter. Considerable trouble was taken to prevent the *Luftwaffe* in general from being depressed

by those losses. Squadrons which had suffered heavily were moved away from the regular starting-points and new units were brought up to take their places. Though the news of the losses must have spread despite these precautions, there was no evidence that the fighting spirit of the German airmen was dashed. The sudden abandonment of useful tactical objects in favour of a campaign of 'frightfulness' against London, which, though it was destructive, did nothing to break the force of Britain's war effort, had the appearance of spite rather than of calm reason. That Germans when at war have a lust for cruelty and destruction is no news to anybody, and it is also known that Hitler when thwarted is apt to break into rages which completely cloud his reason for the time being. The set-back in the campaign against the Fighter Command, followed by the raids on Berlin, may well have driven him into one of his frenzies. Such a theory would cover the facts, yet one hesitates to put much trust in it. There are cool heads in the German High Command, and they are not likely to be diverted for long from the practice of sound military doctrine. They may have been willing to indulge Hitler's lust for senseless slaughter and destruction for a limited time, intending to revert to more promising tactics after a period. Yet to what plan were they to revert? The attack on the Fighter Command had obviously been a failure, and until the Fighter Command had been subdued Britain could not be subdued. The sudden diversion of all effort to raids on London can fairly be called an admission of failure, at least for the time being, and an indication of uncertainty as to what the next step ought to be. There may be some hope of dislocating the business of the country, but the Germans can hardly expect night-bombing to achieve that. Some of the worst psychologists in the Reich may hope to break the British will to win by 'frightfulness,' and the High Command may have been willing to give the theory a trial run; but it is far more probable that the said High Command felt that it had to do something but could not think of anything sensible to do.

Looking ahead, we note that Mr. Churchill has mentioned the year 1942, if not 1941, as that in which we shall assume the offensive. The Prime Minister is a deep student of strategy, and he has information not available to all of us. It

is, however, common knowledge that American production experts consider that aircraft production in the States will have reached enormous proportions by 1942, and by that time the Empire training scheme will be giving the Empire forces very large numbers of trained air crews. If we are to invade the Continent we must solve the problem which is now puzzling the Germans. We shall have to obtain a very real and substantial command of the air in order to make a landing feasible. That would apply just the same if we had subdued the forces of Italy before beginning the final settlement with Germany, and it may well be the air consideration which is inducing the Prime Minister for the present to stand on the defensive.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

A YEAR OF SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

COMPLETE figures being now recorded for fifty-two weeks of war, it is possible to devote some study to the part played so far in the present struggle by the submarine. The visible drama of air warfare on the doorsteps and rooftops of the citizens has tended in recent weeks to distract interest from the other form of attack against our war effort and to this result there has been the further contributory factor of a considerable tightening of the censorship restrictions on news of merchant shipping losses. It is permissible to disagree with the official policy in this matter and to question the validity of the reasons advanced for its enforcement, but it is certainly not permissible to defy the regulations. Consequently any comment on the U-boat war can at present only be based on the recorded facts and figures. It must be said, to avert any possibility of misunderstanding, that there is no suggestion that the published figures are in any way untruthful. The form in which they are now made public does not any longer disclose more than the bare number of ships sunk each week and the total tonnage. Those figures are correct, subject to any belated news of sinkings subsequently received. Careful checking by those who are interested, unofficially, in the compilation of statistics of the sea war has so far shown that the official figures have been brought up to date most carefully whenever such additional losses have subsequently become known. To within a few tons unofficial tabulations agree with the following official total of losses up to September 1st :

British	1,539,196 tons.
Allied	462,924 „
Neutral	769,213 „
	2,771,333 „

That gives an average weekly lo[illegible] of [illegible] tons

Those figures have a particular significance when they are placed against the figures that are known to have been the German estimate of the effect of a submarine onslaught on world shipping at the outset of the war. Their expectation was that seaborne trade, proceeding on its normal peace-time courses and routine at the start of the war, would be overwhelmed by their lightning U-boat attacks, and that 2,000,000 tons would be sunk within the first month. It was one of those wildly optimistic forecasts so characteristic of the Nazi régime. It was not based on any scientific study of the problems: it completely ignored any likelihood of opposition and counter-action: and it left out of account any consideration of the well-known characteristics of the merchant seamen, not only British, but Scandinavian, Dutch and French. It was what Hitler wanted, it was what he ordered and therefore it must happen. He had been told that in one record month in the last war U-boats of the Imperial German Navy had achieved the sinking of 881,000 tons of shipping. The U-boats of the Third Reich must more than double that achievement. It was an order—and in those days one did not show Hitler reasons why an order was ridiculous. If to-day he sees any reports on the U-boat war apart from those issued to the German Press, he must realise how completely he failed to understand the nature of the task he was imposing on his flotillas. And even the German official reports can hardly fail to provide an unpleasant surprise for him, for that imperturbable exaggerator, Dr. Goebbels, has not dared to do more than double the correct total and claim rather more than 5,000,000 tons as the world shipping sunk in the year. There have been indications in the past two months that Hitlerian thunder must have burst over the heads of those responsible for the U-boat war. The claims in Berlin's official bulletins have steadily mounted, until we arrive at the position that in the week ending September 1st the actual losses were 84,575 tons and the Germans claimed 243,671 tons. The true figure has to be trebled in an attempt to appease the Fuehrer.

The total effect of the year's war against seaborne trade, then, has been that the U-boats, mines and aircraft only succeeded in doing in twelve months rather more damage than their programme set them to do in one month. In a year

they averaged weekly sinkings of about one-tenth of the amount they were ordered to sink in each of the first four weeks. There we have one measure, and an important one, by which to estimate the results of a year of hostilities. There is another side of the picture, the price paid for the tonnage sunk. Here to some extent we are in the realms of speculation, for no figures are published of U-boat sinkings, but we know from various statements to Parliament by responsible Ministers that the U-boat flotillas suffered a crushing material defeat in the first three months of the war, a defeat just as startling as the R.A.F.'s slaughters of 150 to 180 enemy machines in one day. For example, we are told that from August 10th to September 10th the German Air Force loss in personnel was at least 3,600 and the number of machines 1,466. The published statements about the U-boat losses enable us to deduce that some 2,500 trained officers and men of the flotillas were lost in the first weeks of the war, that about sixty boats were destroyed. And it is a curious coincidence that the capital cost of the material lost to the Germans in both cases is approximately £15,000,000.

The open-air nature of the flying men's contests makes it possible to disclose daily statistics of the losses inflicted on the enemy. The secrecy of underwater attack and counter-attack compels an almost complete silence about the results of encounters; consequently the world at large has all but failed to appreciate the remarkable victory won by the British Navy over its only seagoing opponents at the very start of the war. If there had been regular bulletins announcing the destruction of the enemy submarine, the rapidly growing tabulation of this loss would have been just as impressive as have been the well-displayed tables of enemy air losses. But apart from some rare instances—as when three U-boats were sunk in one day—the Admiralty has felt compelled to maintain a strict silence about the achievements of our hunting flotillas in that fierce first outburst of activity, a silence that, though few have noted, has been even more strict in the past three months, during which newly-built reinforcements for the U-boat flotillas have been thrown into a second endeavour to enforce that 'total blockade' of which Hitler talks so loudly, but of which our breakfast tables and our factories remain pleasantly unaware. It may perhaps surprise those

who do not make a regular study of the war at sea to be told that for sixteen weeks there has been no hint in any authoritative statement that any U-boat has been sunk. An occasional remark by a seaman from a torpedoed ship that the attacker was destroyed is passed by the censor with no guarantee that it is accurate (that is not the task of the censorship). A Canadian destroyer's crew were quoted recently as saying that they had sunk six U-boats in the course of their service in the Eastern Atlantic. At odd intervals the name of a German seaman or petty officer appears inconspicuously among the lists of prisoners of war officially issued. Beyond that no one outside the Admiralty has any information.

It is sometimes suggested that all this secrecy is to be deprecated because news of such successes would cheer the people. But we have found by experience, both recently and in the 1914 war, that the depressing and harassing effect on the German personnel and on their leaders of the total lack of any information about what happens to their missing boats is of even greater importance in the ultimate balance than the momentary heartening of our own public. The Admiralty have, perhaps, counted also to some extent on the known tendency of the people of this country to take it for granted that the Navy is all right and that, however silent, it is getting on with its work. In this particular instance of the war against U-boats that public confidence has been entirely justified. Even in the fifteen weeks from the end of May to the beginning of September, when the damage done to world shipping by the campaign rose to higher figures than at any other period of the war, the weekly average of losses of British, Allied and neutral shipping did not reach 100,000 tons. The period marked a most intensive effort by the enemy. The attack by U-boats was reinforced by extensive laying of minefields and by many attempts to wreck convoys by means of air attack. We do not at present know the proportions in which each form of attack has caused losses. That is one of the points on which the Admiralty has deemed it desirable to keep the enemy in the dark so far as possible. But all the available information points at least to one conclusion—that air attack has played quite a minor part in the rise in the weekly totals of loss.

The Italian submarine campaign shows much the same

picture as the opening weeks of the U-boat war. There have been claims in Italian bulletins that certain of their underwater craft have returned from cruises in the Atlantic after having sunk so much tonnage, and it is conceivable that some such cruises (with a much lower total result) have been achieved. It is no further to the Portuguese coast from the Italian bases than from the original German bases of the U-boats and technically the feat is quite possible. The Straits of Gibraltar cannot be made impassable for underwater craft, though they can be made dangerous. It may be noted that the British command in the Mediterranean has made public several reports of the sinking of Italian submarines and that the censorship has passed other unofficial reports so that in the first nine weeks of the Italian campaign it became evident that the Italian loss in submarines was between seventeen and nineteen boats. This figure corresponds, most interestingly, to the published average of losses of German U-boats in about the same period last autumn—between two and four a week, Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons—and goes to show that the detection methods and destructive devices of the Navy have been as effective against the junior partner in the Axis as against Germany. The Italian submarines have had to wander far afield in search of targets, since no commercial convoys pass through the Mediterranean for Allied purposes, but it is evident from despatches from the Middle East that the attempt to interfere with our seaborne traffic in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean off the African coast has cost the Italians serious losses. It has been suggested unofficially that at the beginning of September no more than three of the boats which had been stationed in those waters in preparation for the war were still in service. It will have been noticed also that the bulletins of the Mediterranean Commander-in-Chief on the subject of the movement of military convoys through the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Alexandria emphasise that no losses have been suffered in the course of the 2,000-mile transit.

Underwater activity has not been confined to enemy boats. British submarines have maintained a steady pressure on such German seaborne transport as is attempted, especially for the maintenance of the army of occupation in Norway, and in the Mediterranean against the Italian lines of supply to

North Africa. A large number of transports and supply ships have been sunk. But it is evident from the mounting total of our boats that are missing that we have no monopoly of anti-submarine devices. We have lost fifteen boats either in the North Sea or the Mediterranean by enemy action, and one by an accident, while the Polish Navy has lost the historic *Orzel*. These losses have been sustained in the course of attacks against legitimate targets, warships and transports, and it must be said that the more evidence we accumulate of the actual operations of submarines in wartime the more clear does it become how fragile a weapon the navies of the world have developed in this class, and how slight is its real effect on the course of events. Apart from startling but rare successes, such as the sinking of the *Courageous* and the *Royal Oak*, submarine war has had little influence on the legitimate warlike activities of either side. It is odd to turn back to the naval writings of thirty years ago, at a time when the effectiveness of the submarine was untried and the menace of it taken very seriously by a large school of thought. The prophecies that were hazarded sound most ridiculous in the light of experience in two major wars.

> Four or five submarines with a total load of sixteen or twenty torpedoes fired as a first load should . . . be able to do for six or seven (surface) ships at least.

That is an example from a wholly serious technical treatise only a quarter of a century old.

It was widely supposed then that submarines would work in flotillas like destroyers, and would attack upon a concerted plan. Practical experience under war conditions blew that theory to the winds in the early months of 1914 and it became evident that the submarine must work as a lone wolf. Even when massed in pre-arranged positions as submarine traps against the expected line of advance of an enemy fleet they failed conspicuously (as in August, 1916) to achieve any serious damage or to affect the general tactical situation. Our own submarines, though posted on the line of retreat of the German Fleet after Jutland, were totally unaware of what was happening and by conforming to the general orders previously given to them made no contact with Scheer's

squadrons which they should have harassed, by all the pre-wa predictions, the whole way into harbour.

Attempts have been made by the designers to produc larger and more effective submarines. In every navy failur has resulted because the increase in size has been obtaine only by the sacrifice of the one quality which gives th submarine any usefulness—its ability to dive quickly to avoi detection or attack. The British K-class, steam-driven o the surface at a nominal speed of 22 knots, were produce for the purpose of co-operation with the main fleet. The were a tactical failure. The co-operation could not b achieved. There is small need to cite the three freaks of th M-class with their 12-inch short calibre guns, their super imposed aircraft hangars and other fantastic experiment More than a million sterling was spent on the constructio reconstruction and adaptations of the monster X1, whic became a complete white elephant and was never take seriously as a unit of the fighting fleet. The French nav officers' opinion of their own gigantic *Surcouf* after som months of experience with it was quite unprintable in an language, and despite the secrecy that surrounds all nav matters in Japan, it is generally accepted that the 2,000-to boats designed fifteen years ago, and persevered with unt a couple of years ago, proved unsatisfactory and that a smalle type figured in later programmes.

If therefore the submarine has no prospects of develop ment into a formidable legitimate weapon, if it fails to fulf its function as a commerce-destroying pirate, 'What is th use of the submarine?' It is a question that the Britis Admiralty has posed to every international naval conferenc since the last war. The only answer based on any technic considerations is 'It is useful for coastal defence for th small Powers.' That may be a very chivalrous and unselfis attitude for the big Powers to take, but it is hardly con vincing. The submarine was not abolished because it w Britain who put forward the arguments against it. We hav provided a few more in the past year to strengthen our cas

H. C. Ferraby.

GERMAN ATROCITIES IN S.-W. AFRICA[1]

Before they rose in rebellion against the Germans in 1904, the Herero chiefs met and decided that they would not harm 'Englishmen, Boers, Bastards, Berg-Damaras or Hottentots.' They would kill only German men who were soldiers or liable to become soldiers. All German women and children were to be spared. The missionaries, with their wives, families and possessions were to be protected.

It is recorded how a Dutch housewife resident in Omaruru, whose husband was away, was visited by a Herero chief, who assured her that she and her children would be quite safe. 'Your husband is not a German and is our friend,' he said. 'I have specially ordered my people who are working for him to remain there and do their work loyally.'

Even Leutwein, the German historian and ex-Governor, admitted: 'It seems to have been the definite intention of the Herero leaders to protect all women and children.'

The Herero leaders fully realised that their bid for freedom was a desperate gamble against overwhelming odds. This is revealed in letters written by Herero chiefs and sworn statements made after the war. In his letter to Witbooi, Samuel Maherero, the Herero Paramount Chief, wrote: 'Rather let us die together, and not as a result of ill-treatment.' Another chief stated on oath: 'The Chief knew if we rose, we should be crushed in battle.' Another: 'Only one man in ten had a rifle, and most of the rifles were very old. Very few had 15 to 20 cartridges. Some had 10, and I know of many who had only 3 or 5.'

In marked contrast with the chivalrous attitude of the Hereros, General von Trotha, the new German Governor, acted with calculated ferocity. He issued an extermination order in which he declared that no man, woman or sucking

[1] All the facts and quotations in this article can be corroborated from the Blue Book on the Natives of S-W. Africa and their Treatment by Germany (Command Paper 9146), from which the writer has permission to quote.

babe was to receive mercy or quarter. 'Kill every one of them,' ordered von Trotha, 'and take no prisoners.'

The war was really no war at all. Sixty-five thousand Hereros were killed with but a small German loss. The Hereros soon expended the little ammunition they had. The remainder of the struggle was simply a massacre. Some extracts of the sworn statements of eye-witnesses will show the methods used by the Germans.

Manuel Timbu (a Cape Bastard) stated on oath :—

I was appointed groom to the German commander, General von Trotha. Once we came on two very old Herero women. They had made a small fire and were warming themselves. They had dropped back from the main bodies of Hereros owing to exhaustion. Von Trotha and his staff were present. A German soldier dismounted, walked up to the old women, and shot them both as they lay there. While we were there, a Herero woman came up to us from the bush. I was told to take the woman to the General to see if she could give information as to the whereabouts of the enemy. I took her to General von Trotha. She was a young woman and looked tired and hungry. . . . Von Trotha then ordered that she should be taken aside and bayoneted. I took her away and a soldier came up with his bayonet in his hand. He told me to bayonet her, but I refused. The soldier then laughed and said, 'If you won't do it, I will show you what a German soldier can do.' He took the woman aside a few paces and drove the bayonet through her body. Then he withdrew the bayonet, brought it all dripping with blood, and poked it under my nose in a jeering way, saying, 'You see, I have done it.' Her body was not buried, but, like all others they killed, simply allowed to lie and rot and be eaten by wild animals.

On our return journey, . . . we saw an old Herero woman digging in the ground for wild onions. Von Trotha and his staff were present. A soldier named Konig jumped off his horse and shot the woman through the forehead at point-blank range. Before he shot her, he said, 'I am going to kill you.' She simply looked up and said, 'I thank you.' . . . I know of no instance in which prisoners were spared.

Jan Cloete, a Bastard, stated on oath :—

A German soldier found a little Herero baby boy about nine months old lying in the bush. The child was crying. He brought it into the camp where I was. The soldiers formed a ring and started throwing the child to one another and catching it as if it were a ball.

The child was terrified and hurt, and was crying very much. After a time, they got tired of this and one of the soldiers fixed his bayonet on his rifle, and said he would catch the baby. The child was tossed into the air towards him and as it fell he caught it and transfixed the body with his bayonet. The child died in a few minutes, and the incident was greeted with roars of laughter by the Germans.

Johannes Kruger, a Bastard of Ghaub, appointed by Leutwein as chief of the Bushmen and Berg-Damaras, stated on oath :

I went with the German troops right through the Herero rebellion. The Germans killed thousands of women and children. I saw this bloody work for days and days, and every day. Often, and especially at Waterberg, the young Herero women and girls were violated by the Germans before being killed. Two of my Hottentots were invited by the German soldiers to join with them in violating Herero girls, but they refused.

Hendrik Campbell, War-Commandant of the Bastard of Rehoboth, who commanded the Bastard Contingent called out by the Germans to help them against the Hereros in 1904, stated on oath :

After a fight with the Hereros, we discovered 8 or 9 sick Herero women who had been left behind. Some of them were blind. The German soldiers burnt them alive in the hut in which they were lying.

Daniel Esma Dixon, a European transport driver for the Germans, stated on oath :

A German officer had the right to order a native to be hanged No trial or court was necessary. Many were hanged merely on suspicion. The Germans did not worry about rope. They used ordinary fencing wire, and the unfortunate native was hoisted up by the neck and allowed to die of slow strangulation. This was all done in public, and the bodies were allowed to hang for a day or so as an example to the other natives.

Hendrik Fraser, a Bastard, stated on oath :

On one occasion I saw 25 live prisoners placed in a small enclosure of thorn bushes. The soldiers cut dry branches and piled dry logs all round and on top of them. Men, women and children, including little girls, were there. Lamp-oil was then sprinkled on the heap and it was set on fire. The prisoners were burnt to a cinder. I saw this personally.

The number of statements, such as the above, could be multiplied *ad nauseam*, but enough have been given to illustrate the manner in which the Germans carried out von Trotha's instructions. Evidence of violation of women and girls is overwhelming, but so full of filthy and atrocious details as to render publication undesirable.

By the end of 1905, von Trotha had been recalled, but it took a year to persuade all the Hereros and Hottentots who survived to surrender. This they finally did owing to starvation and in response to the rosy promises made to them by the new Governor, von Lindequist.

No sooner had they surrendered than they were compelled to work. The privations and hardships they had undergone had undermined their health, and many were mere walking skeletons. As a result of this, 60 per cent. perished at the hands of the labour overseers and by the lash. Three thousand five hundred Hottentots were sent to Shark Island, where 3,307 died. Only 193 returned. Others were sent to the Cameroons, where they were inspanned like oxen to pull wagons. Two-thirds of these died.

Sworn statements by eye-witnesses give us vivid pictures of the experiences undergone by the natives after their surrender.

Benjamin Burger, a Dutch South African, stated on oath :

> I accompanied the German troops from Gibeon to Koses on the Norop River. . . . We found 13 women and old men in a cave. . . . As they came out of the cave, each native was shot dead. This was done to avoid the trouble of escorting them to Gibeon. . . . The same day a German soldier raped a young native girl. . . . Afterwards he stuck his bayonet through her stomach and then shot her.

Hendrik Campbell (Commandant of the Bastards who served with the German troops) stated on oath :

> I was sent down to the south to participate in the war against Hendrik Witbooi. At Parkriver we captured 8 Hottentots, of whom only one was armed. Seven were immediately shot dead. The eighth was promised that his life would be spared if he disclosed the locality of their camp at Korob. After he had pointed out the locality, he was shot by von Trotha personally with a revolver. I saw this with my own eyes. . . .

So much for the word of a German.

Petrus Diergaard (Field-Cornet of the Bastards) corroborated the above statement. He personally tied up the seven prisoners before they were shot.

Johann Noothout (a Hollander and a naturalised British subject) stated on oath:

I arrived at Luderitzbucht, where I saw nearly 500 native women lying on the beach all bearing indications of being slowly starved to death. Every morning and towards evening, four women carried a stretcher containing about 4 or 5 corpses, and they had also to dig the graves and bury them. I then started to trek to Kubub and Aus, and on the road I discovered bodies of native women lying between stones and devoured by birds of prey. Some bore signs of having been beaten to death. . . . If a prisoner were found outside the Herero prisoner's camp, he would be brought before the Lieutenant and flogged with a sjambok. Fifty lashes were generally imposed. The manner in which the flogging was carried out was the most cruel imaginable. . . . Pieces of flesh would fly from the victim's body into the air. . . .

My observations gave me the opinion that the Germans are absolutely unfit to colonise, as their atrocious crimes and cold-blooded murders were committed with one object: to extinguish the native race.

When the war was over, the new German Governor, von Lindequist, issued the following proclamation (it is dated December 1st, 1905):

Hereros! The German Emperor has graciously nominated me Governor of this land in succession to Gen. von Trotha, who commanded the German troops against you. His departure means that the war will now cease. . . .

Come and lay down your arms, Hereros! Thousands of your fellow tribesmen have already surrendered and are being clothed and fed by the Government. . . . You will be justly treated. . . . The sooner you come and surrender your arms, the sooner can the question of amelioration of the present lot of your captive fellow tribesmen be considered and their freedom later again given to them. . . .

The German Government realised too late that it would be impossible to administer the colony of S.-W. Africa without native labour, as pointed out by Professor Bonn in his lecture before the Royal Colonial Institute in January, 1914:

We solved the native problem by smashing tribal life and by creating a scarcity of labour. We tried to exterminate a native race whom our lack of wisdom had goaded into rebellion.

Let us see whether, after exterminating the bulk of the Herero nation and two-thirds of the entire native population of the territory, the Germans had learned wisdom in the government of their native subjects.

Before 1907, there were few laws for natives, and these few had the effect of subjecting and degrading the natives and provided them no protection whatever. In 1907, laws were made:

(1) To compel natives to carry passes.

(2) To prevent them from acquiring land, 'riding animals,' or cattle without the Governor's consent.

(3) To enable natives wandering about 'without visible means of subsistence' to be punished as vagrants.

(4) Relating to registration of natives employed by Europeans.

In 1911, two more laws were passed:

(1) Relating to admission of natives to hospital and the payment of fees.

(2) Relating to 'mixed population,' and providing rules for the reporting of births of children 'the father of which is not a native.'

The main purpose (and effect) of these laws, as explained in the official report, was that of 'regulating the permanent and forced slavery of the natives, with a view to ensuring their perpetual degradation into a class of pauperised labourers.'

The object of the pass law was to compel every native, male or female, over the age of seven years, to work for the Germans, and to make certain that none evaded their obligations.

The law provided for the following punishments:

(1) Corporal punishment.

(2) Fines.

(3) Imprisonment with hard labour.

(4) Imprisonment in chains.

(5) Death.

The law could be administered by district officials who

were authorised to delegate their subordinate officials, *i.e.*, the police, to act for them. The vast majority of recorded punishments under this law were for such trivial offences as 'laziness,' 'negligence,' 'vagrancy,' 'insolence,' and 'disobedience.' The average punishment was fifteen lashes, which was awarded merely on complaint of the master, and inflicted under the police sergeant's supervision. The native was never tried, was not called upon to plead; he was simply flogged and returned to his master.

An employer would send his native to the police station with a note stating that 'the bearer' 'was cheeky to me to-day,' or 'was disobedient,' or 'is lazy and does not work well.' The native would then deliver the note, at which the police sergeant (usually an ex-soldier who hated natives) would order him to be stripped and given up to fifteen lashes with a heavy sjambok.

More serious cases, such as the theft of a pair of boots, would come before the District Head. A case in point, *i.e.* theft of an officer's boots, was actually, according to the records, punished with twelve months' imprisonment and two instalments of twenty-five lashes—fifty in all.

This practice of giving lashes by instalments was a very common one. The victim would be given twenty-five lashes, followed by twenty-five more in two or three weeks' time, and sometimes a third instalment after another two or three weeks.

Sworn statements by eye-witnesses cast further light on the Germans' treatment of their native subjects from 1906 to 1914.

Gerard Kamaheke (Headman of the Hereros at Windhuk) stated on oath:

After the rebellion, the Germans forced all natives to work: men, women and children over the age of seven, and prohibited us from owning cattle or stock. No regard was given to family ties or relationship. Husbands and wives and their children were separated and sent to work in places far distant from one another. Many never saw one another again, and I know of cases in which husband and wife, after many years of separation, have again met one another for the first time after the South African troops occupied our territory in 1915. The treatment of our young people was very bad. The boys and younger men were often flogged, and our

women and young girls were immorally assaulted and made to act as concubines of the Germans. Windhuk location is full of the illegitimate children of Germans by Herero women.

Richard Kainazo (chief Herero police boy at Omaruru, whose main work was to administer floggings) stated on oath:

When a complaint was made by a white man, the native was not allowed to speak or give any evidence. . . . Even in the hearing of serious cases, such as theft or assault, before the District Chief, a native was not allowed to give evidence or to bring his friends to give evidence which might contradict what the white man said. A white man was always believed, and a native told that he had no defence. The District Chief generally gave 25 lashes as a minimum, plus terms of imprisonment. In many cases, however, 50 or even 75 lashes were imposed. Many prisoners were also kept in heavy chains fastened to the walls of their cells. Most prisoners were placed in chains. . . . After a while, masters did not bring their native servants in to the police for flogging; they were allowed by the German authorities to flog their natives as they wished. A complaint from a native was laughed at, and then my chief work was to flog those natives who had come in to report that their masters had flogged them.

Alfred Katsimune, a Herero police boy at Omaruru, stated on oath:

The amount of flogging that went on was terrible. Hardly a day passed without flogging taking place of local natives or natives sent in from the farms. . . . We used a heavy giraffe-hide sjambok which sometimes drew blood at the first stroke. . . .

On another occasion, in Omaruru, a Herero named Markus was convicted of having stolen a goat. He was sentenced to a term of imprisonment in chains and also ordered to receive 25 lashes. The sjambok cut his body very badly and he bled a good deal. After punishment, the customary sack garment was placed on him and he was put in chains. The next day he was sent to work with a convict gang. Markus was sore, and his body was so cut that he was hardly able to move, let alone work. I was present. Police-Sergeant Reinhard of the German police told Markus to work harder and hurry. He could not do so, and the police sergeant went up to him and cuffed and kicked him. He fell to the ground screaming with pain. . . . The other convicts were ordered to carry him back to the cells. No doctor was sent for, and the injured native received

no aid or attention. That afternoon and all night his screams could be heard even at the location, which is several hundred yards away. The next morning he died. No inquiry was made, and the police sergeant was not punished.

Jacob Barnabas Katjakundu, formerly a warder at Omaruru gaol, in a sworn statement, described the chains used for prisoners. Photographs of these chains are given in the Blue Book. They were of four kinds:

(1) Ankle and Neck Chains, joining the ankles, and passing up to an iron collar round the neck. All convicts wore these chains and had to work in them. The iron rings round the ankles used to cut and chafe the skin causing festering sores. Many convicts became unable to walk, but they never received medical attention.

(2) Neck Chains: large rings round the prisoners' necks by which prisoners could be chained together when sent out to work in gangs. They were worn in addition to ankle and neck chains.

(3) Rigid Arm Bar: a heavy iron bar about 18 inches long with rings at each end. It was placed across the wrists and the rings locked. The heavy anklets were fixed on the legs, and from each anklet a heavy chain was fastened on to the middle of the bar. With this bar, the prisoner could lie down only on his back and his hands were fastened so that he could not bring them up to his face.

(4) Rigid Leg Bar was a similar chain but the bar was fixed to the ankles instead of the wrists, and the connecting chain fastened to a ring in the cell wall. The prisoner could not walk or move about at all. He could only sit facing the wall or lie prone on his back or face downwards. If, after a severe flogging, a convict were put in these chains, it was agony and torture to him, as he would be compelled always to lie face downwards until his back healed.

In their bare cells [explained the witness], which were filthy and full of vermin, the prisoners were herded together. They got no blankets, and had to sleep in their sack uniforms on the cold stone floors even throughout the winter. No clothing was given to them. The sacks they had to wear were rough and coarse and used to chafe and hurt them very much . . . Many persons died in goal of sickness and exposure to cold.

Daniel Esma Dixon, a European transport driver for the Germans during the rebellion, stated on oath:

German masters practically had the power of life and death over their native servants. They could thrash and ill-use them as they pleased. I will give one instance as an example. It occurred at Usakos in 1909. I was then living in the house of a German named Trautemann. On a certain Monday morning the native boy did not come to his work. He was lying down and said he felt very ill. He looked ill. Trautemann, after ordering him out of the hut, gave him a severe flogging with his sjambok. The boy made no resistance and did not attempt to run away. Trautemann took the boy to the police station and complained to Field-Webel Laueras, the man in charge, that the boy was lazy and shamming sick. The boy was asked no questions, but was promptly stripped and laid on his stomach over a cement cask and given 25 lashes with a heavy sjambok. He was in a state of collapse, but was ordered to start work at once, and promised another 25 if there was the slightest indication of laziness. The boy staggered away and tried to work, but I could see that he was very ill. He gradually got worse, and shortly afterwards collapsed altogether and was sent to hospital. That was the last we saw of him. This is the way the natives were treated all along.

Instances of cruelty, injustice and barbarism might be multiplied almost indefinitely. Examples of gross and bestial conduct, which for sheer depravity and immorality are well-nigh unbelievable are also contained in the files of affidavits, but they are hardly fit for publication.

This state of affairs continued right up to the occupation of S.-W. Africa by the South African troops under General Botha. The available German records indicate that the complaints of the native population as to merciless flogging for trivial offences are quite correct. Approximately three-quarters of the total number of convictions in 1913 were for the trivial offences of desertion, negligence, vagrancy, disobedience, insolence, contravening pass-laws and laziness. Often such offences arose solely out of the inability of the natives to understand the orders of their German-speaking masters.

The German master was regarded as being 'in loco parentis' to the child-like native, and could thrash him whenever he wished for any reason whatsoever without risk

of punishment for assault. As a rule no serious notice was taken if a native was flogged to death. As Leutwein, the German historian, cynically remarked: 'Beating to death was not regarded as murder; but the natives were unable to understand such legal subtleties.'

MICHAEL VANE.

BISMARCK AND WILLIAM I

In 1862 William I, who was sixty-four years old when he became King of Prussia, appointed Otto von Bismarck as his Chancellor. Bismarck had one aim: the unification of the various German states under Prussian domination. 'Prussia,' he said, 'was not to be dissolved in Germany; instead, Germany was to become a part of Prussia.'

Under Bismarck, as Ernest Lavisse, the French historian, pointed out, 'the unification of Germany assumed the character of a conquest of Germany by Prussia.' William II's desire for continental supremacy, and Hitler's for world domination, were the logical sequence of Bismarck's ideas.

William I was a simple man. His political creed was confined to an unshakable belief in his own Divine Right as a monarch and an aversion to progress, which was reflected in his order to shoot on the crowd during the Berlin uprising of 1848, and his ruthlessness as military governor of Coblence after the suppression of the revolts in South Germany.

For a time William had been hated by his people; he fled to London in a state of panic, but Bismarck never doubted that later as the Prince Regent and King he would be loved by the Prussians as their 'Führer,' for Bismarck, in common with Hitler, understood the sheep-like quality of the Prussians and the Germans. As Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*: 'The intelligence of the common people is extremely limited; and for this reason their ability to forget is very great.'

William I was not brilliant—and his grandson William II's effort to inscribe 'William the Great' on his monuments never impressed historians—but he was far shrewder than he seemed. He never hesitated outwardly to support Liberal members of the Prussian Diet when this seemed expedient, any more than he hesitated to act unconstitutionally when this seemed necessary to achieve his and Bismarck's aims.

William, a second son, had been educated as a soldier,

and his sound military judgment was apparent when he appointed Helmuth von Moltke as his Chief of Staff and Albrecht Theodor von Roon as his Minister of War. Roon and Moltke encouraged William I's passion for his army, just as Bismarck later persuaded him to use it as an instrument of aggression.

On January 14th, 1861, less than two weeks after William had ascended the throne, Roon presented a new army bill to the Prussian Diet. The Diet disapproved of it, and the King autocratically dissolved the Chamber. A new government was formed, but a majority of Liberals was returned to the new Diet, and this showed that the Prussian people as a whole did not as yet want a larger army. Vague remnants of the Liberal ideas of 1848 still persisted, and the people had not learned to share Bismarck's ambition of a conquest of Germany by Prussia.

The King had the peculiar German passion for the outward forms of legality—even Hitler observed legal forms when he came into power—and he disliked acting in direct opposition to the new Diet. Yet he was determined to put through his army budget. The question of the re-organisation of the army had thus become a fundamental issue between the Diet and the Constitution on the one hand, and the Crown on the other.

At this point William summoned Bismarck. At the famous interview at Babelsberg, Bismarck persuaded William to pass the army bill in an unconstitutional manner. From that time onwards Bismarck was virtually the dictator of Germany.

The Prussian Constitution declared that 'the amount of the budget was to be fixed yearly by law'; Bismarck, therefore, told the Diet that the 9,000,000 thaler to be spent on the army under the new bill were merely a 'provisional payment' to be made for one year only. The Diet believed him and the bill was passed. After that Bismarck spent government money on the re-organisation of the army without giving the Diet any account whatsoever of his expenditures. In the meantime he decreased the influence of the Liberals by dismissing civil servants who had opposed the army bill, by issuing a decree forbidding public political meetings, and by censoring the press.

The Diet's inability to resist the force of Bismarck's leadership made his victory relatively easy. 'Germany does not look to Prussia's Liberalism,' he once declared contemptuously of the Liberal members, 'but to her power . . .' Bismarck swept aside any opposition he met in the Prussian Diet or among enlightened individuals like the Empress Frederick, and the Chancellor understood the innate subservience of the ordinary people too well to be afraid of them. The failure of the 1848 Revolution had shown that the Germans have little talent for revolt against a strong leader.

The futility of the Liberals' efforts was apparent in February, 1863, when Bismarck signed a defensive treaty with Russia to help her crush the Polish insurrection. Bismarck was convinced that if Poland were allowed to be independent she would be 'Prussia's irreconcilable enemy.'

Bismarck's greatest gift was his ability to accomplish several ends with one diplomatic stroke. By assuring Russia of his moral support in suppressing the Polish revolt he achieved several successes: he demonstrated the weakness of Prussian Liberals and their followers, he won Russia's friendship, he prevented an alliance between a free Poland and France, he made Austria realise that Russia would help Prussia, or would at least remain neutral, in case of war between Prussia and Austria.

Bismarck recognised that before Prussia could conquer the smaller German states Austrian influence and prestige would have to be curtailed in Central Europe. As a young man, in 1851, when he went to Frankfurt as the Prussian representative to the Federal Diet; he had harboured an old-fashioned Prussian feeling of feudal loyalty to the Habsburgs, but by 1856 he expressed 'his conviction that before very long Prussia would have to fight for her life against Austria.' The Armistice of Villa Franca in 1858, in turn, had reflected Austria's growing fear and distrust of Prussia.

In the early sixties, however, Bismarck was not yet ready to attack Austria. He wanted to annex Schleswig-Holstein, the coast-line, and above all Kiel and its harbour, and in this aggressive war against Denmark he needed Austria's help. Again he would achieve several things at once: he would make his conquests, have Austrian assistance and at the same time weaken her army, so that his own, which was now being

strengthened continuously, would have an easier task when he considered it practical to march against Austria.

Palmerston once remarked that only three men understood the complicated Schleswig-Holstein question: 'He himself, another man who was dead and another who was mad.' Frederick VII of Denmark, who was also the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, died in 1863 without male heirs. His successor, Christian IX, wanted to annex the two duchies, but the Federal Diet at Frankfurt raised objections because the Duchies were members of the Germanic Federation. The Diet was in favour of separating them from Denmark and of proclaiming Duke Frederick of Augustenburg as the reigning duke.

The conflict should have been settled amicably, for both Prussia and Austria had signed the Treaty of London in 1852 guaranteeing the territorial integrity of Denmark, but Bismarck ignored this treaty.

> Only a war [he said] can solve the Danish question in a sense favourable to us; provocation for such a war can be found at any moment in which our relations to the great powers is favourable for military operations.

And Roon, always as outspoken as Bismarck, declared: 'The Schleswig-Holstein question is not a question of law; it is a question of force, and we (Prussians) have that force.'

In January, 1864, the Prussians and the Austrians invaded the Duchies and defeated the Danes. By the Treaty of Vienna (October, 1864) Denmark renounced her claims to the Duchies and turned them over to Austria and Prussia jointly. Austria suggested proclaiming Duke Frederick of Augustenburg as sovereign ruler of the Duchies and a member of the Germanic Confederation. Bismarck, however, who already saw Prussia in terms of the conqueror of all of Germany, did not wish to establish another small dynasty in these valuable provinces. He therefore offered the Duke rights which were so limited that he would have been entirely subservient to Prussia. The Duke declined. Austria was enraged and war seemed unavoidable. Finally, in August, 1865, Austria and Prussia made an obviously provisional agreement dividing the spoils of the war.

> Violence and conquest [Lord Russell wrote] were the bases upon which alone the partitioning Powers founded their agreement:

Austria was to have Gastein, while Prussia was to be given Slesvig with Lauenburg.

But Bismarck, whose foresight amounted to genius, acquired the right to construct a Prussian canal through Holstein which would connect the Baltic with the North Sea. Officially Kiel was to be the base of the fleet belonging to the Germanic Confederation, but actually Prussia controlled the harbour.

Bismarck did not allow Austria to regain her strength. He began secret diplomatic preparations for the war against Austria. So many outstanding events were happening in these momentous years 1864 and 1865 that it was not difficult for Bismarck to scheme unobtrusively. In the United States General Lee and the Southern States had surrendered in April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated a week later, and in Europe great changes, too, were occupying the minds of politicians and the public. Italy had been unified under the House of Savoy, Leopold I of Belgium died and was succeeded by Leopold II, General Prim's insurrection was suppressed by Isabella, Palmerston died, the Earl of Russell became Prime Minister of England, and in February, 1866, Gladstone became leader of the House of Commons. Juarez and his troops were resisting the French in Mexico and French troops were withdrawn.

It is small wonder, therefore, that Bismarck was able to meet Napoleon III in Biarritz in October, 1865, without attracting undue attention. Napoleon III was depressed about the imminent failure of his Mexican venture, and Bismarck's positive and compelling personality inspired him with confidence. He agreed to encourage Italy's support of Prussia in case of a war with Austria. Italy was in fact to receive Venice in return for her help to Prussia. Napoleon was naive enough to believe Bismarck's assurances that for encouraging this Italian-Prussian alliance he would be generously remembered at the future treaty of peace.

In January, 1866, Bismarck attacked Austria. Bismarck's pretext for this war was that Austria was supporting the 'unrightful' pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg to Slesvig-Holstein. The Federal Diet realised Prussia's designs at last and summonded the Federal forces to defend Austria against Prussia. But before they could be mobilised Prussian troops marched into Holstein and evicted the Austrians.

Prussia's war of conquest against the other German states had begun. Bismarck declared war on Saxony, Hanover and Hesse in the middle of June; within a few days Prussian troops had conquered and occupied these three countries. Hanover was henceforth an integral part of Prussia. On June 18th Prussia declared war on Austria and all the other German states.

King William issued a manifesto to his people, and the phrases in this declaration have been used by German rulers since: 'We are surrounded by enemies, whose battle-cry is: down with Prussia . . . The enemy (Austria) wants to weaken, annihilate, and dishonour Prussia.'

The Peace Treaty was signed at Prague on August 2nd, 1866. Bismarck was clever enough to be lenient with defeated Austria, for he was already scheming to get Austrian support during his future war against France. It is said that during the Battle of Königgrätz, when Bismarck rode over the battle-field with King William, he remarked to the King: 'The present issue is now decided; what we must do now is to revive out former friendship with Austria.'

Prussia's gains from this war against Austria were made at the expense of the smaller German states. Hanover, Hessecassel, Slesvig-Holstein, Lauenburg, Nassau and the Free City of Frankfurt were wiped off the map as separate states and were incorporated into Prussia as provinces. Prussia acquired 25,000 square miles of territory, 5,000,000 new subjects, and the potential naval base at Kiel. For the first time in her history, Prussia consisted of a continuous stretch of land from the Baltic to the Rhine.

The Germanic Confederation was replaced by a North German Confederation under Prussian hegemony consisting of the twenty-two German states north of the River Main. The King of Prussia was of course chosen as the President, and Bismarck as the Federal Chancellor of this Confederation, which was supported by a Federal Council, the *Bundesrat*, and a Parliament, the *Reichstag*, whose members were elected by popular vote.

Prussia's prestige after the conquest of Slesvig-Holstein was very great. Not only the Prussians, but other Germans, even the Hanoverians, for instance, whose country had been invaded by Prussian troops, welcomed Prussia's domination,

and Bismarck's policy of 'blood and iron.' Besides, he had skilfully won the support of the chief southern states, Baden, Bavaria, and Würtemberg, who were not included in the Confederation.

Bismarck considered a war against France as 'merely the logic of history.' To defeat and humiliate France, to recapture Alsace-Lorraine which Germany had lost in 1815, seemed to him part of Prussia's 'sacred mission.'

Immediately after the Prussian-Austrian war, and before the terms of peace had been negotiated, Napoleon III instructed Benedetti, his Ambassador in Berlin, to find out what compensation Bismarck planned to give France for her successful mediation with Italy. At first Bismarck was vague and evasive, but when Napoleon categorically demanded the left bank of the Rhine including Mayence and the Bavarian Palatinate, the Prussian Chancellor emphatically refused. More than that, to stimulate a desire for war in France he published his refusal of the Emperor's demands in *Le Siecle*, thus humiliating the French before all the world.

He then proposed to Napoleon that France might be compensated at the expense of countries other than Prussia. Bismarck suggested, for instance, that France might annex Belgium, and he promised Napoleon Prussian support if 'Napoleon were forced by circumstances to send troops to Belgium to conquer this country.'

Bismarck knew that Europe would never tolerate such an invasion, but in this case, too, he achieved a diplomatic victory; when (at Bismarck's instigation) this project was published in the London *Times*, Napoleon, and not Bismarck, was blamed for this preposterous idea; anti-French sentiments were stimulated and English public opinion becam e increasingly anti-French.

Bismarck's pretext for the war against France was supplied by the new Constitutional Monarchy in Spain which was looking for a monarch. In 1869 the Spaniards offered their throne to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The Prince was not enthusiastic, but Bismarck, knowing that this would annoy France, instructed him to accept.

Napoleon declared that if a Hohenzollern became King of Spain he would consider this a cause of war. Prince Leopold then withdrew his acceptance of the Spanish crown,

but Napoleon, with a curious lack of self-control, lost his temper and instructed Benedetti to obtain a promise from King William of Prussia that he would never again approve of this candidature.

King William I was in Ems when Benedetti brought him the Emperor's message. The King was less eager for a war with France than Bismarck, and the King had privately urged Prince Leopold to decline the offer. King William, who thought the matter settled, was irritated by Napoleon's demand for a formal pledge. King William was, however, still eager to avert war, but as usual he was willing to submit to his Chancellor's wishes. Abeken, a Foreign Office official in attendance on the King in Ems, was instructed to send a message to Bismarck.

Abeken's telegram read as follows:

Ems, July 13, 1870, 3.40 p.m.

His Majesty writes to me: 'Count Benedetti spoke to me on the promenade, in order to demand from me, finally in a very importunate manner, that I should immediately authorise him to telegraph that I agreed to bind myself for all future times never again to consent if the Hohenzollerns should renew their candidature. I at last refused somewhat sternly, as it is neither right nor possible to give promises of this kind *à tout jamais*. I told him that I had as yet received no news, and that as he had news earlier from Paris and Madrid than I had, he must clearly realise that my Government was no longer interested in the matter.'

His Majesty has since had a letter from Prince Charles Anthony [Prince Leopold's father]. As His Majesty told Count Benedetti that he was awaiting news from the Prince, and as Count Eulenburg and I have suggested this, he has decided not to see Count Benedetti again in connection with the demand mentioned above. Instead the Count will be informed through an aide-de-camp that 'His Majesty has now received from the Prince confirmation of the news already received from Paris by Count Benedetti, and His Majesty has nothing further to say to the Ambassador.'

His Majesty leaves it to Your Excellency to decide whether Benedetti's fresh demand and its rejection should at once be communicated both to our Ambassadors to foreign countries and to the Press.

Bismarck, Roon and Moltke were dining together in Berlin when this telegram was received by the Chancellor.

Bismarck realised that the time for a war with France had come, and that he could arrange matters so that the actual declaration of war came from France. He re-worded the telegram and sent it to the Press so that, as he frankly said: 'It would have the effect of a red rag to the Gallic bull.'

Bismarck's wording of the Ems telegram was as follows:

After the news of the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern's renunciation had been officially communicated to the Imperial Government of France by the Royal Government of Spain, the French Ambassador made a further demand on His Majesty, the King, at Ems, that he should authorise the Ambassador to telegraph to Paris that His Majesty, the King, bound himself for all time never again to give his consent should the Hohenzollerns renew their candidature. His Majesty, the King, thereupon decided not to receive the French Ambassador again, and sent the aide-de-camp on duty to tell him that His Majesty had nothing further to communicate to the Ambassador.

Commenting on the use Bismarck made of the Ems telegram, K. von Strautz, for instance, in his *Ein Starkes Volk*, published before 1914, wrote:

Through our policy of peace [William II's !] we deprive ourselves of the right of determining the time for bringing about a decision by force of arms, as Bismarck did in three wars in which, thanks to his diplomatic adroitness, he forced upon his adversaries that outward appearance of declaring war, while in reality Prussia-Germany was the assailant . . . only the brilliant manipulation of the Ems telegram put France in the wrong. . . .

The French declared war on Prussia on July 19th. One might have expected that a third war within six years would have displeased the Prussians and other Germans. The contrary was true. The wars of 1864 and 1866 had overcome any earlier objections to the new great army, and the public enthusiasm for this war against France was tremendous, even in the South German states. Napoleon III had hoped in vain that the South Germans would not support their governments; he had pictured himself as a liberator of these people and that they and Austria would join him to revolt against Prussia. Instead, huge crowds congregated in front of the Munich Palace to thank their King for joining the Prussians in this war against France.

In the *Franco-Prussian Blitzkrieg* Prussian victories followed each other in rapid succession: Weissenburg, Wörth, Chalons, Spicheren, Gravelotte and then Sedan on September 2nd, when Napoleon surrendered. The German Army had been victorious, but, as history has shown, the Germans as independent human beings had been defeated. As Gladstone expressed it, 'Bismarck made Germany great, and the Germans small.'

The French Empire collapsed, and the Third French Republic, proclaimed on September 4th, made a valiant though unsuccessful effort to resist the Prussians, to get foreign help, and to keep Alsace-Lorraine. But the armies of the new Republic were defeated at Strassbourg and Metz, Paris was besieged and capitulated on January 21st. In the Peace Treaty which was finally ratified in Frankfurt on May 10th, Prussia got everything she wanted: Alsace (with the exception of Belfort), Eastern Lorraine and the fortresses of Metz and Strassbourg. The French were forced to pay an indemnity of five milliards of francs, and German armies were to occupy France until these reparations had been paid.

On January 18th, in the Hall of Mirrors of the Versailles Palace, William of Prussia was crowned as German Emperor. With their peculiar passion for anniversaries, the Germans had chosen for this ceremony of 1871 the 170th anniversary of the crowning of Frederick I, Prussia's first king, at Königsberg. Bismarck's ambitious plans had been realised, Germany had become an Empire with Prussia at its head.

The Government of the new Germany—the Second Realm—of 1871 was more democratic on paper than it was in fact. There were several democratic clauses in the new Constitution, but these were cleverly counteracted in practice. For Prussia dominated the Government of the new Reich, and the Government of Prussia remained undemocratic. Prussia had seventeen out of sixty-one votes in the *Bundesrat*, the Imperial Council representing the various German states under the new Constitution, she virtually controlled the votes of several of these states, and she was represented on each of the twelve committees by which the work of the *Bundesrat* was done.

The King of Prussia as German Emperor was called the 'President of the Union with the title of German Emperor,'

but actually his influence was supreme, for the consent of the *Bundesrat* was necessary for all vital decisions, and the German Emperor, as the King of Prussia, was always in a position to sway the *Bundesrat*. The German Emperor's influence went beyond this: if he did not approve of the *Bundesrat's* decisions he could summon or dismiss this body as he saw fit. He also had the right to dissolve the *Reichstag*, the Lower House. Members of the *Reichstag* frequently put questions to the Government, and this created a democratic atmosphere, but this right of interpolation was not guaranteed under the Constitution, so that, in practice, if free discussion irritated the Chancellor or the Emperor, the *Reichstag*, which had no real executive powers, could simply be dissolved.

The executive power rested with the *Bundesrat* and thus the King of Prussia. In practice, under William I, the entire government machine was controlled and no one, not even a committee of the *Bundesrat* or that body itself, could appoint or dismiss the Chancellor of the Reich, who was at the same time the Minister-President of Prussia. The Chancellor was responsible only to the Emperor, and William I never questioned Bismarck's authority. Bismarck ruled supreme, and his position was strengthened by the fact that there were no other Ministers in Germany or in Prussia. Instead, there were experts, called Secretaries of State, who reported to Bismarck and never to the Emperor. Bismarck, in other words, shaped the Reich's policies in every government department except the army. His autocratic soul was often grieved by William I's insistence on conferring direct with Roon and Moltke, who had become so popular after the Franco-Prussian War that even Bismarck had to tolerate their influence on the army.

Bismarck was enraged by any opposition. 'When I have my enemy in my power I must crush him,' he frankly declared. But his régime differed from Hitler's in so far as the Second Realm was a judicial state (*Rechtostaat*), the law was at least the law.

Bismarck imbued Germans with an overwhelming desire for power. Germany's wish for world domination was born during Bismarck's régime; for the first time such words as *Weltmacht*, *Weltpolitik* or *Welthandel* became popular.

There was a tremendous expansion of German trade and

industry; the trade-mark *Made in Germany* began to be feared by commercial rivals all over the world.

Bismarck was not concerned with the prosperity and happiness of individual Germans; the State, for him, was everything, the individual nothing. Many of his efforts to promote industry reflected a conscious or unconscious desire for state monopolies; Hitler's totalitarian state would have delighted Otto von Bismarck. He dreamed of creating an imperial monopoly of all the railways in the Reich, and he succeeded in nationalising the railways in Prussia.

He had similar ambitions to control shipping and to build a German merchant fleet. His determination to acquire the harbour of Kiel had shown that he visualised a great German merchant navy, and by 1914 Germany had the second largest merchant fleet in the world. At first Bismarck had not been enthusiastic about Germany's colonial expansion, but the growth of the merchant fleet and the increase in the German population at home finally convinced him that the Second Realm needed territories abroad. At first the development of German colonies was left to chartered companies under the protection of the Reich, but in 1884 the German Colonial Empire was established: Togoland in South-west Africa and the Cameroons in New Guinea became German territory. A year later Germany began to develop tracts of land on the east coat of Africa opposite Zanzibar.

Bismarck was as clever in dealing with domestic issues as he was far-sighted in foreign and colonial affairs. The so-called *Kulturkampf*, which began before the creation of the Reich in 1871, was one of Bismarck's outstanding domestic problems. In this conflict he faced a powerful and articulate opposition, the Catholic Church.

Germans have always had a curious prediliction for the word *Kultur*, and Bismarck's struggle with the Catholic Church was given this name by Virchow, the pathologist, a great Liberal, because he considered a struggle between the State and any church an essential issue of civilisation.

Bismarck's quarrel with Rome began in 1870 when Pope Pius IX proclaimed the doctrine of papal infallibility and his authority over Catholic churches everywhere. Bismarck was furious because the Pope had dared to interfere with Catholic organisations and institutions in Prussia and Germany.

The issues in this *Kulturkampf* were very confused, for it created discord within the German Catholic Church. Some bishops and priests followed the teachings of Döllinger, a professor of theology at Munich University, who protested against the Pope's 'infallibility proclamation.' In the *Nuremberg Declaration*, Döllinger and his followers supported Bismarck and the German State against the Pope. The 'Old Catholics,' on the other hand, who placed the papal authority above that of the German State, bitterly opposed the Chancellor.

These 'Old Catholics' were supported by a number of Protestants and secular intellectuals, who feared that if they allowed the Chancellor to interfere with the religious teachings of the Catholic Church their Protestant religious teachings and intellectual liberty in general might be seriously endangered.

The National Liberals, however, then the largest party in the *Reichstag*, supported Bismarck, their natural enemy, for they feared the reactionary influence of the Catholic Centre Party, the second largest party in the *Reichstag*. With the help of the Liberals, therefore, Bismarck was able to introduce repressive measures against the Catholics. In May, 1873, in the so-called *May Laws*, all Jesuits were expelled from Germany; Bismarck amended the Prussian Constitution so that 'whenever it was necessary' severe measures could be taken against the Catholic clergy, and Catholic Church schools and seminaries came under the control of the State. Priests were forbidden by law—'the Pulpit Paragraph'—from preaching about or interfering in political matters; civil marriages were made compulsory; the Catholic Department in the Ministry of Education was abolished.

These laws, however, did not satisfy Bismarck's desire to suppress the Catholic opposition. In the summer of 1874 a man named Kullmann attempted to assassinate him in Kissingen, and without the slightest justification he publicly accused the Centre Party of instigating this attack on his person, and used this excuse to increase his repression of Catholic activities.

The Bishop of Treves, the Archbishop of Cologne and the Cardinal-Archbishop of Posen, as well as hundreds of priests, were sent to prison. Bismarck's persecution of these

individual priests, however, did not shake Catholic resistance, and their leader in the *Reichstag*, Windhorst, courageously opposed Bismarck on all possible occasions. In fact, in the elections of 1874 the Centre Party in the *Reichstag* increased from 63 to 91 members.

Many Conservatives, too, supported the Centre Party, for they did not consider the *Kulturkampf* important enough to make Bismarck's alliance with the hated Liberals worth while. Besides, so these Conservatives felt, he was expending too much energy on the Catholics when he should have been repressing the Social Democrats whose rise was alarming.

Bismarck was too intelligent never to change his mind, and he soon began to assume a more conciliatory attitude towards the Church of Rome. The death of Pope Pius IX, in 1878, came at a convenient time, and his successor, Leo XIII, was ready to compromise with Prussia and Germany. In the early eighties negotiations were carried on with the Vatican. Certain stipulations of the *May Laws* remained in force, for instance the civil marriage clause, but bishops were reinstated, and the Government allowed Catholic priests to inspect Catholic schools. In July, 1880, Bismarck, always a clever bargainer, made his peace with the Pope in return for the support of the Centre Party in the *Reichstag*. By 1887 relations between the Wilhelmstrasse and the Vatican were so amicable that the Pope urged the German Centre Party to support a new Prussian Army Bill.

The Centre Party was Bismarck's staunch ally against the Socialists. The Centrists' support was important, as the Chancellor had broken with the National Liberals, who were no longer useful to him. The National Liberal Party was gradually disintegrating, and Social Democracy was developing into a formidable opposition. When one studies the old traditions of this Party, and remembers the great courage of the early leaders, such as Bebel, during the age of Bismarck, it is surprising that when this Party had become numerically strong it succumbed to William II in 1914, and that in 1933 the members of this huge Party accepted Hitler without any serious struggle.

Bismarck over-estimated the stamina and the resistance of German Socialists of his own and of future generations. He considered them a danger to German unity, a 'devilish

element' in the population. The Chancellor did not, however, misjudge the Socialist leaders of his own age; he knew that they were opponents worthy of his own 'blood and iron.' Wilhelm Weitling, the forerunner of German Social Democracy, had died in 1871 (in New York); and Karl Marx and Friedrick Engels were living in exile, but August Bebel, perhaps the most imposing enemy Bismarck ever encountered, was elected as the first Socialist deputy to the *Reichstag* in 1871. At first Bismarck found it relatively easy to repress the Socialists, for the followers of Ferdinand Lassalle, who had founded the German Workmen's Association, and the disciples of Karl Marx were not on speaking terms. They did not unite even to oppose Bismarck until after the Gotha Conference in 1875. Then the size of the Social Democratic Party began to increase; by 1877 there were a dozen Socialist deputies in the *Reichstag*.

Bismarck was alarmed by this development. Had he lived in the twentieth century he might perhaps have staged a *Reichstag* Fire to give him an excuse to arrest the Socialist deputies. As it was such an opportunity presented itself when in 1878 a man named Nobiling tried to assassinate William I. Just as Bismarck had accused the Centrists of supporting Kullmann's attempt to murder him, he now declared, again without justification, that this Nobiling was a member of the Social Democratic Party and that the Party was responsible for the attempt on the Emperor's life. To punish the Socialists he introduced the famous anti-Socialist Laws of 1878, which were in force for twelve years. By these laws the *Bundesrat* was given the right to declare a state of siege in any town whenever the workers were to be repressed, the police were instructed to prevent 'all socialistic or communistic meetings,' and to forbid the publication of all journals which 'tended to undermine the existing political and social order.' Bismarck's laws made it illegal for anyone to 'disseminate' Socialist doctrines, or to 'discuss them publicly' (and when two friends met this constituted a 'public meeting').

Bismarck tried to win the workers from the Socialist movement by introducing social legislation which the workers' leaders called 'sops to the working man.' These measures were far reaching schemes of compulsory social insurance

administered by the State. He tried also to introduce a democratic atmosphere in connection with these insurances; when, for instance, Emperor William I, in a proclamation (November, 1881), announced that these insurance schemes had been adopted, he spoke of 'the assistance to which the people *have a right*.'

Though this compulsory insurance did not prevent the growth of the Social Democratic Party, it made a good impression, especially abroad. And though Bismarck never hesitated to deceive foreign governments when this suited his convenience, he did want his new Germany to be honoured as a respectable member of the concert of civilised European nations.

'We Germans fear God and nothing else in the world,' Bismarck once boldly declared in the *Reichstag*, but actually his entire foreign policy showed that he was very much afraid of European alliances which might threaten the Second Realm, and during the years immediately following the Franco-Prussian War he wanted a period of peace in which to unify and organise the new Reich and to create a powerful imperial army.

Though the new French Republic was not well established until the late seventies, it was obvious that France was recuperating more quickly from her defeat than Germany had expected. Bismarck contemplated crushing her before she was prepared for a war of revenge; if Queen Victoria and Tsar Alexander II had not intervened Germany might have attacked France again in 1875. Bismarck never tried to solve the conflict with France by winning the support of the territories taken from her. Prince Hohenlohe, an ineffectual South German, who was the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, objected to the Chancellor's methods in these provinces.

It seems that Berlin [Hohenlohe wrote in his diary on May 8th, 1888] is insisting on so many vexatious measures [in Alsace-Lorraine] that the population will be driven to despair, and will be roused to actions of revolt. Then it will be possible for them [the Government of the Reich] to say that the civil administration is ineffectual, and a state of siege must be proclaimed.

Apart from intimidating the population of the provinces acquired after the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck's diplo-

matic aim was to exert indirect political pressure on France by isolating her in Europe. And his diplomacy was masterly. He supported France in Algeria, thus alienating her from Italy; he supported England in Egypt, thus separating Great Britain and France. He was convinced that if he could prevent the formation of firm alliances in Western Europe, Germany would be safe from attack and free, at some future date, to launch more wars of aggression.

In the East, Bismarck was equally clever. He wanted to retain the friendship of both Austria and Russia. When difficulties in the Balkans brought Austria and Russia to the verge of hostilities, Bismarck averted this war by saying that Germany would not support either side. And at the conclusion of the war between Turkey and Russia, which had broken out in 1877, Bismarck summoned the peace conference to Berlin. It was then that he called himself 'the honest broker,' though any name farther from the truth cannot be imagined. It was obvious at this Congress of Berlin that Bismarck could not, openly at least, keep the friendship of both Russia and Austria. He supported Austria and her efforts to consolidate the Turkish Empire. As Russia had won this war, she was very bitter about the favouritism Bismarck was showing Austria, but by doing so he had alienated Russia from England.

A German-Austrian alliance followed in 1879. In this defensive alliance Austria and Germany (and Italy joined them in 1883) promised to defend each other by armed force in case they were attacked. This alliance was, of course, directed chiefly against Russia.

It was then that Bismarck followed the traditions of so many Prussian leaders: he demonstrated again that alliance meant nothing to him. In 1884, in secret, and behind his ally Austria's back, he concluded the so-called 'Treaty of Re-insurance' with Russia, whereby he pledged Germany to remain neutral if Russia were to be attacked (by Austria).

Even when Bismarck was most deeply involved with the formulation of his foreign policy, he never for an instant lost sight of the importance of training the plastic German people to be citizens of the new Reich. Properly to estimate Bismarck's achievement in this connection it must be borne in mind that until 1871 the vast majority of individuals now

belonging to the united Germany had never thought of themselves as Germans, or felt any enthusiasm for their so-called 'Germandom,' their *Deutschtum*. Certainly they would not have been willing or eager to die for this abstract conception. They were, before the unification of the Reich, Saxons, or Bavarians, or Hessians, or Prussians, and their *Lokalpatriotismus* bound them to their specific locality.

During Bismarck's régime this attitude changed. He put 'blood and iron' into the people's patriotism. His propaganda was excellent. Ideas of world trade and power-politics had replaced the pride Germans once felt in their great writers or musicians. Nietzsche was right when he emphasised that during the Bismarckian age 'the German spirit was exterminated in favour of the German Reich.'

Schoolchildren were systematically imbued with legendary accounts of Germany's, and Prussia's, great past, and they were made equally aware of the 'glorious future' which the powerful army of the new Germany would provide for all Germans. At the gymnasia and the universities 'patriotic education' (*Vaterländische Bildung*) replaced the classics. Nationalism was considered more important than a knowledge of the humanities. Heinrich von Treitschke was the acknowledged prophet of this 'patriotic education.'

The preachings of the National Socialists are a development of Treitschke's writings. He attacked the Jews and the English, and praised the prowess of 'the Aryans,' a phrase used over half a century ago by him to describe 'pure Germans.' Above all Treitschke proclaimed the splendours of what is now called the totalitarian State: 'The essence of the State,' he wrote, 'is that it can suffer no higher power above itself.' The happiness or the wishes of individuals belonging to the State do not matter. 'The State says: "It is quite indifferent to me what you think about the matter, but you must obey".' Or in another passage:

On principle, the State does not ask the people how they are disposed; the State demands obedience: its laws must be kept whether willingly or unwillingly. It is a step in advance when the silent obedience of the citizens becomes an inward, rational consent, but this consent is not absolutely necessary. Kingdoms have lasted for centuries as powerful, highly developed states, without this inward consent of their citizens. What the State needs, is in

the first place what is external: the State has the will to be obeyed, its nature is to execute what it chooses. . . .

It is not surprising that Treitschke was overwhelmed with honours in Bismarck's Germany, for his entire philosophy of the State pre-supposed some strong man, some dictator, who was in fact the power of the State. Treitschke was popular with the generals as well, for he stimulated as few men had done before him the German's love of warfare. 'The hope of abolishing war from this world,' Treitschke wrote, 'is not only foolish but highly immoral.' 'Any individual, or any State, who does not love the manly pastime of war, is unhealthy.' 'Political idealism,' he taught, 'demands war,' and any wish to eliminate heroism, viz., wars from humanity, was a 'perversion of morality.'

Treitschke expressed the fundamental spirit of Bismarck's Second Realm:

Those who acclaim the nonsense of perpetual peace [he wrote] do not understand the Aryan peoples; these Aryan peoples are, above all things, brave peoples. They have always been manly enough to protect with the sword what they have won with the spirit. . . . We must not consider all these things by the light of the reading lamp alone; to the historian who lives in the world of will, it is immediately clear that the demand for a perpetual peace is thoroughly reactionary; he recognises that with war all movement, all growth, would be eliminated from history. It has always been the tired and enervated periods of history that have toyed with the dream of perpetual peace. . . . However, it is not worth the trouble to discuss this matter further; the living God will see to it that war constantly returns as a dreadful medicine for the human race. . . . Wars cannot and should not cease so long as the State is sovereign and confronts other sovereign states.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

BALLADE OF THE IMMORTAL MEMORY: STRATFORD, 1939[1]

FROM bare stone croft and wind-swept wold
This mellow smiling world of men,
Slow-voiced, woven rich of liquid gold,
Sails blossom-bright within our ken:
Puffed o'er clipped yews, that mulberries pen,
Tall fluted stacks, white walls, cloud pillows,
Black wattled beams, 'best please us then'—
Lo! Shakespeare's haunts of rustling willows.

Behind striped cars, bricked blocks, behold
The tigerish dainty Saracen
Descend, bemoused, tower-helmed, to scold
Sophisticate-cum-Magdalen:
Lawn-terrace-framed, tree-stately glen,
Mid clown's and courtiers' peccadillos,
Live through their 'golden world' again:
Lo! Shakespeare's haunts of rustling willows.

Coiled shells, surrealist starfish cold,
Plume landscapes rose-wired like a fen:
'Poldy,' irate, loose brolly rolled,
Quacks at Olivia (scuttling hen!)
The Crookback's swart and grey-frilled den,
Filled chock-a-block with armadillos,
Exudes its crimsoned denizen:
Lo! Shakespeare's haunts of rustling willows.

Envoi

Prince, Laurie 'Hams,' Clunes oxygen
Devours, and pompous Laurier 'hillos.'
To the Immortal Memory?—When,
O, Shakespeare's haunts of rustling willows?

[1] Incorporating critical impressions of *Othello*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Richard III.*, as presented in 1939.

BALLADE OF NOTTINGHAM AND "THE NOTTINGHAM POST"

Smart County suitings, trim limbs, spring
From Georgian steps or chromium car:
Stone dome, blocked forum, blooms that swing
Deft-specked, on pigeon-gay bazar:
Cool Sunday's would-be Commissar
Taunts the white prophet's bearded woe:
Shrill Week-Day Cross pipes from afar:
'PoPOpoPOpoPOpoPO!'[1]

Furred parkland's turret-tawny ring
(Villa-piled, cloud-tossed Trafalgar)
Slinks through tall terraced trees, a-wing
With starch-necked burghers over par:
O'er golden gravel, moist bright tar,
In shawled lace, chauffeur'd ladies go,
Like a Victorian calendar:
'PoPOpoPOpoPOpoPO!'

Of grand High Pavement, purple 'Ming,'
A rock-grim lonely priest is Lar:
Goose-Gate and Woolpack Lane both bring
Blazer-swathed blades from seminar:
Squat palace perched on mountain scar
Hears news-sheets called down Spaniel's Row,
From *Trip*, *Royal Children*, *Moot Hall Bar*:
'PoPOpoPOpoPOpoPO!'

Envoi

Prince, hark! The queenly chymic Star,
Girl-city, set in sweet hills low,
Vocal of pestle, phial and jar:
'PoPOpoPOpoPOpoPO!'

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

[1] This refrain is the cry of the Nottingham newspaper vendors, which rises stated hours from the city.

THE RELIGIOUS PROSPECT

It is one of the clichés of the hour that the war has presented a problem for the Christian conscience. The implication is that the outbreak of hostilities has in some way shaken the possibility of faith in Christianity. Nothing could be more false to history, for the belief in a world without war is no part of the teaching of Christ and has never had a place in Christian tradition. 'And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. See that ye be not troubled for these things must come to pass.' Nor should the evidences of a very special power of evil in the world present a particular problem for the Christian. He is familiar with the mystery of iniquity. The Book of Revelation has a contemporary ring about it. If there is a philosophy which lies in ruins today it is that optimistic doctrine of inevitable progress which having transmuted the biological fact of the survival of the fittest into a totally different conception of the survival of the best, was content to dream about the perfectability of human nature and 'a war to end war.' Not the war, but the confusion of men's minds in the recent years of so-called peace is the problem for the serious Christian. It was a political fact of the first importance when the German troops crossed the Polish frontier but it changed nothing in the world of fundamental ideas.

Our age has seen a revolt, not against Christianity, which many had been content to leave for dead, but against the liberal humanitarian philosophy which had taken the place of it. The 'war to end war' which was to have inaugurated a new liberal era looks in retrospect very like a war to end liberalism. For everyone who is concerned at the outrage to Christian conceptions in the dynamisms that have swept Europe, there are many more who deplore the dethronement of man, and the military defeat of the Axis, though a political necessity, will not provide the world with a philosophy to

guide its life and inform its institutions. On the morro of the fighting what answer is Europe to make to the demai for an interpretation of the world and of man's place in i

The preacher may say, truly enough, that we must retu to God, but it is more apparent to millions that we have return to man. 'A new humanism' is the demand increa ingly made in recent years by thinkers in all countries Europe. We have had *homo œconomicus*, *homo politicus*, *ho sexualis*—who will restore men? We hear of the necessi of a return to Christianity as the basis of international la but some years ago Baron von Hugel and others suggeste when it was less obvious than it is to-day, that somethi besides Christianity had disappeared from the modern worl We had lost the conception of natural law. Respectab Victorian rationalists denied the necessity of theologic sanctions for morals, but they had no doubt about moralit They shared the Pauline belief in 'the law written in the hearts, their consciences also bearing witness.'

Amid the ruins of humanitarian optimism the Christia apologist can hardly be refused a hearing when he sugges that there is something more than a historical coinciden in the fact that the collapse followed the widespread abando ment of Christian dogma. What if liberalism kicked aw its own foundations when it rejected the creeds of Christe dom? That is part of the contention of the Rev. V. . Demant in a very stimulating book on *The Religious Prospect* Liberalism, for him, represents in its pure form a doctrin of the status of personality. Man has value in and fc himself. He may not be considered only in his social an temporal relationships. Here it is at one with Christianit But we have only to state this truth to see its conflict with th most characteristic modes of modern thinking since Hege Our eyes are fixed not upon Being but upon Becomin 'We do not really know what is happening because we do nc know to what it is happening.' Here Mr. Demant is echoin what Leo XIII said in the Encyclical *Æterni Patris* over sixt years ago. Twenty years after Darwin's *Origin of Speci* had disturbed the calm of Ruridecanal conferences, whi bewildered apologists were fighting a war on two front against biology and the higher criticism, that great Ponti

[1] Frederick Muller Ltd., 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

recalled the Roman Church to the study of the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. Another twenty years and Pius X was able to diagnose modernism as 'the faith allied to a false philosophy.' It all seemed far more remote to thoughtful Englishmen then than it does to-day.

Two outstanding features are to be detected in the deeper currents of thought with no immediate or obvious connection with Christian dogma. One is the movement by which Becoming instead of Being is made the central object of study. The other, which is closely allied to it, is the exaltation of instinct over reason, *la vie* over *l'esprit*, or, as Mr. Demant puts it, life over consciousness. Rational processes, it is urged, falsify the movement which is life. We find this in Bergson and Nietzsche, it runs through the dynamic psychology of Freud, his disciples and apostates and is translated into the politics in which Mussolini asks us to accept the rape of Poland in the sacred name of 'the dynamism of history.'

On the face of it, this post-Hegelian philosophy of flux—which is little more than the πάντα ῥεῖ of Heraclitus in modern clothes—should have encountered the antagonism of liberals as soon as it was spotted by the roof-watcher at the Vatican, for it clearly threatened the liberal doctrine of the status of persons. As a matter of fact they have been to the front in adopting it. How is this paradox to be explained? For Mr. Demant, the explanation lies in a cleavage between the consciously formulated doctrines of liberals and the presuppositions with which they actually approach the facts of existence. In language which the Freudians have made familiar, he sees the root of the trouble in a psychic conflict. He uses the terms 'doctrine' and 'dogma' to define its factors. Here we cannot think he is very happily inspired. It is one of the difficulties of theological and philosophical discussion in these days that we have no agreed terminology. It may be urged that any writer is entitled to use words in his own sense provided he defines it and is consistent in the use of it, but would the sciences of physics and chemistry be where they are to-day if every worker had felt at liberty to employ terms like 'energy' and 'acidity' with his own meaning? The use of the word dogma to describe what is taken for granted has little etymological justification and cuts

across the controversy about the nature of dogma which the Encyclical *Pascendi* identified as the heart of the debate on modernism. Moreover, to identify a psychic conflict may satisfy the clinician, if he thinks he can resolve it, but the philosopher must ask how it arose. Why should liberals have accepted an approach to life which was in fundamental conflict with their central doctrine? It seems to us, too, that there is something arbitrary in this choice of the status of persons as the quintessence of liberalism. The liberal politics of the industrial revolution subordinated man to a process no less completely than does the Socialism of Marx.

But whether we call it liberalism or not, there is a doctrine of the extra-social and extra-temporal value of man which calls for defence against fascism, communism and whatever else denies it. Where is the defence to be found? Mr. Demant argues very cogently that it is not to be found within the social process. No doctrine of immanentism can justify the claims of the individual against the State. He turns the argument of the dialectical thinkers against themselves. Dialectical interpretations of history, he argues, 'present an acute dilemma.' Either the process goes on for ever and is meaningless or else 'some factor is regarded as, in a measure, outside the dialectical process in order that the process may have some meaning.' Now it is perfectly true that the professors of the Hegelian system and its derivatives have in practice lacked the courage of their convictions. A species of Messianic hope has led them to postulate a goal. To Hegel, it was the Prussian State, to the Marxians, the classless society. There is no logical reason, however, why this should be so. The world may, so far as our reasoning goes, 'roll for ever down the ringing groves of change.'

It is doubtful if any thoughtful man to-day can argue himself into the position of the Victorian rationalist who believed that he was free from metaphysical and theological prejudices. The beliefs of the ethical humanitarian are found to imply acts of faith, no less real though less conscious, than those of the theologian. All that slipshod system which talked about tyranny of creeds and imagined that outside a lunatic asylum there can be freedom of thought is revealed as self-deception. Modern psychiatry will not permit even the exception of the mad-house. The question is not whether

we make assumptions or hold philosophies, but what assumptions we make and what philosophies we hold. So long as the argument is on the purely philosophical level all this is clear enough. It is quite legitimate to say, as Mr. Demant does in effect:

"You believe in the claims of the human soul and in human freedom. Very good, but if you are going to maintain that belief it is no use accepting assumptions which destroy the individuality of man by merging him in a process of becoming."

It should not be difficult to persuade disillusioned liberals that the nasty politics around them issue from the cheap philosophies in which they have unconsciously acquiesced. But the subject under discussion is not the philosophical prospect. It is the religious prospect and Mr. Demant, as a priest of the Church of England, is specifically concerned with the future of Christianity.

As an Anglo-Catholic he urges that the Catholic tradition of Christianity has preserved a balance of truth that is lost both in Protestantism and religious liberalism. Here we are faced once more with a difficulty of terminology and we might spend a good deal of time over inappropriate controversy on matters which necessarily separate those of the Roman from those of the Anglican obedience. If we agree not to equate Catholicism with Roman Catholicism, we must have some test by which we can distinguish in the great division of Christendom those who are on the Catholic side of the fence from those who are on the Protestant. We are inclined to find this distinction in the attitude towards the *depositum fidei*. For the Catholic, Christianity is a body of revealed truth which derives its sanction precisely from the fact of revelation. It is legitimate enough to show that it answers the questions of the hour, but not to make this in any way the criterion of its truth. We are inclined, therefore, at first glance to find a reversal of the due order when it appears to be suggested that we can argue our way from liberalism to Christianity. It looks almost like the modernist error of making modern thought the criterion of the eternal verities. Actually the process is justified by the facts of history, for we live in a society with centuries of Christian influence behind it. The doctrines of freedom and human personality are not human

ladders to a truth given in revelation and in no other way obtainable. They are rather, to vary the metaphor, the fruit of Christian dogma and the forgetfulness of that dogma has withered their roots. The call is to a baptised society to return to its faith. *Exquirite antiquam matrem.*

There must have been times in recent years when any thoughtful Christian has asked himself whether this is a valid approach, whether the shedding of Christian conceptions has not gone so far as to make the modern world more comparable with that of the pre-Constantine period than with the ages of faith. We believe, however, that Mr. Demant's attitude is the true one. We live in a society largely but not entirely de-Christianised and the duty of the Church is to recall it. There is an illusory attractiveness about the impulse which Mr. Demant attributes to the serious school of Protestantism—though it was that also of the modernism of Tyrrell—to retreat from the world and find the sphere of religion wholly outside the temporal order. Christianity must find the finger of God in history, though it can never imprison Him in the historical process.

And if we cannot evade the problems of life in this way, neither can we be content in face of the challenge of inhuman systems, to dismiss them as the work of anti-Christ. No doubt in the Communist appeal to a certain human compassion and sense of retributive justice and in some aspects of the impersonal enthusiasm of National Socialism we have Satan appearing as an angel of light so that the elect are deceived. That does not absolve us from the intellectual duty of asking how these systems have spread and shaken a world nurtured in the Christian tradition. We have already indicated our agreement with Mr. Demant that these things are rooted in a false philosophy which has put Becoming in the place of Being and prized mere dynamism above rational control. But what is the cause of this philosophical error? Why has the modern world returned to Heraclitus?

We are disposed to find an answer in the utilitarian value of the dynamic approach and in the rapid extension of man's power over nature which has given an altogether false value to the 'visible vehement earth.' Method has taken the place of philosophy. The pragmatic value of the dynamic method, including dialectics, is beyond dispute. The economic inter-

pretation of history is amazingly effective in lighting up periods that yield little to a more static treatment. Modern medical psychology would be impossible to the old faculty psychology or the rational science of the schools. The real trouble is the essential evil at the bottom of all our woes, It is idolatry. When a means is regarded as an end, a method of interpreting history or of curing a neurosis taken to be the truth about man, we have offended against the ancient commandment: 'Thou shalt have none other gods but me.'

We have deliberately stressed these parts of Mr. Demant's very timely book with which we find ourselves in agreement rather than those which might be the subject of controversy among those in general agreement with his outlook. His work must be considered as an *argumentum ad hominem*, addressed to those who are prepared to go a very important part of the way with the Christian. 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you.' It does not meet the totalitarian challenge to Christianity on its own ground. It is indeed impossible to do so, for argument must be conducted with the weapons of reason and you can no more argue with the conscious advocates of irrationality than with a hysteric, who may be best brought to reason by a slap on the face. There are, however, passages in *The Religious Prospect* in which the reasoning seems less rigorous than it should be. We are told, for example, that the facts are showing the Christian dogma about man to be the true one. The dogma of liberalism—by which, it must be remembered, the author means the unquestioned assumptions of liberals which conflict with their formulated doctrine—is said to be unable to account for its opposite anti-liberalism, 'for it sees in it a practical form of frequently appearing heresy, namely the view of reality as mere becoming.' We share the author's opinion, but doubt the cogency of his argument. If the Christian can fix a label on the holder of liberal dogma, the latter may retort by diagnosing Christian dogma as one form of the artificial attempt to confine the flux of reality in the logical categories.

Mr. Demant would, of course, repudiate the notion that the things most certainly believed among Christians can be demonstrated pragmatically, though in this passage he seems to us to come rather uncomfortably close to implying it, and he is not to be accused of that type of popular apologetics

which finds a slick solution of all the problems of life. What he wants to restore is a certain tension. Christianity does not come to bring peace on the earth. Man is and must be in this world a creature at war with his environment and with himself. The new psychologies, when they stray outside their proper clinical field, seek to relieve man of his conflicts without perceiving that they are thereby divesting him of his humanity. Hence Dalbiez can rightly characterise Freudianism as the philosophy which defines man by what is least human in him. 'A double relation of kinship and contradiction between the world and God' is recognised by Mr. Demant as 'the mark of the authentic Christian tradition.' With rare insight he sees in the religious irrationalism of Jung a more dangerous enemy of Christianity than in the materialism of Freud. The founder of analytical psychology is haunted by what he calls the historical burdens which Christianity has heaped upon us. 'My problem,' he told a London audience, 'is to wrestle with the big monster of the historical past, the great snake of the centuries, the burden of the human mind, the problem of Christianity.' That the immediate visible result of the movements most characteristic of an age should be Armageddon must not blind us to the paradox that essentially they are philosophies not of conflict but of peace—the peace of the concentration camp.

We are tempted to follow Mr. Demant in his study of the interplay of Augustinian and Thomistic strains in the Christian tradition which may be regarded as the continuation of the divergence between Platonism and Aristotelianism, but this is only one of a number of questions touched upon in a book which comes to us as cheering evidence that *in tempore belli* there are those in the Anglican Communion who are facing frankly the deeper problems of the age.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

THOMAS HARDY

MISS REBECCA WEST, in a rather splashy piece of critical virtuosity called *Strange Necessity*, suggests that though Thomas Hardy was 'instinctively an artist, he could not formulate for himself what art was or understand how other artists got to work.' The fact is, if we are to judge from the material collected by his wife in *The Life and Letters*, Hardy had a far sounder conception of the meaning of art, of the relation between philosophy and art, and of the cleft existing between life and art, than had the majority of his critics. It is far too easily assumed that a man's philosophy and his experience of life necessarily colour his art, and that, in writing the novels, the poems, and *The Dynasts*, Hardy was seeking, consciously or unconsciously, to embody his philosophical reactions in literary form: that he was indeed the impure artist, a propagandist. D. H. Lawrence in his impatient youth (1913) hinted at this—('And if I don't "subdue my art to a metaphysic," as somebody very beautifully said of Hardy . . .')—but the later Lawrence might well have withdrawn that comment, from the realisation that Hardy, like himself, had a strong inner urge, but one which, unlike his, managed to get itself completely and entirely expressed in artistic form: that the artistic form preceded and directed the metaphysic: and that to the professional philosopher or metaphysician the so-called philosophy or metaphysic of Hardy, as of Wordsworth or Lawrence himself, or any distinguished artist, is just a technical device for telling the story or denoting the experience. One ought probably to go even further back and insist that it is possible to prove that the metaphysic is fundamentally not there at all. It is only an illusion produced by one of the transformations undergone by the normal technique of the art-form in which the artist is working.

The particular literary technique adopted depends naturally

on the author's subconscious reactions to life, and these in their turn are controlled almost certainly from purely physical causes. On such lines the meaning of his work to Hardy can be explored and analysed with some claim to scientific impartiality. But as a working artist his problem was to tell tales in accordance with recognised narrative conventions. The rationalisation of this traditional panoply may be imposed on a writer by his own conscience, or by the demands of his time, the former being frequently merely the echo of the latter. And this rationalisation may be operated either through philosophy or psychology, or, as with Hardy, through a judicious mixture of both. Where critics tend to err, in considering these matters, is by failing to differentiate between philosophy and psychology as sciences based on the observation of life in its most objectified sense, and philosophy and psychology as introduced to give credibility or interest to some moment in a tale. The same fault is made by students of Shakespeare. The psychology attributed to invented characters, and the philosophy imposed in order to give events a certain pre-determined twist, cannot be regarded as data by the psychologist. It is only those impulses which led to the selection of just those particular details for incorporation in his work of art by the artist that can in honesty be so regarded.

The history of Thomas Hardy's progress should accordingly be presented as the story of the various types of narrative technique which he imposed on his original material, and of the different devices by which he managed to make the resultant situations and characters acceptable to his readers. That he realised how fundamental was this aspect of his art can be seen from many references. In the Preface to *Under the Greenwood Tree*, he says :

> the realities out of which it was spun were material for another kind of study. But circumstances would have rendered any aims at a deeper, more essential, more transcendent handling inadvisable at the date of writing.

Not, notice, my spiritual evolution, my personal mood, or my philosophical outlook : but, simply, the sort of control which 'circumstances' exercise over me as a workman. Similarly, although in its final form *The Dynasts* has been said

to embody the essential Hardy 'philosophy,' and although actually to disinterested reading it is rather the story of the education of the Spirit of the Pities by the Spirit of the Years through practical methods into some sort of 'philosophy,' with much schoolmasterly comment from the Spirit Ironic, yet it was probably both first and last nothing so pretentious or ambitious to Hardy. It is simply an attempt to solve a problem of technique, a problem posed as far back as 1881, according to a note of that year which reads:

Mode for a Historical Drama. Action mostly automatic; reflex movement, etc. Not the result of what is called motive, though always ostensibly so, even to the actors' own consciousness. Apply an enlargement of these theories to, say, 'The Hundred Days'!

My own idea of Hardy's 'philosophy' is, briefly, that 'the ubiquitous urging of the Immanent Will' is not really a conception arising out of Hardy's feelings about the story he is dramatising, but a literary device in order to produce for his readers or spectators this impression of 'automatic' action and 'reflex movement,' and that we are making assumptions beyond the context in giving it any further value. The same may be said to apply whether the pattern imposed on the material is that of Humour, of Melodrama, or of Comedy. It is a matter of considerable importance and of some interest to trace the effects of these varying, and in some cases, to judge from conventional criticism, unsuspected patterns on what Hardy himself is pleased to call 'the realities' which constituted his 'material.' One may note incidentally in passing that Hardy never falls into the mistake of treating his works as 'realities,' as some critics do. Nor does he ever impose on his material the pattern which of all others is most likely to delude the author into doing so, that of Realism. As Gissing wrote as late as 1894: 'He is not a realist; his books are fantasias on the rural theme: his strength is in his humour and imagination.' The wording is that of a realist, with a realist's implied criticism. But it is sound enough.

The pattern of Poetical Humour is that of the earliest novels, and however much other elements come in, that one persists to the end. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is described as

'a rural painting of the Dutch School.' The artistic association had been anticipated by his contemporary George Eliot for her own work, but how much more perfectly does Hardy with this phrase hit off the prevailing tone of his most spontaneous book. The humour and the feeling for beauty are seen in the correspondingly careful style, as warm and smooth in texture as that of the painters he admired. Details reflect this art pre-occupation in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, where we have Liddy's face, with 'the softened ruddiness on a surface of high rotundity that we meet with in a Terburg or a Gerard Douw,' or the circus tent, where

> the strange luminous semi-opacities of fine autumn afternoons and eves intensified into Rembrandt effects the few yellow sunbeams which came through holes and divisions in the canvas, and spirted like jets of gold-dust across the dusky blue atmosphere of haze pervading the tent until they alighted on the inner surface of cloth opposite, and shone like little lamps suspended there.

Humour in the characterisation depends on two elements. There is, first of all, the actual talk of the characters, which used to strike me as unusually bookish, even Shakespearean in origin. This is perhaps more noticeable when, as in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, or *The Return of the Native*, and to some extent in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, there is a formal attempt to use dialect comment as a sort of dramatic chorus for voicing the feelings of outraged common sense. But when one comes to understand more and more that all written conversation is an artificial convention, and that the art consists in conveying an impression of personality behind the words, one cannot fail to appreciate the variety of locution invented by Hardy for all his characters, particularly the rural ones. In *The Trumpet Major*, Widow Garland, the small talk at the arrival of Matilda, Bob Loveday, who resembles Congreve's Ben in his professional nauticality of phrase: in *Tess*, the milkmaids, Crick and the Dollop stories, which also act as a comic echo of the main theme: Joseph Poorgrass and Henery Fray in *Far From the Madding Crowd:* these are only a few of the possible instances in which the syntax and rhythm of speech are most successfully employed. Hardy's pre-occupation with this aspect of his work is indicated in his Preface to *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, though the actual point

raised in the use of spelling to indicate pronounciation. This novel probably has a higher percentage of real dialect words than any other, though both in *Tess* and *The Woodlanders* they are plentiful ; one peculiarity of the earlier novels being that in them, in spite of the rural tone of the talk, very few out-of-the-way phrases occur. The other source of humour in the conversation is in the kind of delayed-action mentality, the deliberate and suspended intelligence of the characters, which is of course Shakespearean, but which finds its most modern exemplar in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse ; and which, with Hardy, gives an agreeable feeling of a drawling, countrified, long-drawn-out wit, gradually piercing through thick but genial noddles. The way in which humour pervades the earlier novels in their more serious moments may be illustrated by a comparison between the natural handling of the situation of Fancy Day, as a carefully nurtured daughter whose father desires her to marry someone more refined than a peasant, and the comedy handling of a similar situation in *The Woodlanders*.

Hardy's imaginative handling of his material is instanced in a very remarkable way in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, from the continual classical references with which this essentially pastoral novel abounds. They could well be trite ; but no pedantry dictates their presence ; and they serve the double purpose of further enriching an atmosphere which already has more than touches of Shakespearean breath in the humorous treatment, and of suggesting, as Mr. James Joyce does in *Ulysses*, and as Blake did in his analysis of the Canterbury Pilgrims, that people and circumstances are but contemporary incarnations of eternal and unchanging types, vegetable bodies assumed by Reality. When Oak calls, ' the valleys and furthest hills resounded as when the sailors invoked the lost Hylas on the Mysian shore.' At the Casterbridge Cornmarket, Bathsheba is tempted to ' walk as a queen among these Gods of the fallow, like a little sister of a little Jove, and to neglect closing prices altogether.' Oak, grinding his shears, ' stood somewhat as Eros is represented when in the act of sharpening his arrows, his figure slightly bent, the weight of his body thrown over on the shears, and his head balanced sideways, with a critical compression of the lips and a contraction of the eyelids to crown the attitude.' Bathsheba,

in Troy's death chamber, presents the appearance of a 'slightly animated bust of Melpomene.'

The whole of the first five chapters form a kind of prose version of Theocritus, the Sicilian tone—

(On a triangular shelf across the corner stood bread, bacon, cheese, and a cup for ale or cider, which was supplied from a flagon beneath. Beside the provisions lay the flute, whose notes had lately been called forth by the lonely watcher to beguile a tedious hour.)

—contrasting sharply, in its directness and simplicity, with the more modern treatment nearby of the sheep dog, George, who

exhibited an ebony-tipped nose surrounded by a narrow margin of pink flesh, and a coat marked in random splotches approximating in colour to white and slaty grey; but the grey, after years of sun and rain, had been scorched and washed out of the more prominent locks, leaving them of a reddish-brown, like the indigo from the same kind of colour in Turner's pictures.

The whole of the Sheep-Shearing Supper in the Great Barn is superb in its happy paganism, from the general setting, 'the sun went down in an ochreous mist, but they sat, and talked on, and grew as merry as the Gods in Homer's heaven,' to 'Jacob Smallbury, who volunteered a ballad as inconclusive and interminable as that with which the worthy toper Silenus amused on a similar occasion the swains Chromis and Mnasylus, and other jolly dogs of his day.'

The problems of imposing on his material the pattern of Poetic Humour are nothing beside those involved with Comedy and Melodrama. The existence of the Comedy pattern is not usually conceded to Hardy, more particularly as the Comic has always been regarded as the special province of his contemporary rival, Meredith. Nevertheless, when in *The Woodlanders* he says of Fitzpiers that 'his was the passion of Congreve's Millamant, whose delight lay in seeing "the heart which others bleed for bleed for me",' he shows a genuine appreciation, in terms of our greatest English Comic writer, of the right tone in which the falsity of 'romance' can be made to take its place amid the intellectual mockery of the Comic Spirit. *The Trumpet Major* is the first of the novels to offer this element to any degree. The central figure is, of course, Fess Derriman, a character belonging

essentially to the world of Molière or Sheridan, a sort of Bob Acres, running through his traditional scenario like someone out of the Commedia dell' Arte, and like Bob Acres depending for his vitality on the exquisite appropriateness of the patter which Hardy can produce for him, as he twists and turns under the tongue of his 'foil,' Cripplestraw. In the scene where he presents his guineas to Anne Garland, but manages to get them locked up in his own box, and then takes them away again, we have a first-class Comic situation. It is one of unconscious self-interest, but it involves no moral reprobation. It simply occurs because Derriman is an abstract comic figure, an eternal theatrical type, the accepted butt, with no psychology, only his traditional puppet-like action. This action is not inconsistent with his character as laid down by Hardy, but it is not the outcome of psychological necessity, and requires no such justification, provided, as here, it is simply correct symbolically.

Hardy seems at the start to have experienced unusual difficulty in securing the necessary illusion of movement for his tales, and this probably explains that development of melodrama technique which modern readers find so tiresome. *The Trumpet Major* is of special interest here. The way in which each given situation is allowed to mature at all points in certain predetermined directions before an outside incident is dropped in, which transforms it so that the whole process has to begin again, reveals, as with Proust, the influence of one of the most important types of formal literature, French, and particularly Cornelian, tragedy. Hence occurs the erratic behaviour of John Loveday and Anne Garland in response to what Bob Loveday does or says. The difference between *Le Cid* and *The Trumpet Major* is that in the one there is a consistent point of reference, whereas Hardy lessens the artificiality, but adds to the unnaturalness, by varying his. The people who constitute points of reference do not at the moments of crisis act psychologically, but according to the demands of the formal technique. Hardy's characters, therefore, tend to be true and real in their static presentations, and unreal and melodramatic in the points where they operate changes in the direction of the story. They are better when they have a considerable static element, as here with Anne Garland, a typically English character which any art form

would find very difficult to render in its sweet reposefulness. Actually, people like Fitzpiers, D'Urberville and even Henchard, are more credible in the intervals when they are being analysed and presented from the outside, than when they are acting and doing things which Hardy either does not feel technically called upon to explain, or simply cannot. The great women characters of the later novels, whom Anne in certain respects anticipates, resemble her in not suffering from this conflicting emphasis.

A good deal of Hardy's reputation as a pessimist can be traced to his adoption of narrative devices to which possibly he himself, and certainly his critics, have tended to give undue importance. Sardonic comment on life is an ordinary enough feature of rustic conversation, and as such appears frequently in the novels of, say, Mr. Eden Philpotts, but when it comes from the author's mouth, as with Hardy, it assumes a profundity and purpose which give it special prominence. The shaping of such a novel as *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is unusually firm, with its echoing patterns of the two-fold and significant appearance of the Furmity Seller, and the two meetings, with Sue and Lucetta respectively, in the amphitheatre. The action of what one is compelled by the narrative conditions to accept as Fate seems to have more meaning, too, than the mere storyteller's device which it is. Henchard's intention to hurt Lucetta by killing Forfrae is thwarted by a later development of his own personality, of which popular conception as usual is not aware. He is therefore not believed when he tells of Forfrae's whereabouts, so that while Hardy is enabled to complete and round off the character, Fate suddenly produced a short-circuit, as it does not with the less fortunate Tess. This use of Fate, in the one case associated emotionally with the unifying natural feature of Egdon Heath, and in the other intellectually with its correlated device of perverse co-incidence, operates with special strength in *The Return of the Native* and *Jude the Obscure*. And as both of these singularly well carpentered novels deal with ethical and social problems near to Hardy's heart as a Victorian agnostic, these elementary narrative devices receive an even greater authority. One stage in the development of the melodramatic villain as the contriver of the plot into this illusion of a perverse Fate, and finally 'the President of the Immortals'

and the 'Immanent Will,' the 'It' of *The Dynasts,* is to be noted in the comment on Sergeant Troy's mummer-like appearance at the Christmas Party in *Far From the Madding Crowd :*

Even Boldwood did not recognise that the impersonator of Heaven's persistent irony towards him, who had once before broken in upon his bliss, scourged him, and snatched his delight away, had come to do these things a second time.

Although a relatively late book, *The Woodlanders* occupies a focal point in Hardy's handling of Comedy, and shows the degree to which the possibility, or desirability, of giving verisimilitude to his comic figures obsessed him at this period. Mr. Melbury is the leading character in a completely Molièresque version of the situation whose prototype I have already alluded to as occurring in *Under the Greenwood Tree.* At some moments of his career the perfect Bourgeois-Gentilhomme, he is delighted with the attentions of Fitzpiers to his daughter. His undignified collapse on realising the falseness of his estimate of life—which, never having been presented without a sort of 'wink' from Hardy, has been too much dictated by comic convention to justify psychological study—has something of Orgon in *Le Tartuffe.* The subtlety of analysis with which Hardy attempts to worry us here is quite uncalled for, so long as the dance of the characters remains rhythmical and geometric. Mr. Melbury undergoes a further transformation at this point, from a purely comic figure to a mere piece of mechanism in the plot, in whose psychology, again, though for different reasons, and in spite of the melodramatic drunken monologue of Fitzpiers, we can be expected to take and feel no interest.

From *The Woodlanders* then it is possible to establish a considerable range of characterisation covered by Hardy, the position of each character in the range being dictated by his function in the story. There are first of all the comic figures, the purely algebraic ones, subservient to the situation, who have a strange intellectual life of their own, and whose effectiveness depends not on understanding or sympathy or even interest, but on the skill with which the author juggles with known traditional material. Good examples of these are the minor members of the Clare family in *Tess*, particularly the brothers. Cuthbert and the Rev. Felix are just

satirical portraits, diagrammatic dummies, constructed apparently on the Peacockian, or Cartesian, principle of working from the 'essence' outward. Peacock, having decided what was the essential Wordsworth, or Southey, or Coleridge, evolved an automaton which embodied this mental attitude. At the same time, by the contrast between the imputed and the actual appearance of his victim, he achieved a sort of obvious buffooning of reality. The brothers Clare are automata, but in so far as Hardy induces us to accept them as genuine samples of their class in action, he is exploiting, in an immoral sense, our submission to his narrative genius. It is an interesting problem whether he really sees his satiric characters like this, and so is in a position to justify his treatment of them as offering important psychological data, or whether they constitute in fact a pattern used so steadily and persistently by established and traditional artists that they come to appear as part of the order of the universe, and hence as suitable material for generalisation.

Then there are the mechanical figures, those adaptable for the plot, who keep it going, like Iago, but over whom much paper is wasted in the effort to find some inner unity behind their eccentric behaviour. These figures, which have already been discussed under the topic of melodrama, are an anachronism with Hardy, but they owe their survival to the persistence on the stage of the formal villain long after he had ceased to be demanded by either psychologists or novelists. Here, Hardy is with Shakespeare, Richardson and Dickens, rather than with Smollett, Jane Austen, Meredith and Henry James.

The third group consists of the great number of characters who owe their existence to the exigencies of the story, but whose personality Hardy tries, with varying degrees of success, to rationalise. They interest him; at least, the problems of their solution do. Angel Clare is a good instance of this, but though a case is made out for him as a representative 'modern man' of the period, all the chinks are not filled in, and Hardy is compelled to call him over the coals at one point, when he says, 'He argued erroneously when he said to himself that her heart had not indexed the honest freshess of her face; but Tess had no advocate to set him right.' Sergeant Troy is a rather unusual example, and

accordingly is introduced with a very elaborate character analysis. For he is in his very nature erratic and unexpected, so that the actual difficulty of making him all of one piece is considerably less than with the others. It is strange how one does accept his 'quick-change' turns in the later part of *Far From the Madding Crowd*, while similar work on the part of D'Urberville smacks of the Punch and Judy Show, or the mechanical Jack-in-the-Box. When one criticises these characters, as indeed one must, for their lack of 'complete *delusion* (which the French mistakenly aim at),' one ought to remember that Hardy himself, in his unconscious rationalisation of them, went so far as to contemplate writing 'a history of human automatism—viz., an account of human action in spite of human knowledge.' In other words, he was in some danger of accepting the types imposed on him by his artistic patterns as realities in the world outside art, and of summing up the problems of human psychology in terms of a novel-writer's technique.

A good example of the struggle and hesitancy in Hardy's mind occurs in Grace Melbury. Obviously he feels the necessity to explain her with something of the apologetic detail he always gives to these 'modern' types. Then, suddenly, he finds himself pulled up by the appearance of a new sort of character, the character which constitutes the real triumph of his creative power, the character which acts out of conformity with the rules of story-telling, which defies explanation, and which lives. The change is marked in these words:

> A tenderness spread over Grace like a dew. It was well enough conventionally to address either one of them in the wife's regulation terms of virtuous sarcasm, as women, creatures, or things. But life, what was it, after all?

In an earlier chapter of *The Woodlanders*, Grace had said, in reference to her discovery of Fitzpiers and his connection with herself, Felice and Suke, and quite in the Millamant vein: 'Wives all, let's enter together.' Hardy is obviously disposed to run to a comic or satiric scene, and the reflections quoted above show the lines on which it would have developed. The bell rings, the situation arises, the author turns on the tap and relies on his reactional variety or his verbal

brilliance to score his points. Then, unexpectedly, Hardy feels the reality rushing in on him, and wonders what real life would say, apparently unaware that real life would not bring about such a situation. It would all occur as a struggle in the minds of the characters, as with Henry James, or Proust. The actual stagy situation which Hardy proposes to deal with would only be offered in melodrama or comedy, and can only be dealt with on their terms.

The fourth group consists, as I have suggested, of characters who stand in no need of any artificially imposed consistency. They are not associated fragments collected from various moments in the tale upon whom a scientific conscience demands that the author shall stamp a futile and disturbing verisimilitude. They live by a strange erratic life of their own, as we have the impression of people's doing in ordinary life, or would have, if we were not there too often given to providing logical connecting links where none are proved to be necessary. They take you by surprise, but you are willing, as in real life, to accept a unity of personality in them, not explicitly, but as conceivable on a working hypothesis. Such are Marty Smith, Giles Winterborne, Diggory Venn, Gabriel Oak and Tess. In some ways they provide a touchstone for the characters of more mixed origin. It is interesting to see how people like Grace Melbury and Felice Charmond who, in their relations with Fitzpiers, descend to the unreality of the novelette, achieve a beautiful conviction in contact with Giles Winterborne, for instance.

The existence of these people raises the whole question of the fetish of the consistent character. It is probable that the existence of a solid core of personality is an unwarranted assumption. Certainly, a greater impression of reality is obtained when this mythical 'core' is ignored, and the inconsistencies and unexpectednesses which are part of everyone's make-up are left, as in real life, for the spectator to solve. So, in Shakespeare, we find that the movement is away from consistent character—when varied quality in character is rationalised, as with the novelists who follow his tradition, as a sort of development—towards the other, so much greater, type of character: from Prince Henry, Romeo, or Richard III to Hamlet or Cleopatra. The last-named is of special interest here, because Shakespeare gives the impression of

having thrown in all the ingredients offered him by history, and trusting to the brew to give the effect of a living person.

Hardy handles Tess in the same way as Shakespeare did Cleopatra. Whatever grotesqueness appears in some of the accessory details arises from the fact that the novel is simply a machine for the creation of a person. There is a certain point in it where Tess begins to assume a sort of visionary quality. The opening presentation, as with Cleopatra, is matter-of-fact and full of craggy detail. But from the time of her meeting with Clare in the early morning at Talbothays Dairy she becomes to our consciousness a generalised figure, and breaks, like her prototype, to a superhuman, almost mythological grandeur. Hardy manages this result by practically starting again at scratch, with Clare, who sees in a woman, whom the reader knows already in commonplace sense, 'the merest stray phenomenon . . . , as yet, a very warming apparition which had only just acquired the attribute of permanence in his consciousness.' Hardy gives a further reality by suggesting his own puzzlement when he comments on the effect of her character on other women:

> No woman with a heart bigger than a hazel-nut could be . . . antagonistic to Tess in her presence, the influence which she exercised over those of her own sex being of a warmth or strength quite unusual, curiously overpowering the less worthy feminine feelings of spite and rivalry.

And the final touches are provided by the way in which he de-individualises her already clearly individualised character, by blending it with the landscape in the Flintcombe Ash section, and giving it the identity of a natural object, 'a figure which is part of the landscape; a fieldwoman pure and simple, in winter guise.' Yet

> inside this exterior, over which the eye might have roved as over a thing scarcely percipient, almost inorganic, there was the record of a pulsing life which had learnt too well, for its years, of the dust and ashes of things, of the cruelty of lust and the 'fragility of love.'

A re-reading after many years leaves one with the feeling that the power and wonder of Tess herself, as a created person, are incredible.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

PARACELSUS

Once, long ago on the Dorset downs, I had an argument with my eldest brother on the rational view of life. In the heat of the dispute I declared that the problems of mind and matter, of life and of death, would all in due time be found to have a commonplace cause-and-effect explanation and that science had given a hornet's death-sting to every form of magical mysticism. At the moment when I was making this hasty pronouncement we were passing a pond where an old ox was drinking. My brother John pointed to the beast:

> You [he said], are no better equipped for comprehending the unfathomable mysteries that surround us than is a tadpole in that dew-pond of envisaging earth-like from the squinnying glimpse it gets of the animal's cloven hoof.

Never has a cabalistic soothsayer existed who has provided the fancies of my brother, and of those who think as he does, with firmer foundations than did the old magician Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim; nobody ever knew better than he how to underpin the unseen cellarage of such airy castles of the human mind. Indeed Paracelsus, the supreme magus of Europe, has the advantage over ordinary idealists in that he fearlessly ventured to give living forms to each high-flying conceit, forms that presently became as positive as the vestigail footprint of Jesus Christ shown to Sir John Mandeville on the Rock of the Ascension upon the Mount of Olives.

For Paracelsus the whole wide astral universe, *magnum mysterium*, was porous to spirit as a sponge is to water. His world was God's world with a vengeance. From the whirling body of a planet, pregnant with prognostications, down to a speck of mule's dung, all was quickened with the Creator's breath, all were nets featly and fearfully fabricated to catch the wind. To listen to the words of Paracelsus is as though

you cupped upward ear to a sea-shell of Protean enchantment, a myriad murmurs of mystery become suddenly audible, till the great globe itself begins to hum as if it were 'the still-vexed Bermoothes.' 'Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises.'

Never for a moment, as he reveals those things that had better have been left hidden, do we get the feeling of being gulled. He speaks out boldly, confidently, and to the point; and there is no belief, however extravagant, that he does not subjugate to a material harness cut from the work-a-day apron of science. In such company it is hard to be a materialist, impossible to be an atheist. As if we were apes before the swaying coils of a giant python we are conjured to dance and dangle to the self-same rhythm.

The favourite conception of this German-Swiss physician gives us the key to his whole philosophy. The words 'macrocosm' and 'microcosm,' deriving originally from the Greek Nature-philosophers and revived by Schoolmen usage, comprehended all. 'As it is below, so it is above,' was an hermetic formula that whistled to the same tune. In man may be found the potentiality of each one of God's extended intentions in the universe, and it is the task of the philosopher to unravel this wide web and woof of wonder; for the physician such a procedure is imperative, seeing that man, the epitome of the macrocosm, contains sure and proper clues for ascertaining the appointed cure for each sickness, remedies to be discovered in earth, air, or water either by a process of trial and error, or by passionate mystical insights. 'Alchemy,' Paracelsus emphatically declares, 'is to make neither gold nor silver; its use is to extract the supreme essences and to direct them against diseases.' To the vision of Paracelsus, all matter was infiltrated with spirit and all was correlated for a sublime purpose. 'Everything is one, and its origin can only be eternal unity.' The jewel he found in the bowels of Tyrolean mountains at Swartz burned his fingers with its abeyant divinity, while the flowers of Villach sang to him like the angels that Blake saw 'with glittering wings' in the branches of a backyard lilac. Matter was always suspected of puissant concealments by Paracelsus; whether the eidolons she selected for her manifestations were dull or dainty, it was the same; diamonds were rumoured to be lodged beneath sullen

reptillian foreheads, pearls squeezed tight between oyster-shells. And beneath and above and around these solid 'appearances' the atmosphere twanged with invisible beings, which, swift as thought, sped along the aerial galleries of the earth's ozone, beings itinerant to churchyards, gallow-trees, battlefields, and the homely dwellings of men whose very bedchambers could become unwholesome from the intrusion of Incubi and Succubi, dread progeny of the seed of Adam out of the womb of Lilith!

It was across the floor of this clover-green earth that the learned Theophrastus stalked, below his shoe-leather sand and clay soused and soaked with magic energy, while above his hermaphrodite skull clamours were perpetually flying 'through the wild air.' This celestial surgeon was no shuffling dissembler, he was convinced that the fabulous concepts he had concocted out of occult lore ancient as the Chaldeans, out of the notions prevailing in the neo-Platonic schoolrooms of Florence, and out of the Holy Writ no less frenzied in its claims than was his own mind, were absolutely true.

As a young man in the wars of the Netherlands he had acquired a prodigiously long sword, and it was guided by this fantastic instrument that he passed to and fro on the face of the earth. The sword appears as late as 1540 in the engravings by Hirschvogel, taken from a portrait painted the year before he died. The emblematic weapon had been named by Paracelsus 'Ayoth,' a word denoting the creative spirit, and it was in the pommel of this preposterous claymore that he probably hid his precious 'Holy laudanum,' though it was always bruited that he had a cacodemon eager and apt to do the bidding of his master.

From his infancy Paracelsus seemed dedicated for a signal destiny. His well-descended father, Wilhelm Bombast von Hohenheim, himself a medical practitioner of no small ability, had fancied he could discern a kind of nimbus about the head of his gifted little boy, 'a luminous effluence' which caused him playfully to name the child 'Aureole,' an appellation that was actually to be used by Paracelsus in the title of an official document. Paracelsus was born over running water at the Devil's Bridge at Einsiedeln, and he died at the sign of the White Horse at Salzburg. He may therefore be

said with some semblance of truth to have come into the coasts of light upon the shoulders of Satan and to have departed forty-seven years later upon the back of that Apocalyptic beast 'whose name was unknown to any but himself.' Always the strangest reports were current about him. One of these asserted that he had been castrated as a little boy by a drunken soldier, a tale invented perhaps to account for the beardless chin and plump eunuch-look to be observed in Scorel's portrait of him as a young man of twenty-five years, now in the Louvre.

On completing his academy training, possibly at the University of Basel, he worked for the Fugers at Schwatz, both in the mines there and in the laboratories; but neither the Academy nor the alchemist's workrooms gave ease to his God-driven nature, the former becoming for him 'a garden where the trees were all stumps,' and the latter, granges inhabited by fools 'who thresh empty straw.'

He seems very early to have begun to suspect all authoritative traditions unverified by experiment. Time-honoured dogmas to be found in the mediæval books of honour he counted as 'not worth a goose's turd,' unless the correctitude of the pronouncement was capable of being sensibly proven.

'The wind in a man's face makes him wise.' It was in this mood that he set out on his celebrated travels. Touched with a live coal from Nature's alembic he started away tickle-footed:

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander;
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.

His exact itinerary will never be known. It has been thought that he got as far as India. There exist suggestions that he visited England. He certainly was taken prisoner by the Tartars in Russia. He acted as a surgeon on the battlefields of the Netherlands, visited Scandinavia, Germany, France, and received a philosopher's stone from Solomon Pfeiffer, an old Jew in Constantinople. This 'ass of Einsiedeln,' as his enemies liked to call him, loved nothing

better than to feel the flints upon an open road clink and ring under his iron-shod heels, and wherever he went, his procedure was the same. In his search for 'the spark to fall,' this scholar-gypsy of Switzerland deliberately avoided the company of the learned, of the University men, and consorted only with people of the commoner sort. Deeply distrustful of worldly estimates, he looked to find God's secrets amongst those who lived close to life's realities, to life's marrow-bone, amongst those who had perforce to value wisdom pragmatically, for its power, that is to say, of delivering abject man from pain and starvation. Always the empirical method was the method of Paracelsus. Schoolmen learning, Schoolmen authority was not for him. 'The books of the ancients never satisfied me,' he writes, 'they serve rather to mislead than to direct to the straight way.' The straight way for Paracelsus led through plague-ridden cities, field-hospitals, shambles, asylums, hangmen's cottages; through places where theory meant little, but experience and practical skill everything. It was his conviction that it was most easy to surprise truth when she was off her guard, on the lips of those who have no time nor temptation to pretend; and nothing, he used to declare, pleased him better than to find himself in the company of 'old midwives' and 'old robbers.' Sometimes he would join up with a group of travelling teamsters, and, indifferent to the journey's end, would continue with them for months 'fleeting the time carelessly,' but never abandoning his search for wisdom along every league of the out-of-the-way turnpikes they travelled. Wherever he went his directness, honesty, and personal genius won for him an immediate welcome, an immediate appreciation, an immediate recognition. His longest lanes always had a turning, and always he cured the sick and needy without demanding groats.

I went [he wrote long afterwards], in search of my art, often incurring danger of life. I have not been ashamed to learn that which seemed useful to me from vagabonds, executioners, barbers. We know that a lover will go a long way to meet the woman he adores; how much more will the lover of wisdom be tempted to go in search of his divine mistress!

True child of the Renaissance he challenged the medical profession no less sharply and no less obstinately than Martin

Luther challenged the rogueries of Rome, and the burning of the works of Avicenna in the college quadrangle of Basel was an affront to be matched with Luther's saucy bonfire of papal Bull and Statutes before the Elster Gate of Wittenberg. Far-sighted inaugurator of the modern method of induction that he was, his confidence in the experimentations of eye and hand never faltered. He chafed at the folly of the world which could estimate sapience according to a man's knowledge of Galen and Hippocrates, and his consequence by the number of buttons on his jacket. It was his belief that a true practitioner should be familiar with the purpose and position of every bone and should know how precisely the flesh hung on the muscles, and how the tendons from paxwax to ankles were attached in the carnal bodies of these star-struck apparations—composites of mercury, sulphur, and salt—who had been so marvellously quickened to life by God's spittle.

The purity of purpose that marked all his undertakings, together with the inspirations of his medical diagnoses, which, as though by some infallible clairvoyance, recognised 'popular errors' in a twinkling, won for him wide applause; and no sooner had he settled down in Strassburg than through the influence of the Reformer Œcolampadius, and possibly also of Erasmus, he was appointed city physician and lecturer at Basel. In his *Praise of Folly* Erasmus had already pointed out that medicine, as well as religion, required a reformation: 'Indeed, the whole art as it is now practised is but one incorporated compound of craft and imposture.' Paracelsus saw in his unexpected appointment a great and God-given opportunity for the presentations of those convictions that had for so long been stirring within him. He insisted upon delivering his lectures in the vulgar tongue so that all would be able to understand the true word. He could contain no longer, and spoke as one having authority.

In rude, rich, homely phrases he initiated his attentive and eager pupils into the first principles that rule the modern world of medicine. Out of that mediæval classroom a voice sounded that all could comprehend, the voice of one crying out of the wilderness of ancient superstition. His lectures embodied all that he had learned on his travels, all the practical experience that had come to him from post-mortems, from amputations on battlefields, from personal observations of

plagues and pestilences. He explained that medical knowledge should not be a matter of words but must be supported by warrantable roots, and all the 'isolated facts' he had so industriously collected he now correlated with his own occult philosophy which was deep as Hell's floor and as high as Heaven's roof. It is difficult to associate the wild wisdom of Paracelsus with academic excellence. With every word he uttered he cracked the commonplace as easily as a gorilla cracks nuts.

> During sleep [he declared], the sundered body, by which man is connected with the inner nature of the Macrocosm becomes free in its movements, and it may then rise up to the sphere of his ancestors, and converse with the stars . . . if the life of the sun did not act in the world nothing would grow. The human body is vapour, materialised sunshine. . . . A blossoming flower cannot be made out of mud, nor a man out of material clay . . . the true act is reason, wisdom, sense, and sets in order the truth that experience has won. . . . It is the book of Nature written by the finger of God which I study—not those of scribblers. . . . Reason is the natural birthright of every human being; it is eternal and perfect . . . an attribute of the Divine Spirit. . . . Now take note, that among all the arts and professions of mankind God most loves the physician and He commands and ordains him. Therefore as the physician is so preferred and distinguished by God, he must be no hippocrite . . . no liar, no trifler, but a real man must he be.

The art of medicine, Paracelsus explains, rests in discovering the medicinal secrets of the Macrocosm and applying them with illuminated vision to the disorders in the constitution of man the Microcosm. The universe is potent to cure its own self of every distemper. 'The heaven is its own physician as a dog of its wounds, but man has his shortcomings in such things . . . the physician is the servant of Nature, and God is the master of Nature.' It is the eminent task of doctors to read Nature's runes aright and not to torment the patient to death with cruel concoctions learned by rote out of Mesue, Arerrhoes, and other interpreters of the old masters. Such doctors go around difficult cases 'like cats about hot porridge': being ignorant of all but words they duck and hide behind Hippocrates with an excuse ever ready upon their lips. 'Come what will . . . whether death

or recovery, I am not to blame, for one or other of these must come!' Such cynicism was an abomination to Paracelsus.

Let no doctor say the sickness is incurable . . . he denies Nature with her abundance of hidden powers; he depreciates the great arcana of Nature and the mysteries of creation. . . . There is no disease so great that God has not provided for its cure. . . . If Nature does not wish every man to know, she indicates her teaching to those who understand by parables and mysteries. Thus our wisdom teaches us in figures and forms and by similes, so that if we have the desire to learn we learn inwardly through those. . . .

And yet Nature can be simple also with her plenary endowments of elixirs which it is the doctor's duty to aid. 'Every wound,' he says, 'heals itself if it is only kept clean . . . also the fox lying on the bone heals the fracture.' We should learn to look at Nature 'in the same way as the sun shines through glass . . . there are powers by which all secrets of Nature may be discovered.'

A reliable doctor should be quiet and grave and understanding.

A doctor should be full of experience, not hung about with red coats and spangles. . . . There are many who should have nothing to do with surgery, such as doctors who have greedy wives. . . . Actors and the race of poets should not enter medicine; they are too witty, and it is not good for them to be serious. . . .

Doctors with pretty bedside manners are not for him, men who 'go about gorgeous in satins, silks, and velvets, gold rings on their fingers'; he prefers the 'spagyri,' fellows who are serious-minded and 'who tend their work at the fire patiently day and night . . . wear plain leathern dress and aprons of hide, upon which they wipe their hands, thrust their fingers amongs the coals, into dirt, and rubbish, and not with gold rings . . . well knowing as they do that words and chatter will not help the sick, nor cure them.'

Outside of the classrooms he was equally zealous in advancing reforms. Wearing a black cloak and sober black damask cap he went about the city regulating and superintending the 'foul broths' of the apothecaries, the follies of the barbers, the extortionate demands of bathmen and chairmen. Nothing could surpass the dismay that was

aroused by his innovations and attempted reforms. There was scarce a man in the city who did not feel that his 'kitchen prospects' were threatened, and from the first jump there began that singular campaign of misrepresentation and calumny that in his life-time brought the necromantic pedagogue to penury, and after his death continued a resolute and unremitting attempt to discredit his genius almost up to our own day. 'Hast thou made thyself pinions that fell from the wings of a crow?' they insolently asked him, not for a moment realising that the Phœnix bird they mocked was plumed with the glancing feathers of immortality.

Anonymous letters, lies, and lampoons were freshly circulated by the great ones of the city. Those to whose influence he owed his position—'the strict, wise, noble gentlemen'—remained silent. During the commotions Paracelsus visited Zurich, and the enthusiastic reception given him by the students of that city, *combibones optimi*, was pictured as an orgy of drunkenness. Returning at midsummer, Paracelsus took occasion to throw a copy of Avicenna's *Canon of Medicine* into the flames of a St. John's fire, crying out with a loud voice in the presence of the crowd the provocative words, 'So may all misfortunes go into the air in smoke.' Partly by trickery, partly by treachery, and partly by exasperating the orgulous spirit of the passionate Professor beyond endurance, they drove him from the city. 'Shall I be a lamb? Rather do they turn me into a wolf.'

Eins andern knecht soll niemand sein
Der fur sich bley ben kann alleyn.
That man no other man shall own
Who to himself belongs alone.

The particular knavery that finally dislodged Paracelsus had to do with a Canon Liechtenfel. This ecclesiastic, feeling himself to be dying, had offered one hundred guineas if anyone could cure him. In desperate case he had summoned Paracelsus to his bedside. In three days he was cured, but instead of paying the money he had offered he tried to fob off the master-physician with six guilden. Paracelsus at once appealed to the law, but the courts of the city refused to endorse the validity of the canon's promise. In answer a 'flying sheet' was composed by Paracelsus in which he

expressed openly the contempt he felt for the judgment of the court. 'Should a sick man be healed they must needs tell him not to pay for his cure, so that the sick and the law judged of healing as if it were shoe-making.' Orders were at once given to have the contentious doctor seized and imprisoned upon 'the Island of Pontius Pilate.' At the advice of his friends Paracelsus left the city the same night.

It is a characteristic of exceptional and superior men to be more interested in life than in their personal frustrations and ambitions. Paracelsus took to his travels again undaunted. He had long wished to examine a meteor that in the year 1492—the year before his birth—had fallen at Ensisheim in Alsace. He found the stone in the choir of the church and gave a thorough examination to this strange celestial pebble cast out of heaven, for all he knew, by God's very fist.

The remaining fifteen years of his life were difficult years, but he had never been one to sit behind a stove 'roasting pears.' 'Those who hug the fireplace wear silk and golden chains, those who wander are scarce able to pay for their homespun.' Gone was his damask, gone even his doublet of twill. On one occasion he appeared at Innsburck and applied for permission to follow his profession in that city. His services were refused. 'The burgomaster of Innsbruck,' he wrote, 'has probably seen doctors in silken clothing at the courts of princes, not broiling in the sun in tattered rags.' But despite his pressing pecuniary difficulties, year after year his fame continued to be spread abroad. Youthful disciples attached themselves to his person, spying upon his experiments, listening to every word that dropped from his mouth, copying out his writings. 'He was admired by all as if he had been Æsculapius himself.' The brilliant mind of the houseless man was never at rest. Robert Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* quotes Paracelsus as saying that sleep is 'the chiefest thing in all physic . . . *omnia arcana gemmarum superans et metallorum*': but for himself Paracelsus never feared to scant his hours, often waking his disciples to confide to them some new and original notion that had darted suddenly into his eager head. In the diary of Johann Rutner we read 'Theophrastus is most laborious, sleeps little, without undressing, throws himself booted and spurred on the bed for some three hours, and ceaselessly, ceaselessly writes.'

The Church Fathers are reported to have destroyed nearly three hundred books of Epicurus. The literary output of this good physician must have been nearly as great. For years he wandered about Switzerland writing and living, living and writing. Nothing escaped his notice, all was grain that came to that mill—the mill of that master-physician, master-surgeon, master-astrologer, master-alchemist, master-botanist, master-theologian and master-sorcerer. He visited St. Moritz to analyse the waters of the well-spring there, remarkable for acidity, and wrote a book upon it. He did a similar service for the springs of Pfaffers. He investigated the causes of goitre and the nature of processes of frost-bite. He made a careful study of syphilis—the 'French disease'—and presented the results of that study in three volumes. Professor Proksch, one of the most eminent authorities on the disorder testifies to the value of Paracelsus's researches: 'There are indeed but few and subordinate regulations in modern syphilis therapy which Paracelsus has not enunciated.'

In the year 1534 he went over the Brenner Pass to Stertzing where the plague had broken out. He had had previous experience of the dread malady, and he presented the magistrates of the city with a book containing his counsels for its treatment. Such professional treatises, however, did not occupy his roving and ranging mind to the exclusion of all else. True child of the Reformation, he gave continual thought to purely theological matters. For three years he moved about in the valleys of the Swiss Canton of Appenzel, expounding his own personal opinions, 'pleasing no one but the sick whom I healed.' Even at Salzburg his mind was still harping on these difficult questions, and the last piece of writing of his which still exists is entitled 'Concerning the Holy Trinity in expectation of the Eve of our dear Lady's Nativity.' Although he never utterly forsook the Catholic faith and was buried with its ancient rites, his views were independent, and the hard things he had to say of Rome caused the parish priests of Uppenzel to hunt him out of the mountain valleys. 'God wishes a humble and contrite heart and no devilish holiday observances, offerings or displays . . . or running to the saints.' He was impatient of all their 'houses,' was always himself free and original. 'Every fool,' he writes, 'praises his own club; he who stands on the Pope

stands on a cushion; he who stands on Zwingli stands on emptiness; he who stands on Luther stands on a reed.'

How is it possible to give an idea of the vast influence that the whirling words of this wayward wizard have had on all occult lore? Theosophists, Christian Scientists, spiritualists phrenologists, chiromantists, village 'hand-of-glory' wild women, all have dipped their cups into this Mima's well of ancient enchantment, where the very pennyworts prate and frogs utter oracles. This astonishing man invented voluminous vocabularies for expressing the inexpressible. It was well said by one of his contemporaries that 'In universal philosophy, so arduous, so arcane, and so hidden, no one was his equal.' At hazard I have selected a handful of words from the list prepared by Dr. Hartmann in his wonderful book on Paracelsus. Some of these Circean words he revived, but most of them he invented out of the air:

Adrop of Azan, means 'The Philosopher's Stone.'

Aniadum, the spiritual man, the seat of spiritual consciousness.

Archæus, the formative power of Nature, the power which contains the essence of life and character of everything.

Azoth, represents the Astral Light in its aspect as the vehicle of the universal essence of life.

Bruta, Astral force manifested in animals; second sight in animals.

Derses, an occult exhalation of the earth, by means of which plants are enabled to grow.

Durdales, substantial but invisible beings, residing in trees.

Elementals, Spirits of Nature.

Elementaries, the astral corpses of the dead; the ethereal counterpart of the once living person, which will sooner or later be decomposed into its astral elements, as the physical body is dissolved into the elements to which it belongs.

Elementum, the invisible element or basic principle of all substances that may be either in a solid (earthly), liquid (watery), gaseous (airy), or ethereal (fiery) state.

Evestrum, the Astral Body (Doppelgaenger) of man; his conscious ethereal counterpart.

Gamathei, Stones with magic characters and pictures, possessing powers received from astral influences.

Gigantes, Elementals having the human form but of superhuman size . . . invisible under ordinary circumstances.

Gnomi, Pygmaei, Cubitali, Little Elementals. . . . They live in the element of the earth, in the interior of the earth's surface, in houses and dwellings constructed by themselves.

Homunculi, Artificially made human beings, generated from the sperm without the assistance of the female organism.

Ilech Primum, The first beginning, primordial power; causation.

Iliaster. The hidden power in Nature, by means of which all things grow and multiply.

Leffas, Astral bodies of plants.

Magic, Wisdom; the science and art of consciously employing invisible power in Nature, by means of which all things grow and multiply.

Mumia, The essence of life contained in some vehicle.

Mysterium Magnum, Original matter of all things; the ultimate essence; essentially of the inner nature; specific quality of the semi-material part of things. All forms come originally from the Mysterium Magnum, and all return to it in the end.

Occultism, The science that deals with things that transcend sensual perception and are generally little known.

Theosophia, Supreme wisdom, acquired by practical experience by which it is eminently distinguished from merely speculative philosophy.

Yliaster, Primordial matter out of which the universe has been formed in the beginning of time.

Turn over the pages of any dictionary and it will not be long before we come upon some word or name invented by this Swiss Doctor Faustus. *Sylphe*, Skeat says 'was formed by Paracelsus out of a Greek word meaning "a grub"': *Gnome*, he says, 'was due to Parcelsus from the notion that gnomes could reveal treasures from the Greek intelligence.'

His enemies suspected Paracelsus on every score—this great witch-doctor of the Alps. They accused him not only of calling the devil his fellow, but of being in secret communication with the goblins of the Swiss forests and the dapper elves who can sometimes be found couching upon the broad leaves of the coltsfoot, contentedly listening with cocked ears to the murmur of the mountain runnels as they race through the meadows down to the Rhine, down to the sea. And truly there exists enough and more than enough in his written word to suggest a precise knowledge of those dark matters that moribund minds have meddled with in each succeeding generation.

The numia of a man, his life-essence, in some sicknesses could be divided, and the affected portion he decoyed out of the prostrate patient's system through the excretions,

which in the case of consumption should then be planted, together with an orchis, near a cherry tree or oak. If a woman exposes her monthly linen to the rays of the new moon a powerful basilisk is created, because it attracts the *magnus salis*. Paracelsus believed that man's semen spilled by libidinous thinking was highly prized by creatures of the air, who would carry it away 'to hatch it in some secret place,' in consequence of which *actus* many curious monsters of horrible shapes 'may come into existence.' . . . 'Imagination,' he emphatically declares, 'is a great power, and if the world knew what strange things may be produced by the power of the imagination the public authorities would cause all idle persons to go to work.'

It is odd that Paracelsus should have had so low an estimate of the devil's power. Did familiarity breed contempt?

True science can accomplish a great deal; the Eternal Wisdom of the existence of all things is without a time, without a beginning, and without an end. . . . There are a great many inventions, sciences, arts that are ascribed to the agency of the devil . . . but before the world grows much older, it will be found that the devil has nothing to do with such things, that the devil is nothing and knows nothing, and that such things are the results of natural causes. . . . The devil is the poorest thing that can be thought of, poorer than any being that can be found in the four elements . . . he has not enough power to mend broken old pots.

Wherever he went Paracelsus would hire garret or cellar possessing a fireplace, and in these silent quarters, with 'coals, bellows, tongs, hammer, crucible and ashes of good beechwood,' he would continue his experiments. In 1882 one of these dens was discovered by Doctor Karl Aberle in Esslingen, in a house that had possessed for 400 years traditions of the necromancer's mysterious activities. The cellar measured 13 feet by ten, and its ceiling was found to be covered over 'with astrological signs and cabalistic characters,' but these were too blackened to be accurately deciphered. On the littered floor of this timeless cave there was found a mortar and pestle and pincers, and a hammer curiously shaped after the double-sided fashion of the hammer of the Asa-God Thor.

It was perhaps in this subterranean cellar that Paracelsus

composed his *Interpretation of the Comet*, in which he was credited with predicting the death of Zwingli. The comet, probably Halley's, glared suddenly down like a flying dragon upon the Alps in the middle of August, 1531. In spite of his prognostications, his belief in astrology was always qualified.

Take note [he says somewhere], that the stars surround the centre as the shell an egg: the air comes through the shell and passes first through them towards the centre of the world. Therefore note now that those stars which are poisonous contaminate the air with their poison. . . . You must not believe because Mars is cruel, therefore Nero was his child. Although they had the same nature neither obtained it from the other. You see Helen and Venus of one nature, and though Venus had never existed still would Helen have been a strumpet, and although Venus is older than Helen consider that before Helen there were also strumpets.

The most faithful of his many disciples describes how in an extremity Paracelsus was willing to 'cook gold.' He placed four birches so close together on the hearth that the air below could hardly escape, and shook mercury in a crucible . . . after a time he said . . . 'Our volatile slave may fly away from us, we must see what he is doing . . . 'What like is it?' said he. I said, 'It looks yellow like gold.' 'Yes,' he said, 'it will be gold.' 'Take and carry it to the apothecary's and ask him to give me money for it.'

During his later wanderings he wrote his two most important books, his *Paragranum* and his *Greater Surgery*. In the preface to the former he took occasion not only to present his *Codex Naturæ* with the utmost clearness, but to rebuke his enemies in no equivocal terms.

There has never any physician been born from the universities nor has anyone been able there to learn with knowledge of the truth the cause of the least malady. . . . Ye are of the serpent kind and hence I must expect only poison from you. . . . Who are the enemies of Luther? The same crowd hates me also, and what you, for your part, wish for him so you wish for me, that is to the fire. The stars did not make me a physician—God made me; I may well rejoice that rascals are my enemies—for the truth has no enemies but liars. . . . I need lay on no armour against you . . . could I protect my bald head from the flies as easily as I can my monarchy . . . you complain that I have not entered the temple of knowledge through the legitimate door? Galenus and Avicenna, or Nature?

I have entered through the door of Nature: her light and not the lamp of an apothecary's shop has illuminated my way. . . . Nature is the great physician, and the dabbler in medicine and apothecaries are her enemies, and while the latter fill the graveyards with corpses, Nature distributes freely the balsam of life. . . . You scoundrels you here sought to drag me under the harrow, but for the harrow your own backs will be bared and into your own wolf-traps will you fall. . . . I am Theophrastus and I am monarch of physicians and can prove that which you cannot prove . . . I know that the monarchy will belong to me, that mine will be the honour. I do not praise myself, but Nature praises me, for I am born of Nature and follow her. She knows me and I know her. . . . After me ye, Avicenna, Galenus, Rhases, Montagnana and others! You after me, not I after you, ye of Paris, Montpellier, Suevia, Meissen, and Cologne, ye of Vienna and all that come from the countries along the Danube and Rhine and from the islands of the ocean! You Italy, you Dalmatia, you Saramatia, Athens, Greece, Arabia and Israelita! Follow me! It is not for me to follow you, because mine is the monarchy. Come out of the night of the mind.

It is easy to imagine how exasperating these haughty words were to his opponents when we remember how cramped and captive their minds were. Paracelsus's confidence was the confidence of genius, but it had to do also with the deep-rooted certitude that he was on the right road and that the future would show that all warrantable knowledge must be assessed by the five senses. The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, and the closer our speculations are brought to experience the nearer will we be to a just apprehension of ultimate reality. It is true that Paracelsus indulged in unmeasured imaginings and that his mind fostered fables as a broody hen does eggs; but even in his wildest conceptions he applied his empirical methods up to the very margins of the invisible. No one realised better than he that the illative sense cannot be trusted to the last turn of the screw. He saw clearly the mischiefs that had befallen men from putting too much reliance upon the Jack o' Lanterns of their eager spirits. The gabbing of geese at dawn has more of common truth in it than have these fanciful conceits derived from a belief that the 'collective unconscious' of our faltering race is likely to reveal reality more readily than are the plausible concepts of fact patched together by the industry and scrupulous patience of men of science. It is, indeed, just here that

Paracelsus, 'that great Ox-head,' gives us so valuable a hint. His was the unusual vocation of a *practical* mystic. He let his fancies fly free, but he was at pains to endow each scintillating rainbow-feather with a proper name. The mechanical view of life was to him inconceivable, not to be so much as conjectured. All his philosophy was impregnated with what we now call 'vitalism,' but this did not interfere with his resolute intention to approach the spiritual principle of this ubiquitous entelechy as narrowly as was possible upon his own horned matter-of-fact feet, just as a man will try silently and by subtlety to flush snipe out of the bog-cotton of some will-o-the-wisp marshland. His vision was the vision of the profoundest minds of our own day, the vision which sees in the scientific method the surest path for the human race to tread, but which at the same time recognises it as a foot-pathway bordered by mystery, by the mysteries of life, of mind and matter, of love and death; mysteries which must remain forever ununderstood by perishing finite brains, but which give to inanimate and awkward matter eyes and wings, flowers and fruit, and all that is the soul-substance of earth-poetry.

Without doubt the roughness of Paracelsus's controversial methods helped to retard a full appreciation of his inspired revelations. In excuse, we must remember that he had been brought up, and had lived most of his life in the mountains of Switzerland, in the environment of log-built houses whose interstices were stuffed with moss rather than with mortar, and whose atmosphere never ceases, from St. Nicholas's Day to Lady Day, to smell of fat and fuel. In such plain places blunt unadorned speech is judged to be a virtue.

By nature I am not woven fine—it is not the fashion of my land that one attains anything by spinning silk. Nor are we reared on figs or mead, but on cheese, milk and oaten bread . . . I am a rough man born in a rough country; I have been brought up in pine-woods, and I may have inherited some knots.

It would seem that the publication of his *Greater Surgery* restored, to some degree, his fallen fortunes. In 1538 he settled in Salzburg under the patronage, if not actually at his invitation, of the Prince-Archbishop, Ernst, Duke of Bavaria and Count Palatine. He resumed his old way of living in a

workroom 'with a great fire-place on a flatstone hearth opposite the door.' But it soon became clear that his health was failing. It is believed than an insidious poisoning was undermining the vigour of his constitution, a poisoning brought on perhaps by his laboratory work with noxious herbs, by the constitutional inhalation of insalubrious fumes rising from cauldrons where hensbane, monkshood and deadly nightshade were kept forever stewing.

There are many passages in his writings that go to show that, for all his scholarship in psychological research, he was not immune from the dread shared by every natural man of 'the hour of death.' Death had always been for him 'the terrible one . . . hideous and harsh.' He appositely points out that even the God who made Death shrank from his 'cold, bitter and monstrous clutch,' for Christ on the Mount of Olives 'sweated blood and prayed His Father to remove Him from Him.'

Now that it was clear to Paracelsus that his days were drawing to a close he had himself moved to the White Horse Inn, where, 'sitting in a camp-bed weak in body, but clear in mind and of upright heart,' he made his Last Will and Testament, and gave careful instructions as to his burial in the churchyard of St. Sebastian's in that parcel of ground set aside for the poor. He desired that the first, seventh and thirteenth Psalms should be sung at this last service, and that between the singing of each psalm a penny should be given 'to every poor man who is in front of the church.' His goods he left 'to his heirs, the poor, miserable, and needy . . . poverty and want being the only qualifications.'

Theophrastus was dead, Paracelsus was dead, Hohenheim was dead, but the insatiate curiosity that the man's genius had aroused lived on. No less than five times have his dry bones undergone an eager and scrupulous examination. His memory too survived against odds. In spite of all the defamations that those who love the world and the ways of the world contrived against him, his goodness and power were not forgotten by the poor. Centuries went by, and his fame still lingered on in the cottages, as is proved by the following extraordinary occurrence. Seven years before Queen Victoria came to the throne of England there was a cholera epidemic that threatened Salzburg. The Catholic

peasantry, at their wit's end, gathered in one body and made a pilgrimage to the grave of the one whose power was infinite and who had never refused help to the poor. Crowding into the churchyard of Sebastian they prayed together—to Paracelsus—imploring him to avert the dread sickness from their homes. The scourge passed them by. Did that credulous crowd at the end of their strange supplications fall to singing a verse from one of the Alchemist's favourite Psalms?

I will magnify thee O Lord, for thou has set me up: and not made any foes to trample over me. . . . O my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

SHELTERED PLAYGOING

Now that the Germans have set their wings for England, playgoing has ceased to appeal to many constant patrons of the theatre. Those who live at distances that make it awkward late at night to be delayed by the wailing of sirens, resign themselves to the local 'pictures' or even to staying at home. May one suggest that playgoing is quite possible in an armchair or even in an Anderson shelter? With the exercise of a little imagination and with the help of a library chosen with a proper respect for drama, one may visit, in excellent company, the theatres of long ago.

One may, to be sure, simply read plays—an amusement not as popular as it once was—and thus not only renew acquaintance with the still-acted masterpieces of Shakespeare, Congreve, Goldsmith and Sheridan, but enjoy the many plays of each period that are readable though for various good reasons are never likely to be performed. But one may do more. In the pages of Pepys one may step into a theatre with the diarist and see, for instance, the first play performed at Drury Lane; or with Dekker's 'Gul' mount a Tudor stage and from a three-legged stool outstare the groundlings and talk bawdy with the players; or admire, in Addison's *Spectator*, the antics of some bewigged witling pontificating in the pit; or catch, from Boswell, some gruff criticism of Johnson; or commiserate with Lamb when his farce is hissed—for as Hazlitt tells us, 'damned it was past all redemption.' By a kind of double magic one may even sit with playgoers who themselves were created by the imagination. With Fielding one may sit in the front row of the top gallery to overhear Partridge make his celebrated comment on Garrick and the Ghost in *Hamlet;* with Dickens one may join Nicholas Nickleby at the Portsmouth Theatre, hear Mrs. Curdle exclaim that the drama is no longer in its 'high and palmy days,' taste her husband's flowing

pomposity as he agrees that 'as an exquisite embodiment of the poet's vision, and a realisation of human intellectuality, gilding with refulgent light our dreamy moments, the drama is gone, perfectly gone.'

No 'airy devil in the sky' can stop this kind of playgoing, except with a bomb on the reader himself. I first began to practise it when after five or six years of professional playgoing—which means in London or New York almost nightly visits to theatres during the busy season—I swore not to see the inside of a playhouse for at least twelve months. Six years of dramatic criticisms at one time is enough for any man. The theatre cannot hope to be such a mine of inexhaustible pleasure as music, literature, painting or one's fellows. Few men of intelligence in this country have been regular commentators on the theatre: Hazlitt, Hunt, Forster, Lewes, Montague, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Beerbohm, these, except for contemporary writers, make up the list; and all these gave up the struggle after ten years at the most, being willing to do anything rather than sit nightly any longer in a stall—Hazlitt to write essays, Hunt to make rude remarks about the Prince Regent, Forster to worship Dickens, Lewes to run away with a woman novelist—Mr. Beerbohm to silent retirement and Mr. Shaw to anything but silence. The reason is clear enough. Whereas your music critic hears good music whenever he goes, if not always well performed, whereas your book critic of any eminence is unlucky if he cannot find each week one new book or new edition of an old book worth writing around, your reviewer of theatres has to comment on plays that, in music, are equivalent to jazz and ballad tunes, in literature to circulating library fiction. Dr. Johnson once said, after dining out, that 'the meal was well enough, but it was not a dinner to ask a man to.' Well, the average play is well enough, but it is not the thing to ask a man to put his mind to. True, some of the players have an executive skill that gives a momentary value to their material, some of them spend almost their whole lives dressing shoddy to look like broadcloth—which seems very like asking the members of a first-rate orchestra to devote themselves eternally to programmes made up of say, Lizst's 'Rhapsodies,' the '1812 Overture' and the 'Casse Noisette Suite.'

Leigh Hunt gave me the first hint about the pleasures of

playgoing in the library. But only his hint should be taken; his practice can easily be improved upon, for his method leads the fancy rather to a 'romantic' view of the bygone theatres than to a real picture of them. In a chapter of *The Town* Hunt chatters about Drury Lane—or 'Dreary Lane,' as Lewes christened it—and he tries to take his reader to a play with Pepys in this fashion :

> We proceed up the lane by my Lord Craven's garden and turn into Russell Street, amongst a throng of cavaliers in flowing locks, and ladies with curls 'a la Valliere.' Some of them are in masks, but others have not put theirs on. . . . The house is not very large nor very well appointed. . . . Our friend Pepys looks and listens everywhere, tells all who is who or asks it; and his neighbours think him a most agreeable fat little gentleman.

Now it seems to me that this kind of description, ably as it is done, is not to the purpose. It gives us Leigh Hunt's 'sense of the period,' not that of the diarist who lived in it. One cannot allow that Pepys would remark on the flowing locks of the courtiers: he had flowing locks himself; nor would he be likely to mention the curls 'a la Valliere' of the ladies; did not his wife wear her hair in the same fashion? And certainly he would not say that the king's own theatre, no doubt the finest in town, was not very large nor well appointed: for Pepys had no notion of the monstrous auditorium and modern luxury of Leigh Hunt's Drury Lane. Indeed what he did say, when he went to the new theatre the second day after it was opened, was :

> The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pit and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things it is well, only, above all, the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing the bases at all, nor very well the trebles, which I am sure must be mended.

In which last sentence I understand him to state the important fact that as early as 1663 the idea of hiding the orchestra in a theatre was already being tried.

Hunt does not, therefore, as he promised, take us to the theatre with Pepys to sit, as the ghost of a contemporary, beside him; seeing what Pepys could see in the way he saw it.

Rather it is as if Hunt took us to a theatre of the present day where for some reason the audience have dressed up in costume, and are all conscious of the dresses and the period. Really to go to the play with Pepys we must take his diary in hand and use what imagination we possess to illuminate his sometimes cursory text. Pepys is often amusingly childlike in his pleasure at seeing, not so much the play, as the king in a box with his latest woman, or some great lady with her lover; or to be seen himself in a box—as on that occasion when he sacrificed a word with the Berkeleys because it would mean giving up to the noble lord the front seat, a seat for which Pepys had payed four shillings. He was, in his own opinion, too fond of the theatre and more than once vowed to go no more. As, for instance, in an entry of December 31st, 1662: 'I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays.' . . . The very next day he breaks his vow without apology:

> Up and went forth with Sir W. Pen by coach towards Westminster, and in my way seeing that *The Spanish Curate* was acted to-day, I alight and let him go alone, and I home again and sent to young Mr. Pen and his sister to go anon with my wife and I to the theatre . . . and after we had eat a barrel of oysters we went by coach to the play, and there saw it well acted, and a good play it is, only Diego the sexton did overdo his part too much.

After Pepys, the sit-at-home playgoer might place himself beside another man who was fond of being seen at the theatre, indeed, fonder of being seen than of seeing the play, the anonymous gallant whom Dekker satirises in the *Guls Horne Booke*. There is a page in which Dekker, with ironic intent, advises his Gul on the proper way for a gallant to behave in the theatre:

> Present not yourself on the stage (especially at a new play) until the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got some colour into his cheeks, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue, that he is upon point to enter: for it is time then, as tho' you were one of the properties, or were dropped out of the hangings, to creep from behind the arras, with your tripod or three-mounted stool. . . . Now, sir, if the writer of the play be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistress, or hath brought either your feather or your red beard or your little legs on the stage, you shall disgrace him if in the middle of his play you

rise with a screwed and discontented face to be gone: no matter whether the scenes be good or no; the better they are the worse do you distaste them; and being on your feet sneak not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread on rushes or on stools about you, and draw what troop you can from the stage after you.

Does not this pleasant prose of Dekker carry one straight out of the study into some vanished Tudor playhouse? Dekker lived from about 1570 to about 1641. Pepys from 1633 to 1700. Between these two comes Dryden. But I believe Dryden has no description of the theatre of his day, although in his fine prefaces he has much to say about the drama. But amongst the scores of prologues and epilogues he wrote for his own and other people's plays there are of course some vivid, not to say scandalous, glimpses of the Restoration playhouse and its audience.

After Dryden and Pepys there are many famous and interesting people who, between them, will take us to the theatre during the years 1700 and 1760. To name some of them, there are Colley Cibber, Addison and Steele, Churchill, Fielding, Boswell and Doctor Johnson, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. One of my favourites from Boswell is his picture of himself at Drury Lane. He was perhaps drunk, probably bored—and the audience also, for they apparently enjoyed his foolery. He was with Dr. Hugh Blair in the pit, he writes,

when in a fit of youthful extravagance I entertained the audience prodigiously by imitating the lowing of a cow. I was so successful that the cry of the galleries was 'Encore the cow! Encore the cow!' In the pride of my heart I attempted imitations of some other animals, but with very inferior effect. My reverend friend, anxious for my *fame*, with an air of the utmost gravity and earnestness, said, 'My dear Sir, I would confine myself to the cow!'

But instead of these much read and often quoted authors, it may be more entertaining to take from the shelf a volume of Casanova's *Memoirs*, and to turn to those pages where he describes his adventures in London. He went, of course, to the theatres; and there was a certain evening in the year 1759 when this interesting scoundrel went to Drury Lane to see Garrick. If we go along with him we shall not see Garrick act, for Casanova was disappointed. In place of the announced

performance we are startled by a description of the behaviour of an eighteenth century audience out of temper with the management.

By some accident [writes the memorist] the company could not give the piece that had been announced, and the audience were in a tumult. Garrick, the celebrated actor, who was buried twenty years later in Westminster Abbey, came forward and in vain tried to restore order. He was obliged to retire behind the curtain. Then the king, the queen, and all the fashionables left the theatre and in less than an hour the house was gutted, till nothing but the bare walls were left. After this destruction, which went on without any authority intervening, the mad populace rushed to the taverns to consume gin and beer. In a fortnight the theatre was refitted and the piece announced again. But when Garrick appeared before the curtain to implore the indulgence of the house, a voice from the pit shouted 'On your knees!' A thousand voices took up the cry and the English Roscius was obliged to kneel down and beg forgiveness. Then came a thunder of applause and all was over. Such are the English and above all the Londoners.

Is it not of interest, even at second hand, even as the mere ghost of a visitor, to have been present at such a scene as this? Casanova's story sounds authentic, and I do not see any reason why it should not be accepted, though I have never seen it quoted in any life of Garrick. Corroboration that such riotous scenes took place in eighteenth century London theatres will be found in many places. For example, in a footnote in Steele's magazine, *The Theatre*. In the first number of this short-lived periodical, dated January 2nd, 1719–20, Steele writes that 'The footmen will not suffer anyone but themselves to be heard till they are easy in their places, tho' they never pay for them.' And the writer of the footnote to this remark informs us that this evil, some years later, grew to a height to work its own cure. For it appears that in 1737 the footmen, on account of their bad behaviour, were refused admission at Drury Lane. Three hundred of them then broke in the doors and wounded many persons on the stage. A guard of soldiers had to be summoned, for the footmen threatened to burn down the theatre. Drury Lane had this nightly guard of soldiers, as the Bank of England does still, until the middle of the last century.

What tame, bloodless creatures are to-day's playgoers.

They hardly dare hiss the worst of plays or the most inaudible of actors; or if they do they are described as mannerless yahoos by our Chesterfields of the daily Press. Can you picture that Drury Lane audience which made the great Garrick apologise on his knees forming itself sheepishly into a queue until such time as the management condescended to let them in? They would have burnt down the theatre sooner than have waited in *that* fashion. As late as the day when Elia had reached the last ten years of his life, and later, one fought a battle to be first to enter the pit—a battle in which hats were ruined and even ribs broken.

On the other hand, not to put all the advantage with our forefathers, the moderns would never accept such a nuisance as the people who, until Garrick's day, sat on the stage, talked, and even interfered with the movements of the actors. Nor would they permit for long such an interruption of the performance as Addison suffered from a lady of quality during the acting of *Macbeth*. A little before the rising of the curtain, as she sat down in her box (Addison was in the pit), she broke out into a loud soliloquy, 'When would the dear witches enter?' And immediately upon their first appearance asked a lady that sat three seats from her, if the witches were not charming creatures? A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches in the play, she told another lady, in a whisper that might be heard all over the house, that she must not expect to see her friend that night. Not long after, she called a young baronet by name and asked him if Macbeth's wife were still alive, and before he could give an answer fell a-talking of the ghost of Bankquo. . . . One cannot deny that this type of woman is to be found in a modern audience, but we do not allow her such liberty of tongue without protest.

One might end an evening's vicarious playgoing by taking from a shelf a volume of Matthew Arnold's correspondence. In a letter dated in December, 1882, he draws a vivid picture of the revival of the English stage from the depressing vulgarity into which it had sunk to something of its former glory. Arnold has been to see a performance at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street of *The Silver King*, and it reminds him of when he used to go to that same theatre in his youth, when Macready was there, and he found him playing all the

big Shakespearian parts with a bad company to a small audience in a house that was shabby and dingy. There was something melancholy about the whole thing, he writes, because the theatre 'needs the glow of popular interest to brighten it, and in England the theatre was at that time not in fashion.' After an absence of thirty-five years Arnold again found himself in this theatre to see *The Silver King*.

It was another world from the old Princess's of my remembrance. The theatre itself was renewed and transformed. But the real revival was not in the paint and the gilding, it was in the presense of the public. The public was there; not alone the peculiar public of the pit and gallery, with a certain number of the rich and refined in the boxes and stalls, and with whole solid classes of English society conspicuous by their absense. No, it was a representative public, furnished from all classes, and showing that English society at large had now taken to the theatre. Equally new was the high level of the acting. Instead of the company with a single powerful and intelligent performer, with two or three middling ones, and the rest mopping and mowing, in what was not to be called English but rather stagese, here was a whole company of actors able to speak English, supporting one another effectively. . . .

One has given, of course, only fragments of the pages that the stay-at-home playgoer is supposed to have been reading. But enough has been quoted, I hope, to show how easily and entertainingly one may pay visits to our theatres, in various centuries and in company with excellent wits or exceedingly odd characters. And such reading has its instructive side. For afterwards, when one takes up the plays these people went to see, one's imagination seems to have more body to it, and one sees more clearly in one's mind's eye not only the play itself but the atmosphere of the theatre in which it was acted and the kind of audience who applauded it.

John Shand.

> [illegible] Whose mouth is full of cursing and bitter[illegible]: Their feet are swift to shed blood: Destruction and misery [illegible] in their ways: And the way of peace have they not known."
>
> Rom. iii, [illegible]

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLXV—November 1940

AUTUMN 1940

Autumn frees the thinker ;
But in this autumn of descending death
Where shall he hang his geometric web,
When even stone is open to the sky ?

Loud is evening's leisure
With men's sighs, who in their barns and brains
Should be amongst their stocks and summaries
And shadows of their individual deaths.

Angels of death rising
Sully the harvest-moon with too-much death.
They crowd atonement into too-few hours
There is no time to say 'Perhaps no more.'

Cruel the sky's confusion
Over the staring upward eyes of men,
Where, in this hour, the heart's astronomy
Might spy a meaning true enough for Time.

Cruel those men uncaring,
Rapacious for the body of the world,
Who lose their autumn and the long last night
And wood-smoke in the nostrils by first fires.

L. Aaronson.

THE SITUATION[1]

In his speech on September 4th, Hitler uttered three distinct threats—that he would retaliate for what he called the 'indiscriminate' bombing of German towns, that he would 'wipe out' ('ausradieren') the towns of England if the Royal Air Force were to attack 'on a big scale,' and that he would himself set foot on English soil.

He has carried out the first of these threats, not by indiscriminate, but by systematically terroristic bombing, chiefly of London. That many German bombs have missed their mark is no evidence to the contrary. Many British bombs will certainly have missed their mark, but this is no evidence that they were not aimed at military targets. The point is, that the German bombs have again and again been aimed at thickly populated residential quarters as well as at military targets. The purpose of all British air raids is military and nothing else, or military, rather, in the sense now made obsolete by Hitler. The purpose of the German air raids is military *and* terroristic, or military, rather, in the sense now made valid by Hitler, seeing that terrorism has come to be an integral part of war as waged by Germany.

Although the Royal Air Force has attacked 'on a big scale,' Hitler has not carried out his second threat. The reason is that the German Air Force has failed to secure the command of the air. Without the command of the air it is impossible to 'wipe out' the towns of a whole country, and Hitler's second threat remains an idle boast.

So does the third of his threats. Successful invasion requires not only the command of the air, it also requires at

[1] In the article on 'The Situation,' p. 212 (September 1940), and in the footnote, p. 313 (October 1940), 'a Pan-Britannia or a Pan-Germanica' should read 'a Pax Britannica or a Pax Germanica.'

least the provisional command of the sea. Hitler's failure to secure both is the reason why there has been no invasion of England and why he has not set foot on English soil (he announced his arrival in the plainest terms—'He will come,' he said, in reply to those who wondered if he was coming or not).

Hitler has, therefore, suffered a major defeat. Unless we are mistaken, the defeat is decisive in so far as it has not only denied him the command of the air, but has shown that he can never hope to secure the command of the air (and, for that matter, the provisional command of the sea), so that the attempt to invade England will have to be abandoned, if it has not been abandoned already (though descents upon the English coast may yet be attempted, perhaps under cover of fog and darkness).

The terroristic bombing of London will, no doubt, continue while Hitler transfers his main thrust elsewhere. He and Mussolini have opened their south-eastern campaign, hoping, by the concentric pressure of their combined armies, navies and air forces (with Egypt as the principal objective) to secure a decision by, say, the spring—a decision which would break the blockade (and, above all, give Germany access to the oilfields of Iraq and Persia), deprive England of her command of the Mediterranean, and, in all likelihood, make her powerless to win the war. The defence of the whole Mediterranean is as necessary as the defence of London. The Mediterranean is one strategic whole, for without the command of the western Mediterranean, the eastern Mediterranean becomes inaccessible and is therefore lost, while without the command of the eastern Mediterranean the command of the western becomes pointless. The Mediterranean is, therefore, the decisive battlefield. The war can be won or lost in the Mediterranean.

The prerequisite of victory on the fronts of battle is the maintenance of the home front. It is to break England's home front that the Germans are engaged in terroristic bombing. Unsuccessfully, for London stands. The essential services—even the docks which present so vulnerable a target—continue to work. London has no more been disorganised than its citizens have been demoralised. Despite the terrible damage to streets and buildings, despite the

casualties, despite the delays on roads and railways and the discomfort of nights spent in shelters, London seems strangely normal—it *feels*, indeed, it *is*, much more normal than it looks. The outward aspect of London is much more war-scarred than the expression on the faces of Londoners. There is no sign of demoralisation, no perceptible weakening in the resolve to 'see it through.' The men, women and children of London seem more rested and less care-worn in the mornings now than they did after the first few nights of German raiding; no doubt because sleep in shelters, basements, and the Underground has become more general and is better organised. Londoners, like men at the front in the last war, are getting accustomed to the drone of aeroplanes, the swish of descending bombs, the brilliance of the flares, and the roar of the explosions. The abnormal is becoming normal.

Although Londoners are outwardly unperturbed, they feel hatred and anger as never before—they feel as the Poles and the Czechs feel, and all who have been clawed by the Beast. They are coming to realise that 'Jerry' was 'let off too easily last time,' and are fortified in their resolve not to 'let him off' next time. And yet the war is hardly looked upon as a fight, least of all as a fight that can be lost, but as a job, a long, hard, dangerous and disagreeable job, but one that must be done. Londoners do not deliberately rule out defeat—it does not occur to them that the war could be lost. They do not think in terms of victory either, at least not of victory as something glorious and resplendent, but in terms of a job that has been done, of the day when it will have been well and, above all, *thoroughly* done (much more thoroughly than 'last time').

That is the spirit of London—and of England—to-day. There never was a city more heroic—and never one less given to heroics. There is a complete absence of boastfulness. Indeed, Londoners are quite unaware of their heroism, they hardly realise that their courage and endurance are deciding as much as was decided at Marathon. They—and all England with them—are just doing a job and it does not even occur to them that what they are doing is at all extraordinary, or that the job could be shirked or left undone. It is paradoxical, but true, that the country is in better heart than before it had

suffered a series of defeats and before the civilian population had been bombed.

It is this prosaic attitude, this habit of taking what comes and making the best of it, this resolve to do what has got to be done as quietly and as efficiently as possible, of looking forward not to triumph or glory, to any Heaven on Earth (such as our shallow *literati* declare to be the ' war aim '—or ' peace aim '—of this country), or to a world that will be free from wrong and suffering, but to a time when people will be able to go about their business undisturbed, when they will not be ' messed about ' or interfered with any more, when there will be no special restrictions, when there will be less overtime in the factories, when prices will stop rising, when week-ends at the seaside will come back again, when there will be undisturbed sleep in bed at nights, when the sirens will no longer howl, when there will be no wrecked homes and no fear of bombs, when ' Jerry ' and the ' Wops ' will have got ' what is coming to them,' and when Hitler and Mussolini will have been shot, hanged, lynched, or locked up in an asylum, and when children will be able to grow up in an England that will not, perhaps, be a paradise, but will not be drawn into the misery and destruction of another war like this one or like the last one—when the job will have been done so thoroughly that it will never have to be done again.

That Londoners should demand reprisals for the unprovoked and terrible wrong and injury done to them, that they demand retribution, is right and human. Their demand is, more often than not, discussed in terms of reproach, as though it showed a lack of moral sense, whereas *not* to feel a passionate desire shows a lack of moral sense, and a very grave lack. There is only one case against reprisals—they must not be undertaken if to do so is to diminish the number and the force of the blows which are needed to break the power of Germany. If reprisals were to prolong the war by diverting men and machines from operations needed to ensure rapid and decisive victory, then reprisals are not to be thought of. The attack on German stores of petrol, on refineries, on munition works, bridges, railway junctions, dockyards must, of course, go on. But by declaring and waging terroristic war, Hitler has made the civilian ' morale ' a military object. It is true that he delights in cruelty and in every kind of

abomination for its own sake. He and his associates are evil creatures—' there is none that doeth good, no, not one.' But in waging terroristic war he is not only doing evil for its own sake, he is trying to kill, wound, terrify, and ruin the men, women, and children of England as a means of winning the war. If he breaks the spirit of the English he will certainly have won the war. It is equally true that if the spirit of the Germans is broken, Germany will have lost the war. If reprisals will help to defeat her, it would be wicked as well as foolish to refrain from taking them now that civilian 'morale' has been made into a military objective by the Germans.

The decision to abstain from reprisals for terroristic bombing seems to us a psychological, political, and strategic error. Hitler has again been allowed 'to get away with it.' He threatened this country and he has carried out his threat, with apparent impunity. It is true that since he resorted to terroristic bombing the Royal Air Force seem to have intensified their attacks on military objectives in Germany, and it may be that German civilians have been made to suffer more in consequence. But the consequence is not linked up with the cause in the minds of the Germans. Hitler has resorted to terrorism and there is no hitting back on behalf of the men, women and children who are his victims. Just retribution is not being accorded—and it may even be that the victims are not being adequately defended, for it is by no means sure that terroristic bombing is not the way to stop terroristic bombing. It is essential that the Germans be taught a lesson, that they and their chosen leaders be made to suffer the consequences of crime and outrage. It is true that they themselves are partly terrorised into acquiescence with all their leaders do. But the German system of ruling by terrorism is also an instrument of war; its main purpose is the maintenance of the National Socialist Despotism which made itself master of Germany to wage war, war upon war. This terroristic system, as exercised by the Gestapo, is, therefore, a *military objective* no less than the industrial system of Germany, now that the Germans themselves have resorted to terroristic bombing. The German terroristic system must be broken, for to break it is to bring the defeat of Germany much nearer. It can be broken if the terror inspired by the Royal Air Force

amongst the civilian population is greater than the terror inspired by the Gestapo. Successful reprisals would, therefore, achieve three things—they would break the civilian 'morale' in Germany, they would destroy the power of the 'Gestapo,' they would hearten the people of this country and satisfy their sense of justice. And, beyond this, they might bring *all* terroristic bombing to an end, especially when it becomes apparent that the Royal Air Force is securing an ascendancy in the air. Once that has been achieved there will be no limit to the humanitarian ideals which Hitler and Mussolini, and all the other gangster rulers of our time, will uphold as essential to the 'chivalry of the air.'

Only those who have access to the available evidence and are familiar with the primary demands of the strategic situation can form a sure judgment. It may be that the aerial attack on the 'invasion ports' may have to take precedence for some time to come, but it is none the less necessary that the German 'home front,' the 'morale' of the German civilian population, be treated as a *military* objective (and therefore as a legitimate target), even if opinion may differ with regard to its importance as such (its importance will vary with the psychological situation—and rise as the German 'morale' declines). The time for reprisals may, therefore, be not yet. But reprisals there must be, if the terroristic bombing continues and as soon as the strategic situation makes the men and the machines available.

It will rarely, if ever, be possible to establish the precise condition of a national 'morale.' That the 'morale' of this country has been raised by the German bombers is a matter of general observation and not just of individual opinion. We believe that the whole nation has been 'keyed up.' The spirit of combat, so necessary in war, is present as never before (this spirit is by no means incompatible with the sober conception that the war is essentially a job that has got to be done). Although evidence is scarce and uncertain, we believe that the opposite is true of the Germans, that they are becoming more and more indifferent to the success of German arms and that there is widespread apathy amongst them. But it does not follow that the German fighting forces are in the least demoralised or that there is any serious opposition to the war in Germany. The German forces may be expected to fight

with skill, courage, tenacity, and discipline whenever and wherever they are called upon to do so. There is no hope of a German collapse, whether on the home front or on the battle front for a long time to come. Indeed, we are convinced that there will be no collapse of any sort until the German armed forces have suffered signal defeat. We believe that Germany will not stand defeat as well as this country has stood it, indeed, we doubt whether she will stand a major defeat at all. We believe that a German defeat might be decisive because of its political and psychological consequences, when a British defeat of corresponding magnitude (in military terms alone) would not be decisive and might, indeed, hearten instead of disheartening (as Norway and Dunkirk did). All forms of subversion must, therefore, be used against the enemy with a view to making the German 'home front' more receptive to the psychological shock of defeat in battle. Subversion can, by undermining and corroding the 'home front,' deepen and widen the demoralisation caused by defeat; it can even transform latent into open demoralisation, and so help to make a German defeat irretrievable. It has been said that a nation has not lost a war until it feels that it has lost it. The recent defeat of France illustrates this truth in a most impressive manner—the French certainly could, and *would*, have continued the struggle and have made a stand (perhaps even without abandoning Paris) if they had not felt that the war was lost. They were beaten because they believed themselves beaten. Indeed, there was amongst the French a widespread feeling that the war was lost before it had begun. But even the French had to suffer actual defeat in battle before their 'home front' collapsed—and their battle front with it.

It will be necessary to keep the spirit of combat alive in this country and constantly to be translating it into action, the only sure way of keeping it alive. The spirit of combat and combat itself are ultimately inseparable. A dark and difficult period lies ahead, for, although the German offensive against this country has been foiled (it would be gratifying if the aerial engagements in which it was foiled could go down to history as 'The Battle of London'), he has retained the initiative, just as Napoleon retained it when he abandoned his plan of invasion. It seems as certain as anything can be

in war that London will continue to suffer cruel outrage. And not only London; for if London, by the use of shelters and by more extensive evacuation, achieve lasting immunity to aerial terrorism, the German raiders will use bombs and machine-gun bullets wherever men, women and children are congregated and wherever supplies, transport, and organised life can be thrown into disorder. While the English people are enduring this hard test, they will almost certainly have to forgo the heartening effects of victory in battle. While it has been found true—in this war, as in the last—that the English can take defeat better than any other nation, they cannot live on defeat indefinitely. They take defeat well because, in doing so, they come to realise that the job in hand is a very hard one, that, to finish it, a long and determined effort is needed. It is only through defeat that the English realise that they are seriously at war—or that war is a serious matter. But some time or other the results of their labour must become apparent. They will not work on and on blindly and for ever. Their labour must have a purpose (it never had a higher purpose and one more real than it has now). Willing as they are to make every sacrifice, and dogged and cheerful in defeat and in days when all seems lost, they work for results, results they themselves may never see, but results, nevertheless—results which their children will see.

The most amateurish strategists have come to realise that England cannot pass from the general defensive to the general offensive for some time to come. But subsidiary offensives are always possible, and even during a withdrawal the enemy must be always engaged, always be harried. An aggressive spirit is by no means incompatible with the defensive if there is a conviction that the defensive is but a gathering in of strength and energy for the final, annihilating offensive, a *reculer pour mieux sauter*. It is vain to base hopes on revolution in Germany or on strife between Germany and Russia. These things may come about and, if they do, they will help to accelerate and clinch Germany's final defeat. Everything should, therefore, be done to promote them. But they remain subsidiary to the action of the armed forces. There is only one way of winning the war—to pass from the defensive to the offensive as soon and as massively as possible. The war on the sea, in the air, and on land must come first.

Revolution in Germany, the revolt of the countries she has occupied, strife between her and her friends and allies—these will not precede, they can only follow England's victory in battle. They will complete the work done by the armed forces in breaking the power of Germany and they will, under England's leadership and guidance, serve her ultimate ends, and those of the civilised world, in helping to keep the power of Germany broken.

THE EDITOR.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF LORD HALIFAX

LORD HALIFAX has recently published the speeches[1] which he has delivered on foreign affairs on various occasions during the last six years from 1934 to 1939. The collection will be valuable to the historian as it holds up the mirror to the strange workings of the mind of a Government led by a succession of mediocre Prime Ministers—MacDonald, Baldwin and Chamberlain—who failed sufficiently to apprehend the perils facing the country and to adopt measures capable of avoiding them. The publication of the speeches was no doubt an act of self-sacrifice on the part of Lord Halifax, as it may be compared to the act of a physician who, having consistently failed to cure his patients, decides to publish his mistaken diagnoses and his erroneous prescriptions, while, oddly enough, he still continues to practice his profession and to expect people to have confidence in his skill. In none of these 360 closely-packed pages of speeches does Lord Halifax rise above, or sink below, the level of doubtful competence in foreign affairs which characterised the Government during these fateful years. His very style reflects the subordinate rôle which he has been content to play; it is smooth, platitudinous, unrelieved by a single vivid phrase which might betray originality, or vigour of intellect, foresight or perspicacity. Foreign affairs remain to him a world as unmanageable and as unproductive as would be problems of theology to the average engineer. Nowhere do we find evidence of an ability to work out some positive policy. He constantly says that we must be realists, and keep our feet on the ground, but his own feet are never on the ground. Throughout the years, right up to the middle of 1939, he lives in an illusory Europe of his own imagining, and in conse-

[1] *Speeches on Foreign Policy*, 1934–39, by Viscount Halifax, K.G. Oxford University Press. Issued under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Price 10*s*. 6*d*.

quence he is always surprised by events, and never once is able to take the initiative. His attitude is usually negative both in regard to general lines of policy and in attempting to grapple with particular problems.

What have been Lord Halifax's general lines of policy—his *idées directrices*—which have inspired his conduct in recent years? They can best be explained by relevant quotations from his speeches. In the first place, 'there must be a collective plan. Without it, the world falls into chaos,' etc. In the second place, 'the purpose must be prevention of war and deterrence of the aggressor,' and in the third place, 'the potential causes of war are to be brought into the arena of discussion and the pressure of world opinion directed to their remedy.' These are trite maxims familiar to every member of the League of Nations Union. But suppose the method of discussion does not suffice, what then? Lord Halifax sees difficulties. England cannot be 'the universal policeman of the world,' and again, 'nations are unwilling to fight for outside causes not involving honour and vital interests.' League action under such circumstances would mean 'the brunt of military action would fall on few shoulders.' These were the clichés current among members of the Conservative Party. Are we then to fall back on Alliances? No, 'the establishment of armed camps ranged in opposition to one another would be to court disaster.' This is a cliché of the Liberal Party which assumed that Germany was not mainly responsible for the last war, and that the outbreak of 1914 was accidental, due to the working of the 'time-table,' mobilisation succeeding mobilisation with mechanical precision, to use a catch-phrase popularised by Lord Lothian.

Lord Halifax called these alternatives—a line up of Powers loyal to the Covenant, on the one hand, and alliances, on the other—as two extremes, and he flattered himself on having found some compromise which he thought workable. He approved the idea of 'regional pacts' which engaged nations whose vital interests would be 'involved' by the aggression of a Covenant breaker to go to war in defence of the Covenant; other members whose interests were not so directly involved would use their judgment as to whether they would come in or not. Britain would fight if France and Belgium, also Iraq and Egypt, were attacked; for the rest

of the world, Britain would judge whether she could come to the aid of victims of aggression, though she might find herself through 'the inexorable pressure of events,' participating in wars where her vital interests were not directly involved.

Such a statement was a compromise on paper, a formula without a scientific basis. It never worked, it had to be thrown over in two or three years, and Britain found herself fighting single-handed to uphold the principles of the Covenant, the independence of nations, in a war which started not in Belgium or France but in Poland. The outlook of Lord Halifax was befogged by his monk-like attitude to a wolfish world; if he and other Ministers had been able to think things through he would have realised in time that British vital interests in a Hitler world were not confined to Flanders, but were identical with those of the remaining members of the League; again he rejected full-blooded alliances, as that policy would cause the division of Europe, but he was unable to grasp the fact that Europe was already divided irreparably into two camps, from 1936 onwards, through the behaviour of Germany and Italy, and that it was henceforth a question of marshalling overwhelming power against them; he rejected each of the two means of obtaining effective aid and fell back on a compromise that was neither effective alliance nor effective League action.

Lord Halifax was still sticking to his uncertain policy two years later, towards the end of March, 1938, when Austria having been annexed, anxieties arose regarding the fate of Czechoslovakia; and what an opportunity he lost to emerge from a quagmire of loose thinking! It is sufficient to give his own words. On March 24th, 1938, he said in the House of Lords:

It remains for His Majesty's Government to state their attitude in regard to the proposal made by the Government of the U.S.S.R. that an early conference should be held for the purpose of discussion with certain other Powers of the practical measures which in their opinion the circumstances demand. . . . The Soviet Government's proposal would appear to involve less a consultation with a view to settlement than a concerting of action against an eventuality that has not yet arisen. [This was a reference to the imminent threat to the integrity of Czechoslovakia.] Its object

would be to negotiate such mutual undertakings in advance to resist aggression as, for the reasons given, His Majesty's Government are unwilling to accept. [These reasons were, British vital interests were only directly involved if an attack were made on France or Belgium.] Apart from this, His Majesty's Government are of opinion that the direct, and none the less inevitable, consequence of such action proposed by the Soviet Government would be to aggravate the tendency towards the establishment of exclusive groups of nations which must in the view of His Majesty's Government be inimical to the prospects of European peace.

Later on, March 29th, 1938, in a debate on the Labour demand for a League stand led by Great Britain, France and Russia, Lord Halifax said:

The Labour Council would like to proceed by the way of what I may call, for brevity's sake, diplomacy by collective ultimatum. I do not believe that is a very good way, etc.

Comment on this extraordinary attitude is really superfluous. Even after the mutilation of Czechoslovakia at Munich which followed some months later, he still entertained the same illusory ideas. Speaking on October 24th, 1938, at Edinburgh, Lord Halifax walked further into the snare that was being laid for him.

We must lose no opportunity of helping forward, so that they may take substantial shape, the results of the personal contacts established between Germany, Italy, France and ourselves at Munich. In doing so we shall not abandon old friends for new.

He evidently believed in the possibility of co-operation between the four Powers as a solvent of the troubles of Europe. Contrast this attitude with the views of Mr. Norman Ebbutt, the very able *Times* correspondent in Berlin, who in 1937, a year before, told a friend of mine that

Germany's foremost aim was to detach Britain from France and as a logical consequence, the detachment of Britain from any sympathetic or strategic leanings towards U.S.S.R. or Czechoslovakia and the Little Entente. . . . If Germany fails at the moment to separate Britain and France she will press for a Four Power Pact (France, Italy, Great Britain and Germany) which would give her opportunities later on to force a front against Russia and other measures detrimental to Anglo-French relations. With France laid off, Germany and Italy could rule Europe.

It is a thousand pities that Lord Halifax and Sir Nevile Henderson lacked the perspicacity of *The Times* correspondent, who saw so clearly and at an early stage the trap that lay behind a pretended restoration of the activities of a respectable Four Power concert of Europe.

So much for general policy. With regard to the German menace, one of the greatest needs of the years 1936–38, as the late Ralph Wigram said to me, was to enlighten British opinion as to the perils threatening this country from German designs. Mr. Churchill alone endeavoured to rouse the people in public; the information upon which he based his speeches could not have been unknown to the Government. Experienced Britons were in touch with moderate Germans who occupied high positions, and who acted, as Talleyrand did against Napoleon, from the highest patriotic motives in giving warnings in regard to Hitler's aggressive plans. About the latter part of 1936 these plans were fairly well defined; the success of the Rhineland occupation had created for Hitler the opportunities which he ardently desired. He was already contemplating towards the end of 1936 the conquest of Czechoslovakia as the necessary preliminary measure to the reduction of France to impotence, and the splitting up of the British Empire with the surrender of its Mediterranean position in favour of Italy; to these well-informed British people it was known in 1936 that Germany's eastern aim was limited at first to securing her eastern flank before she attacked the west; Britain, in particular, was regarded by Hitler with an intense jealous hatred. In November, 1936, it was even stated that plans were being made for the occupation of Belgium and Holland in three or four years to enable German and Italian pilots to attack Britain from Flemish aerodromes. I regret that I too was misled and that I did not discover these plans for myself until later—prior to the Munich crisis, but other independent people more competent than myself had got thoroughly behind the scenes years before.

How far the British Government failed to appreciate the position is too painfully evident from Lord Halifax's speeches. From time to time he even rebuked the critics who saw war coming and who demanded a decisive policy. That he misunderstood the significance of the changes brought about by

Hitler, particularly that of the Rhineland occupation, is clear from his repeated view:

> We have been witnessing the gradual substitution in Europe of a new order—which in some degree many have long deemed inevitable—for the order constituted by the Versailles Treaty. For years the attempt was made to find some simultaneous solution to the twin problems of German equality and general security [note—another cliché providing a substitute for vigorous thinking] and when a simultaneous solution was not found, it was not unnatural that they, still to some extent under the influence of the earlier order of ideas, should naturally feel that same doubt whether German equality unilaterally achieved would not in fact be found compatible with security [November 19th, 1936].

These are meaningless abstractions which took the place of the robust warnings needed by the country. Lord Halifax went on to talk against 'exaggeration of all the things that made for international suspicion' and remembered the words used by the late Lord Grey when he said that 'nothing so predisposes men to understand as the consciousness that they are understood.' A pity that we did not then understand Hitler. Lord Halifax clearly gives the impression that the changes made by Hitler are legitimate, the methods alone are wrong. The Government clung to this fallacy throughout the fateful years. In referring to the occupation of the Rhineland in 1936, he alludes to the

> general desire that what I may call this era of grievances should be closed. But if and when that can be done and has been done, we must be sure that in future, *as there will be no justification*, so there will be no intention in any circumstances to resort to that method again [April 8th, 1936. The italics are mine].

We all now realise the grave blunder of not opposing the German occupation of the Rhineland by force of arms. But it is odd that Lord Halifax at the time stated that 'I have never concealed from myself that in asking what we have from Germany we asked a hard thing.' What was the 'hard thing'? That Germany should at first be content with a 'token' occupation. How Hitler scoffed at this phrase in private; he boasted that the English could not see what he was after. Later Hitler was to say that Roosevelt alone saw through him. In reply to his critics Lord Halifax said

(April 6th, 1936) 'the world stands at the cross-roads, and a hundred years hence, if the world survives, we shall be judged by the direction we now take.' He added: 'the price of wrong judgment will be a very high one.' But it was not in a hundred years that his policy was to be judged; in three short years the price that Britain had to pay for his wrong judgment was indeed high and tragic.

Lord Halifax's view of the Austrian annexation was equally limited. He thought that it was part of the policy of redressing grievances, although the method of violence was to be deprecated.

> I have never in any conversations that I have had with German leaders taken any other line but this—that while I did not suppose that anyone in this country was concerned to maintain the *status quo* for all time, what they were concerned to see was that no changes should be made in Europe by violence or something approaching violence, that might lead to incalculable consequences.

(Lord Halifax had visited Hitler at Berchtesgaden in the previous December, 1937, and Lord Halifax made on the gangster-Chancellor a very poor impression as to British strength and ability to oppose his deep laid plans; a year later I was asked in Berlin by a young German present at Berchtesgaden at the time of Halifax's visit: 'Why did you not send an Englishman of the virile Elizabethan type. But it is now probably too late,' he ruefully added, 'your weakness may mean the death of millions of young men.')

There is no need to dwell on the implications of the Munich settlement which are only too well known. The attempt to ward off this defeat was not well-conceived; to place on the aged Lord Runciman, who knew nothing of the German-Czech affair, the burden of disentangling the problem was absurd. Rapidity of decision was a first essential, but preliminary study and negotiation had to follow the slow rhythm of the mind of a tired septuagenarian to whom the subject was utterly foreign, and every hour counted.

It would be painful to quote at length what Lord Halifax said about Munich—'a real victory for reason and understanding over the forces of unreason, hatred and mistrust.' But I cannot refrain from citing the close of his speech on Munich (October 3rd, 1938) where he enthusiastically

acclaims the Prime Minister. Lord Halifax alluded to the inscription to a builder of a country church who

had the faith to build it nearly 300 years ago during the Civil War. It is, I think, in spirit, not inapt, to express some of the deeper thought on what it has been, under God, permitted to the Prime Minister to do. It runs thus: 'In the year 1653 when all things sacred were either demolished or profaned, this church was built by one, whose singular praise it is to have done the best things in the worst times, and to have hoped them in the most calamitous.'

This mystic sentimentalism is a substitute in Lord Halifax's mind for heart-searching thought and clear unemotional analysis of the factors of a situation. It is a dangerous quality in a Minister of the Crown, as it dims in the mind of the person possessing it an awareness of having committed serious blunders. After the Rhineland occupation in 1936 and our error in accepting it, he called to aid the qualities of faith, hope and charity, 'the charity that seeks always to think and find the best, and not the worst, in other people.'

In his further defence of Munich, he argued at Edinburgh on October 24th, 1938, in these words: 'What we are now witnessing is the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, for which provision was made in the Covenant of the League, but which has never until now been made effective.' In other words, we were still on the road towards satisfaction of needs and stability in Europe. I had visited Germany in October, shortly after Munich, and this speech of Lord Halifax had made me anxious. For I had come back with the information that Hitler, encouraged by our weakness at Munich, was actually thinking out plans to make war against Britain. I visited Germany again in November and December, 1938, and obtained further confirmation. At these visits I first discovered (in 1938) Nazi intentions to invade Denmark, Holland and Belgium as a step towards the attack on Britain, although these plans were known to some well-informed Britons two years before, and had been conveyed to official circles. I wrote to Sir Robert Vansittart, who seemed to me to be one of the few people who had long realised our extreme peril.

There is no time to lose. It is a question of weeks and not of months. All activities should be accelerated at once for over-

coming the dangers that threaten our existence in the coming months. . . . I wish that my words could carry conviction. . . . I pray His Majesty's Government to believe me when I say that the plans against the British Empire are being laid by the German Chancellor. With the same terrible ruthlessness with which Hitler has stamped on the Jewish community in Germany he will attempt to carry out his hostile plans against our country. . . . Both Ciano and Ribbentrop are as one in their hatred of England. The Italians urge on the Germans the importance of regaining Tanganyika, and General Graziani has said that, with Tanganyika German, the Italians and Germans can drive the English out of Africa.

My last visit to Germany was in February, 1939, as it was getting too hot for me. On my return on February 20th, 1939, I wrote again to Sir Robert Vansittart about the coming annexation of Bohemia and Moravia and outlined the methods that would be used by Hitler. I also wrote:

The gradual capture of the German Foreign Office, the constant wooing (by the Nazis) of Army officers to whom lately have been added 25,000 of Himmler's Black Guards, together with the manning by these guards of other great positions in industry and commerce, are most ominous symptoms. In this way the Conservative elements are being eliminated; in other words, the forces that can exercise a brake on further adventure, the last hindrances to a policy of brutal conquest that may be developed in the future, are being removed in order to prepare for what Goebels calls 'a world distribution of territories,' not in Europe alone, but in other continents.

But as late as March 13th, 1939, two days before the conquest of Prague, Lord Halifax persisted in taking an optimistic view. He condemned the so-called alarmists. 'It may be that it suits some people for whatever reason to propagate rumour or spread distorted views.' It will be recalled that on March 9th, Mr. Neville Chamberlain took an exceedingly pleasant view of the situation and Sir Samuel Hoare spoke of the beginnings of the golden age.

The so-called alarmists did not believe in the 'inevitability of war'—with which they were charged by Lord Halifax. They said war was being planned by Hitler against this country, and there was one way to meet the danger—turn industry on to a war basis at once, and meet his threats with

firmness. Driven by his critics into a difficult corner, Lord Halifax fell back on the argument that everything he did was justified by the fact that he was avoiding 'the dread scourge of war.' 'In my opinion there was no occasion during the past few years when British policy in a major international issue could have followed a different line than it did, without the grave risk of that policy leading to a major war' (March 13th, 1939). In four months, this test of his policy, proposed by Lord Halifax himself, gave the answer; unfortunately, the answer which had justified the attitude of his critics, namely, that a policy of weakness and compliance towards the gangster-dictators, and deplorably slow rearmament, would promote rather than avoid war and at a time and in circumstances favourable to the enemies of Great Britain.

The vigorous qualities of the British race, in particular the courage and tenacity and sound political judgment of the British working classes, whose virtues are unequalled by those of any other people in the world, will bring the country victoriously through its present severe trial; but is it not important that key positions should be occupied by men most equipped in perspicacity, knowledge and imaginative power, for such men can shorten the duration of the struggle by outwitting the enemy?

To conclude, on February 27th, 1940, Lord Halifax spoke to members of Oxford University in his double capacity of Chancellor of the University and Foreign Secretary. He expressed some admirable thoughts, but he also said certain things that were perhaps not quite so happy:

> We (*i.e.*, the older generation) were sure, in 1914, that once we had dealt with the matter in hand, the world would return to old ways, which, in the main, we thought to be good ways. You are not so sure. I admit and sympathise with the difference, but having made the admission, let me add this. No generation has the right to lay the cause of all its ills upon the shoulders of its predecessor, for no one age-group of men has the monopoly of vision.

Later on he says:

> I am appalled—there is no easier word for it—by one fact above all. This 'wasteland' in which we live, this European civilisation in which the lamps are burning dim, has not been brought to its

present pass merely by the mistakes, the pride and the selfishness of an older generation.

What has, for example, been the driving force behind the Nazi movement in Germany? It has been German youth. . . . Their point of view stands in stark opposition to yours. They do not understand your way of thinking. Your ideals mean nothing to them. . . .

The real conflict, therefore, to-day is not between age and youth, but between youth and youth. . . .

Some young men expressed to me a certain discomfort which they felt on reading these words uttered by Lord Halifax, who, in their view, failed so conspicuously to see through the evil intentions of leading men in Germany, who were after all of his generation and had taken part in the war of 1914; they would have preferred that Lord Halifax had not touched upon this theme. They also questioned whether Oxford's classical training had succeeded in producing in its alumni, the Halifaxes, Lothians and Simons, that scientific temper which demands scrupulous analysis of the elements of every situation, and the testing of every proposal by a strict scrutiny of the facts relating to it; that, indeed, would have saved Britain from its present ordeal.

T. P. Conwell-Evans.

REPRISALS?

. . . Is that a reprisal? It seems to me very like one. At any rate it is all we have time for now. . . . [Prime Minister].

Newspaper correspondence and private conversation reveal that thoughts on the subject of 'reprisals' are in the minds of many. Some organs of the Press are quite against them, others contemplate that a policy of limited 'reprisals' might be of use, though being careful to indicate that such a policy is not an instrument of revenge but in certain circumstances may be worth considering in the hope of shortening the war. In such a matter it is right that each side should respect the opinions of the other. In this way will the vehemence of mutual condemnation be avoided. It ought to be made quite clear that 'reprisals' is not a very satisfactory term, for it may seem to connote an element of vindictiveness. It is important to recognise that the whole question is how it is right and best to deal with the enemy—with *this* enemy. We need to handle him in a manner which will bring our victory as soon as possible and lead on to an honourable peace. In doing this we must be sure that our motives are pure and that our methods correspond. The term 'reprisal,' however, though inadequate, is used in common parlance to cover both revengeful retaliation which men of goodwill dismiss, and also disciplinary retribution which many considering men support. With this caution the expression may be employed for the discussion of the subject. It may be added that if 'reprisals' are ever to enter into our scheme of warfare, we should have some ideas as to any restrictions which should govern the range of them, and define the conditions, the terms and the purpose to which they must conform.

We cannot make a pleasant thing of war, and having embarked upon it we must see it through with the necessary implications. All are agreed on this, and it is such unanimity

that is a source of our greatest strength. We are also agreed on the fact that we are facing a savage enemy who draws no distinction between right and wrong, devoid of decency and common humanity. Such a wholly exceptional enemy may require, indeed has required and already received, exceptional treatment from us: we refuse to deal with him as a reputable enemy whose promise and word can be accepted. Into our present unity and concord in the prosecution of the war we cannot desire or afford to throw an apple of discord.

The Christian shrinks from all war, but he may be compelled to choose it as the lesser of two evils: it is against the background of such a choice regrettable, inevitable, that he must view the methods of warfare. He cannot have it both ways and say, 'Shall we have war? Yes,' and then add, 'Shall we have the horrors of war? No.' We may be thankful that the responsibility of reaching a decision as to what *are* the *necessary* implications of a war with an outrageous enemy, who defies international law and civilised manners, does not rest upon the shoulders of a public which cannot know all the facts, but rests with the Government, whose lead we are prepared to follow. This, however, is not to say that public opinion should be silenced. It will help any Government to know what is passing in the minds of men and women, especially in regard to ethical issues which surround the technical and expert handling of war movements. Some no doubt say that the issue here raised is entirely military or one of expedience. This can scarcely be maintained, otherwise we might lose some of the distinction which divides Hitler's methods from our own.

The view has been held that it is the right thing at once to try to lay the foundations of a contented and lasting peace by immediate negotiation with the enemy. Of course, any who have this opinion could not approve of 'reprisals' or of any other plan for prosecuting the war. The larger number consider that in dealing with such an enemy a decisive victory is first required as the prelude to the peace. A section of these latter urge that if it had been possible to march into Berlin in the last war and to press home there the victory of the Allies this war would not have followed. They would add that it is after the war has been decisively won that we can deal considerately with the Germans; the methods of

successful peacemaking are not, they say, the same as the methods of making war successfully. If they urge 'reprisals,' it is because they believe they would shorten the war and thereby make it easier to establish for all nations, great and small, unity, peace and concord on the lines set by Wellington after his victory.

It is the spirit in which war—and peace—is conducted that matters. But it is the men who have seen with their own eyes the naked brutality of the enemy and his revolting and bloodthirsty cruelty in killing women, children and refugees, and in leaving men to drown, that feel most certain that any magnanimity is misunderstood by him, and that he sees in it only a fresh chance of extending his barbarities unchecked. There need be nothing vindictive in such 'reprisals,' undertaken merely (1) to make the situation plain to the enemy, both leaders and people alike in a language they can understand, and (2) to make them cease from bombing groups of harmless and helpless individuals and residential districts. It would be necessary to make it plain that, as soon as the enemy gave up this deliberate bombing of the homes of the common people that have no military significance, this shocking demolition of churches, hospitals, museums, etc., these 'reprisals' on our part would come to an end—so long as such work of mere destruction was not revived. Here no doubt difficulties would arise in discriminating between deliberate and accidental damage.

There are two main arguments against any 'reprisal' policy. First of all it is alleged that it would lower our standard. So far all those who, unlike the enemy, regard our methods with respect would be shocked, we are told, if we, in our turn, adopted any course which might be considered or misrepresented as ruthlessness. No doubt the enemy regards his unrestricted fierceness as a definite military move. He perpetrates these horrors in the hope of breaking the spirit which animates our effort. He correctly recognises that the spirit of a country counts more than anything else in securing victory. Are we then, it is asked, to have our type and pattern of warfare set by him? Here there may be some confusion of thought. To take America, for example, a sheer policy of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' would no doubt alienate some of the sympathy of our excellent

cousins across the Atlantic who are nobly helping us with public and private generosity. But no one in England who, in a fit of fury, advocated 'reprisals' in this bald way, would really persuade this country to follow him. Any and every step we take will be distorted by the Germans. The effect upon doubting neutrals, if there are any, who are open to conviction, is one of the very things that must be carefully weighed by those who are in a position to judge best. Will neutrals acquiesce in blockade and be outraged by controlled reprisals? Without, however, repudiating Gladstone's dictum that nothing can be politically right which is morally wrong, we may observe that disciplinary and reformative severity is not ruthlessness.

In all such matters it is not easy to make explicit distinction; the lines drawn may not be clear. When the Prime Minister visited some of the poorer parts of London and found himself among the brave but wretched people whose houses had been destroyed and members of their families butchered, he was asked about 'reprisals'; he has stated, 'On every side there is the cry "We can take it," but with it there is also the cry, "Give it them back."' No doubt any who shouted these words were actuated by the shock which the devastation had caused and by personal indignation, and were not speaking as military critics. Could it be right to take such an outcry into consideration and to say that 'reprisals' were required to restore the spirit of our own people, for of course their spirit is an important part of our fighting machine? If, however, reprisals are to have this recuperative and restorative value, it would seem that this effect must be incidental, and that they must be justified and pursued on other and sounder grounds: the motive here as elsewhere is the point. An action may be right when undertaken for one purpose, and the same action may be wrong when the intention is changed.

The second argument against 'reprisals' is that they would withdraw our airmen from their splendidly successful achievements in attacking military objectives in enemy or enemy-occupied territory. To this, however, the inexpert critic makes his rejoinder by asking whether there would be any need to carry out 'reprisals' on such a scale as to interfere with our present policy. The first aim of our bombing in

enemy country must be and continue to be the destruction of his war machine and the wrecking of his military plans. This is the work gallantly performed night after night, day in, day out, by our splendid Air Force. But judging by the raids now often made on England by stray or isolated enemy aircraft, it may look as if a very small number of machines would be required for this 'reprisal' purpose on our side; would this limited number make any real diminution of the strength required for our primary task? Comparatively few men and machines, it is suggested, would be taken away and these only as and when they could be spared. The aim would be deterrent and psychological and not a wanton and pointless and widespread destruction, such as we have experienced in Ramsgate and Dover and London and its suburbs.

For the intended purposes 'reprisals' would not be promiscuous. It has been proposed that definite warnings as to their range should be given to the enemy beforehand, so that the helpless classes might be removed. On this plan it is said, only towns of some definite military importance would be chosen for 'reprisals.' The element of surprise necessary to success would not be lost, if a list of such towns were published to the enemy and, after a time limit, one or more of these were liable to be bombed without further notice.

It may be on the other hand maintained that we are now doing all that any restricted 'reprisal' could substantially effect. Without setting out to distress the civilian population and make it realise our power and the falsity of its leaders, we are, if more or less in our stride, yet strongly doing this, by our raids on Berlin. Military in their intention, they nevertheless do at least make it obvious to the German people that the Nazi effort is not being so successful after all. What they may not hear over the wireless is proclaimed by our raids which destroy their railway communications and their electric light, and so on; and they feel or see the consequent evacuations. There is no need to start out with the set intention of carrying disaster into the domestic and family life which is being already disorganised and distressed—quite adequately for some of the true purposes of 'reprisals.' I quote from the Prime Minister's speech:

. . . What we are doing now is to batter continuously, with

forces which steadily increase in power, each one of those points in Germany the destruction of which we believe will do the Germans most injury and will most speedily lessen their power to strike at us. Is that a reprisal? It seems to me very like one. At any rate it is all we have time for now. . . .

This is a weighty and significant utterance, even if there is still left over the point of deterring the enemy, in so many words or by so many acts, from continuing his present practice in London and other places. Yet it could never be satisfactory, if this aim to check the enemy in his existing brutality only exasperated him into increasing it. We do not want to bid against one another in a kind of auction of horrors. Only those, including the observant airmen themselves and their discriminating chiefs, and the central authorities who know the whole situation far better than the outside public, can estimate the weight of these arguments on one side and the other.

We note, too, the last phrase of the Prime Minister, '. . . all we have time for now . . .' It raises in our minds the thought that the present attitude to reprisals need not last for ever, if, sooner or later, the circumstances change.

The question of punishment is more complex than is often supposed.

The manner in which it was discussed when a year or two ago amendments in our criminal law were being considered in Parliament was, to say the least, incomplete. The present writer may perhaps be allowed to quote some words of his as relevant to the subject before us (see *Empire Review*, No. 284):

Savages who are unable to appreciate reformatory methods have to be taught by painful suffering to behave better. Only fear will bring them into the right path. This is the reason of punitive expeditions where the innocent suffer with the guilty. If, in an imperfect world, this is the only form of judgment that can at the time be understood by the offender, provisionally and for the time being, this is the form that must be used. We do not in so acting outrage any moral sense in the savages' heart, and in our own heart we know that we are meaning to help them. If some uncivilised tribe, through their own usages, can only regard kindness as weakness, and nothing else, kindness in their case ceases to be what we intend by kindness. But we must, as soon as ever possible,

catch the first gleam of a dawning consciousness of higher things, and act so as quickly to develop it. It would be hard to determine at what point, if ever, a civilised people had so far returned to the standards of the savage that it could only be reached by methods which the savage understands.

We need to have an informed and considered public opinion. For example, it has been said that such 'reprisals' undertaken to check the indiscriminate bombing on the part of the Germans would be like inviting the police to commit wholesale murder in order to stop murder, or commit house-breaking to check house-breaking. But as for would-be murderers, we do attempt to deter them by the execution of a convicted murderer, and from promiscuous house-breaking on the part of the police professional house-breakers would not in any way suffer. Ill-digested contentions of this kind show the great importance of arriving at a thoughtful and well-balanced determination one way or the other. A decision taken at haphazard would be thoroughly unsatisfactory, and fail to carry the support of a Christian nation and empire to whom, in all their consciousness of their own failings, God has at this time entrusted the task of defending and promoting the things which He values: freedom, justice, truth, the sacredness of personality, the sense of individual responsibility to Him. This task must be accomplished in an imperfect world by imperfect men over whose best endeavours, consultations and judgments must be written the confession 'We know in part: now we see through a glass darkly.'

B. Norwic.

THE AIR STRUGGLE

If it were not for the tragedies and the heroism, the air struggle has now reached a stage which might fairly be described as monotonous. Day after day the official communiqués recount lists of bombing raids by both sides. One could almost write them out in advance for any one day: 'Strong enemy formations crossed the South East and South coasts and were engaged by our defences. Bombs were dropped on the London area, on towns in the Midlands, on Merseyside, and in South Wales. Casualties were caused, some of which were fatal'; and 'Last night our heavy bombers attacked the marshalling yard at Hamm, oil depots at (here follows a list of names mostly unknown to the ordinary reader) and the invasion ports. Large fires broke out and explosions were caused.' The records are enlivened by personal stories told by pilots and air gunners, but on the whole the reports make wearisome reading.

There must be strategical and tactical trends behind all this boring reiteration, but the difficulty is to disentangle them. A few significant facts emerge, and from them the student of air warfare must try to extract some broad conception of what is really happening. It may fairly be concluded that all through September the German air attack on Britain was of more importance than the British attack on the countries occupied by the Germans. The hammering of the invasion ports and the barges massed in them was part of the tactical defence of the British Isles, but it was of less importance than the resistance put up by our Fighter Command to the German daylight bombing raids. If our defence could have been mastered, then the first step would have been taken by the enemy towards making an invasion possible. It does not follow that even in that case a German landing on the British coasts could have been successfully brought off, for the Royal Navy would still have remained a shield. It might, in certain circumstances, have been evaded, but it certainly could not have been mastered. The Army remained the third line of defence. But no first step towards invasion could be taken by the enemy unless and until the Fighter

Command had been overwhelmed. The Fighter Command, of course, includes the A.A. guns and the searchlights, which, though provided by the War Office and manned by soldiers, work under the orders of the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Fighter Command of the Royal Air Force. By the end of September it had become fairly certain that this effort by the Germans had failed, and some future Creasy will rank this failure of the German bombers as one of the decisive battles of the world. The victor is Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, on whom the King has recently conferred the well-deserved honour of the Grand Cross of the Bath. His name deserves to be held in remembrance.

Though the failure of the *Luftwaffe* to make good the first step towards the possibility of invasion is recognised by all, including most obviously the Dictators themselves, the Germans continue to send aircraft to bomb Great Britain. Obviously they could not call off all bombing efforts without an intolerable loss of face. All idea of damaging Britain's war effort has not been abandoned, but the air assault has not been recently of a character which suggests the hope of a major victory. There have been attacks on munition factories, particularly in centres other than London, but there has been much more hopeful bombing, suggesting that the crew of a German aircraft did something between careful aiming and mere dropping a bomb at a venture. Wrecking military targets is one object of bombing; the other is terrorisation of the civil population. It is hard to believe that the Germans ever seriously expected to frighten the people of Britain into clamouring for peace at any price, but at the same time they have almost certainly had it in their minds to create some consternation by upsetting ordinary life. They also seem to intend to prove that no part of Great Britain is really safe. The attacks on civilian *moral*, like the more recent attacks on military objectives, have not had the appearance of a deliberate bid for victory. Probably the instinct which is uppermost in the German airman's mind as he works his bomb lever is to punish the *schweinehunde* of the nation which has dared to hold out against Germany, and he may not care much whether his bomb hits a railway line or a private house—the wrecking of either will show somebody how undesirable it is to be an enemy of Germany. If the bomb which hit St. Paul's was an

aimed shot, it was doubtless dispatched in that spirit. The German cares nought if he destroys things precious to the higher spirit of humanity; the ambition to emulate Attila is seldom absent from the German fighting man.

The new German objects, if they can be called objects, have been made manifest by the recent behaviour of their raiders. These objects are obviously not worth a great sacrifice of expensive bombers and their crews. They must be pursued with a minimum of loss. Night bombing has been found a reasonably safe operation, and it is therefore likely to be continued until and unless the new British device at which the Prime Minister hinted in his speech in the House of Commons makes night raiding unduly 'exciting' for the German crews. Day raiding is a different matter. The overcast skies of autumn have provided cover for bombers and they have often taken advantage of it. That was to be expected. But by daylight the wailing Banshees in London have during the last month rarely signified more than fleeting visits by a few raiders which have escaped interception near the coast. The real battlefield of the air has been over Kent and along the South Coast, and it is there that the German tactics must be studied. Whereas in August and September the enemy really tried to force his way through the defences by mass attacks, and was willing to incur prodigious losses in the process, in October he began to play a more wily game. He increased the proportion of escorting Messerschmitts which accompanied each formation of bombers, sometimes up to the figure of 5 to 1. Sometimes he sent in formations of fighters with no bombers for them to protect. He sent in smaller raids in quicker succession, knowing that after an air combat the British fighters land at their aerodromes to re-arm and re-fuel. Frequently a German formation when attacked at the coast would break up into small parties, some of which would promptly head back home across the Channel, while others, usually a small proportion of the whole, would try to give the British fighters the slip in the general confusion and so make their way inland. At times the heavy bombers were almost entirely rested by daylight and the raids were entrusted to Messerschmitts carrying bombs. These machines, being fighters, could not carry a heavy bomb load and therefore were intended to do some damage, not to Britain, but to the

British. Their speed made them more difficult to intercept, and after they had got rid of their bomb load they became fighters once again, and so had a good chance of escaping. They did not always escape, and sometimes lost heavily. In all these varying tactics of the enemy the general object was obviously to avoid heavy casualties to the heavy bombers. The latter had rather suddenly become precious. As a result the number of German machines shot down in the first half of October grew smaller week by week. Whereas in the last week of September (counting from Sunday to Saturday) the enemy lost for certain 222 machines, not counting 'probables,' in the first week of October the German losses were only 104, and in the next week they had shrunk to 69.

It has been noticed that it is a German way to be prodigal of types of aeroplane which have served their purpose. The Junkers 87 dive-bomber had been invaluable in the land campaigns from that in Poland to that in France, but when France had submitted that type had lost most of its value. Accordingly the dive-bombers were sacrificed with some recklessness in attacks on British convoys in the Channel. Now we may take it that the Messerschmitt 109 has pretty well outlived its usefulness as a fighter, but there are still a good many of the type in hand, and therefore it has seemed to the authorities of the *Luftwaffe* quite legitimate to use them, and perhaps use them up, in nuisance bombing. The pilot certainly has a chance, may be a good chance, of getting back to his base, but if the machine is shot down the loss to the strength of the *Luftwaffe* is not serious.

Heavy bombers, on the other hand, are no longer to be jeopardised in large numbers. If the Axis pressure is to be shifted from Great Britain to the Balkans and the Mediterranean, then obviously it would be foolish to litter Kent and Sussex with the carcases of Junkers 88, Dorniers 17, or even Heinkels 111. There will be work for them elsewhere. A small contingent of heavies will suffice to keep up the night raids on Britain, and for the present night bombers do not suffer large casualties.

Turning now to the British air offensive against Germany and her forces in the overrun countries, it has two main objects, the one permanent and the other temporary. The latter, of course, has been to stop or at least weaken the

invasion plans. Those best qualified to judge believed that the Germans seriously hoped to invade Great Britain, but it is at least possible that as their hopes waned they kept on showing a bogey, partly to keep British nerves on the stretch and partly to divert the attentions of our bombers from other targets. Our reconnaissance aircraft saw lots of barges and other transports in the continental harbours, but they never saw with certainty the army which was to cross the seas in them. The barges may well have been the property of Frenchmen and Dutchmen, but in any case their loss was cheap if it diverted so many bombs from such targets as Krupp's factory at Essen. But if the barges were a species of lure the Royal Air Force was not entirely beguiled. Attacks on the invasion ports were mainly left to the medium bombers of the Coastal Command, assisted on occasions by squadrons of the Fleet Air Arm, while our long-range Whitleys, Wellingtons and Hampdens continued to pound oil supplies, factories and communications with the object of permanently weakening Germany's war effort. Even the attacks on the communications were of a defensive rather than an offensive nature, being designed to hamper the reinforcement and munitionment of the German armies in France and the Low Countries.

Our bombing offensive has been mainly confined to Western Germany, and certainly there is a multitude of important targets there. But we must not be satisfied until we can pay equal attention to all the many targets in the eastern half of the country. Among other things, the flying training schools of the *Luftwaffe* are in the eastern part, and it is most desirable that their equanimity should be disturbed. Our bomber strength is growing, but it is not yet large enough to permit systematic raiding of all Germany. The guess may be hazarded that we shall produce new types with even longer range, before we undertake such an ambitious programme. Of late Berlin has been made a regular objective, and when our bombers have gone there they have paid special attention to gas works and railway stations. That looks like an attempt to interfere with the life and amenities of Berlin citizens—in other words, a form of reprisals for the bombing of London. Mr. Churchill, in his October speech to the House of Commons, deliberately, it seemed, confused the reprisals question. Perhaps he was wise to do so. Undoubtedly what most people

mean when they talk about reprisals is the bombing of residential areas in Berlin. Nothing would please Hitler more than for British bombers to indulge in that form of reprisals. The author of *Mein Kampf* cares nothing for German lives, and he knows, as we all know, that while the German armies are victorious all over Europe there is no chance whatever of the long-suffering German people rising against the Nazi régime. What he does value are the factories which make the guns and all the things which he has asked his serfs to prefer to butter. He would sooner that the British bombs fell on German homes than on those factories. If we were to indulge in bloody reprisals it would buy no immunity for the people of London, and it might actually to some degree prolong the war. It is doubtful if the Berlin gas works are worthy of our attention. The basic principle of a bombing campaign should be the maxim that a bomb which only harms civilians is a good bomb wasted.

The energies of the Bomber Command must certainly be hampering the German war effort, but to what extent it is difficult to say. They are not yet producing an effect comparable to the victory of our Fighter Command over the German day bombers. They are not yet on a scale which could prevent Hitler from overrunning the Balkans. It may be another year, or even two, before our air aggression attains its maximum dimensions, and even then one can hardly believe that by itself it will so emasculate the German forces as to oblige Hitler to sue for peace. We know ourselves what a lot of bombing or shelling it takes to put a factory or an aerodrome out of action. What our air offensive may do is so to reduce German supplies that the shortage may contribute to a German defeat in the field—if once the Allied armies can reach a field where they can meet and beat the enemy. If that can only be brought about by an Allied invasion of the Continent, then a necessary preliminary is that the Royal Air Force should succeed in doing what the *Luftwaffe* has failed to do, and should break the resistance of the defending air arm. We are yet a long way from that ability. It may, however, come about that rash enterprises by the Axis in other directions will lead to a defeat which would be followed by a débacle.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

FROM CHERBOURG TO TOBRUK

THE fact that the Navy has taken offensive action against the enemy preparations in Northern European ports in recent weeks is cheering. Those in close touch with the sea affair realise only too well the complexity of the problems and the danger of the position created by the loss of the collaboration of the French Navy in June, and it was obvious that the complete remoulding of our strategical plans that was forced on us by that development must affect, momentarily at any rate, the whole span of our naval effort.

Was it, however, to be only momentary? There was, for a spell, a doubt whether the reaction of our leaders to the problem might not be recourse to a purely passive defensive, a hoarding of the all-too-scanty material available for an immense task. The Mediterranean Fleet gave the first indication that a fighting spirit still prevailed. By its prolonged sweeps through the whole area from Gibraltar to Suez, by its successful convoying of heavy military reinforcements past the front gate, so to speak, of the Italian Navy, it established a moral dominance of infinite value. The admission in the Admiralty bulletins that a further force was operating in the Western Basin of the Mediterranean was a further encouraging sign that the idolatry of material was not so predominant in naval councils as it sometimes had been, that strategic claims were restored to the first place in our planning.

There remained, however, the question of Northern waters. Counteraction to the enemy's invasion preparations appeared to have been delegated entirely to the Air Force, and though the bombing of the assembled flotillas and the damage to harbour installations by nightly air raids must have a cumulative effect, there was a not unnatural feeling that the Navy afloat might be playing a more immediate and devastating part in the work. This demand for action is

instinctive in the lay public. There was much criticism, some of it published, far more only verbal, of the apparent quiescence of the Navy after the German occupation of the Belgian coast in 1914. Fire-eaters demanded that the enemy troops quartered there should be shelled out of existence. It was not realised that the preparatory work for a bombardment of shore positions from the sea is both detailed and extensive; that a mere 'plastering' of a neighbourhood would be about 1 per cent. effective in the military sense and no more, in the final result, than an empty gesture to gratify home opinion.

Those who worked with the Dover Patrol know on how many occasions, after the most careful preparation, bombarding squadrons set out for the Belgian coast only to find that a change of wind or weather conditions had completely nullified all the plans. If memory serves, there were six abortive expeditions for bombardments of the German positions ashore in the spring of 1917 alone. Mist or low cloud interfered; on one occasion a mechanical breakdown in one of the ships threw the whole plan into disorder by delaying the rate of advance and consequently postponing the time of arrival at the bombarding positions.

To carry out a premature bombardment of an enemy position is to disclose your intentions. That should be sufficiently obvious, but it is a point that is often forgotten by those who demand that 'something' be done, despite the glaring warning of our ill-timed attacks on the Turkish forts at the Dardanelles.

The fact that the Germans were established at Cherbourg for three months before there was any news of direct naval action against them does not therefore necessarily imply that the Naval Staff overlooked the desirability of hampering the enemy activity there, and at the other ports. Prolonged silence on the point was no proof that 'nothing attempted, nothing done' was a true summarising.

There is an important difference between aerial and naval bombardment of shore positions, which may be rather obscured in the public mind by the frequency of the bombing attacks and the infrequency of naval bombardments. To drop a total of 250 bombs of heavy and medium calibre in the course of four hours, a total of some 200 aircraft have been

employed (on the authority of Air Ministry estimates of enemy activity over London). To drop 420 naval shells of 12-inch calibre into the target area in two hours only one capital ship is required. And the weight of explosive fired in that time is roughly in the ratio of 75 to 375 in favour of the naval guns in the one ship. We do not, as yet, know what class of ships took part in the bombardments of Cherbourg and Dunkirk, but there is ample evidence that more than one ship took part in the firing, and even if no capital ships were risked on the venture, the rate of fire of the smaller guns in vessels of other classes brings up the total explosive fired per minute to approximately that from the heavy guns. So that the comparison between the smashing power of aerial and naval bombardment is approximately 75 to 375 x, the unknown quantity being the number of ships firing. It is not possible to take into account the question of accuracy of fire owing to the secrecy that surrounds bomb-sighting and aiming in the R.A.F. We know to within a very few feet the error that must be allowed for in naval gunnery; observation of German bomb-aiming, both at moving and stationary targets, indicates that their error may be anything up to half a mile.

The evidence that a fighting spirit animates the direction of the war at sea is specially cheering at a time when our land operations are solely defensive and when the R.A.F., however hard and heroically the men may work, can have no more than an indirect influence on the course of events outside this country. There will be no diminishing of the fighting spirit when the changes take place in December in the command of the Home Fleet and in the office of Assistant Chief of the General Staff. Admiral J. C. Tovey and Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, who will come into the posts, have both given plenty of evidence of their appreciation of the aggressive. We owe a great deal of the success that has attended our destroyer work in this war, first to Admiral Somerville and subsequently to Admiral Tovey, who succeeded him in the post of Rear-Admiral Commanding Destroyers in the Mediterranean. The initiative and alertness shown by vessels like the *Cossack*, the *Hardy* and the *Ivanhoe*, to mention but a few of those that have figured in important actions in recent months, has been admirable, and it is worth

noting that all these vessels formed part of the Mediterranean flotillas under Admiral Tovey's control and leadership immediately before the war. Certainly our destroyer work in this war has shown far more enterprise and far more skilful seizing of opportunities than is allowed by the critics to the work of the Grand Fleet flotillas in the night fighting at the Battle of Jutland, for example. And, indeed, it is hard to rebut much of the criticism. Personal bravery there was in plenty, but there was also in many of the flotilla operations a sheep-like waiting upon orders or upon 'a more favourable opportunity,' which was not commendable in a branch of the Service in which individual acceptance of responsibility, individual decision to take action in the spirit of Nelson on Valentine's Day are the primary qualities of command. It was precisely those qualities that Admiral Tovey, then a lieutenant-commander, displayed in his handling of the destroyer *Onslow* at an earlier stage in the battle. One of the most vigorous critics of our destroyer work said of the *Onslow*: 'Her record is one of the most effective and her example one of the most inspiring in this great sea fight." Admiral Tovey showed in his training of the modern flotillas in the Mediterranean in 1938 and 1939 that he could instil his own spirit into the men under him. And it is the expectation that this aspect of his gift for leadership will mark his command of our main naval force in the North that has made the appointment so welcome to those to whom he is not 'an unknown man.'

The *animus pugnandi* of Admiral Cunningham continues to be demonstrated in southern waters. By one enterprise after another he has shown the moral dominance that he has established over the Italian Fleet. It would be a grave mistake to imagine that that fleet will never accept the challenge to battle. Materially it is not, or has not been until very recently, at its most powerful. There is reason to believe that the two new battleships Littorio and Vittorio Veneto, though completed and in commission, were not regarded as ripe for the front line until their complements had thoroughly shaken down. This is a process common to all navies: in our own we have had experience of the difficulties that can arise from the presence of a 'raw recruit' in a squadron on active service. The Italian Commander-in-Chief has therefore had only some

50 per cent. of his battle-strength available in the opening months of the war. The fact that we have sent reinforcements of 'the newest and most powerful units' to the Mediterranean recently is evidence that the Admiralty does not undervalue the potential threat of the Italian Navy. Admiral Cunningham has brilliantly seized the initiative while the chance was open to him. He has made it clear to the entire world that if Italy wants freedom of movement in the Mediterranean she must fight for it. And by his constant sorties in force he has seriously disorganised the programme of supply for Marshal Graziani's troops in North Africa.

There is no disguising the fact that the Air Arm has altered the age-long position in the Mediterranean to our disadvantage. It has in large measure nullified the usefulness of Malta as a naval base, for ships at anchor there are too much exposed as stationary targets to the aircraft from the adjacent airfields of Italy. There is, moreover, a second disadvantage, not so readily appreciated by the layman. Aerial reconnaissance, if efficiently carried out, can almost certainly rule out the element of surprise attack in that area. The Italian convoys from Taranto and the other southern ports of Italy to Benghazi and Tripoli can set out with a feeling of security if their aerial scouts from Rhodes report that the main British forces are in Alexandria Harbour. The reason is this: the convoy, moving at eight knots, can reach its destination inside forty hours, whereas the British force, moving at sixteen knots from the distant base at Alexandria, cannot get athwart the convoy lanes in less than fifty-six hours. If the Italian air scouts report movement by Admiral Cunningham's ships, traffic to Libya can be halted until the scouts give an 'All Clear.'

This undoubtedly explains the frequent sweeps that the British Admiral has made: his objective is interference with that traffic, and if it cannot be done by capturing or sinking the supply ships, it can be effectively done by keeping them tied up in harbour.

H. C. Ferraby.

CHRONICLE OF THE WAR

The realisation that they could not finish the war this autumn by means of a knock-out blow against Britain has forced the Axis Powers to reconsider and recast their plans. Possibly Hitler and his closest advisers have for some time had their doubts about the possibility of a lightning victory; but Hitler probably believed that something miraculous would occur to bless his path, the path he follows, according to himself, with 'somnambulist certitude' ('nachtwandlerische Sicherheit'). But no miracle has happened. On the contrary, not only has he received his first setback in the war in the air, but in the greatest crusade in history the forces of destruction have met their match in the spirit of a people.

Germany and Italy, therefore, have decided to make a supreme effort to secure a political line-up which, in their view, must eventually lead to the dismemberment of the British Commonwealth and the extinction of human liberty. This effort, now in progress, aims at the mobilisation of all the nations now directly or indirectly under the heel of the oppressor, and all nations with pro-Fascist leanings, in short, an enforced alliance of Fascist Powers to make war upon the Commonwealth. This project has been thrust upon the dictators by our own unforeseen resistance. Hitler's dream for the future of the world, based on his study of General Haushofer's *Geopolitik*, envisages, not a comity of nations, each enjoying independent sovereignty, but a wider association of semi-vassal states, under the political and economic domination of the German Reich. Such was the fate to which Europe was destined, a fate imposed upon it by the victorious war lords, after Great Britain had been brought to her knees. Unforeseen circumstances have compelled them to make an important change. The countries concerned have now to be impressed into active service, as partners of the Axis in their

war against the British Empire. This alteration may not vitally affect the immediate situation: its consequences will mean the failure and destruction of the Hitlerian system, based as it is on subjugation, terror and slavery.

The revised plans for a world-wide conspiracy against Britain have been laid with thoroughness and skill, and the fact must be squarely faced that for the time being at least they have increased the difficulties already besetting a nation fighting alone. Our potential enemies are drawing closer together, brought by a combination of evil persuasion and blatant bludgeoning to a condition of readiness to turn upon Britain and attack the sinews of her Empire. The first move in the Axis game was revealed by the arrival in Berlin of Señor Serrano Suner, Spanish imperialist and leader of the Phalange. German propaganda was at pains to explain that he had come, not in his capacity as Minister of the Interior, but as General Franco's special envoy. The consultations between himself and German officials would not therefore necessarily be limited to matters affecting Spain's internal affairs, but might cover the whole field of that country's foreign policy. Suner spent some time in Germany—he was received by the Führer, he conferred with Ribbentrop, he was of course given facilities to see for himself the strength of Germany's military resources. The visit gave rise to a crop of rumours and conflicting theories, to differing reports from German and Italian sources. In any case, the result of Señor Suner's conversations in Berlin, which were later continued in Rome, have not yet become apparent. But there is little to support the view that the Axis met with a rebuff, although Germany nor Italy have been able to secure a promise of Spain's active intervention in the war. Who can say that this was the object in view? Neither country would appear to be in desperate need of active military support at present, and, on the whole, their aim is more likely to be the establishment of new bases and sources of supply for goods from across the Atlantic. Spain, in short, is to take over the rôle played by Italy during the early months of the war.

The success or failure of this scheme depends largely on the British attitude towards Spain; Germany and Italy are banking on the continuance of a policy of appeasement. From the Spanish point of view, it has much to recommend it.

Señor Suner has undoubtedly returned from his travels in possession of an agreement regarding Spanish territorial claims and aspirations; the future is thus safeguarded, and the opposing faction in the country, which fears above all things the embroilment of Spain in the conflict, is temporarily soothed. At the same time the Phalangists, anxious for whole-hearted co-operation with the Axis, are given an opportunity to canvas the national favour and to increase their influence. Thus it is clear that Britain must watch Spain with ceaseless vigilance, and that no time must be lost. Spain's adoption of active belligerency can still be prevented. Her dependence on raw materials, which neither Italy nor Germany can supply for varying reasons, is a powerful lever in the hands of Britain. It is, in fact, the key to the position, and it will be lost only if it is deliberately thrown away. Any supposed agreement between the Axis Powers and Spain, any arrangement that may have been made for the transport of German troops through that country, can be entirely nullified by a display of British determination.

Señor Suner's prospects and those of his adherents received considerable enhancement from the failure of the Dakar venture. When it was announced that General de Gaulle and his forces, supported by units of the British Navy, had arrived off Dakar on September 23rd, hope ran high throughout the world of freedom. The tide, it was thought, had turned at last; the Allies were taking the offensive. Dakar was to be the starting-point, and by gaining control of French Africa we would penetrate to the Mediterranean and hold the enemy by land, sea and air at a most vulnerable spot. The conception was superb, the performance lamentable. Not only was the expedition a failure—it was the greatest defeat suffered by the Allies since the withdrawal from Norway. The Prime Minister has since told the House of Commons something of the reasons for this failure.

Despite his explanation, much is left open to question. Doubt is felt not only regarding the details of this particular episode, but regarding the conduct of British foreign policy as a whole. It has not been sufficiently realised, even at this fateful hour, that a new and revolutionised foreign policy is needed, a policy which will lead to military success and not to disillusionment. Whatever the implications of the Dakar

affair, the largest share of the responsibility must be borne by the British Foreign Office. The Foreign Office must have sanctioned the expedition—and left it at that. Where was the necessary lead, the definite directions, the ear at the keyhole? For all we know, General de Gaulle may have been at fault as regards the actual events, but there can be no doubt that there was a pitiable lack of co-ordination somewhere—and that the ground had not been sufficiently prepared.

The failure at Dakar supports the view often expressed that in time of war a Ministry of Efficiency should replace the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. The project was marred as much by carelessness and diplomatic miscalculations as by any short-comings in military organisation. In this way was the reverse made heavier and the weaklings of Vichy allowed to carry the day.

Meanwhile Ribbentrop was again on his way to Rome, leaving Berlin on September 21st. Little was said or published about his subsequent meetings with Mussolini and Ciano—and this absence of news gave rise to the belief that all was not well between them. Apparent confirmation was forthcoming from the fact that soon after Ribbentrop's return from Rome the Italian Foreign Minister followed him to Berlin. On the 27th it was announced that a pact between Germany, Italy and Japan would be signed in Berlin that day. The cat was out of the bag, and one of Hitler's dearest wishes had come to pass. For many years both he and Ribbentrop had been convinced that a life-and-death alliance between the three Powers would solve the problem of world hegemony. The Axis interpretation of the pact gives to it a far greater significance than its actual terms imply. For according to Axis propaganda it is more than a political and military agreement, more than a measure of expediency calculated to dismay the United States and restrain the Soviet Union—it is a bond of brotherhood, signed by three Powers inspired by a single political ideal, to live and have their being in a national-socialist-fascist paradise. The German press is hinting now that Japan must set her house in order, must re-adjust her internal affairs so that the fascist revolution is complete, and then the time will be ripe for the establishment of what is known to Axis propaganda as the Munroe doctrine for the new continental world. According to this doctrine, Germany will dominate the

continent of Europe, Italy the Mediterranean region, and Japan will hold sway over Asia. Although the necessary reorganisation is more than a little hampered by the continued existence of a united British Empire, the signatories of the tripartite pact are seeking to carry into effect their principle of Government wherever opportunity occurs.

In Norway, for example, Germanisation has begun with the creation of a new constitutional order, undesired by the majority, but supported by Quisling and his friends. Pressure and terrorisation is the lot of anyone suspected of anti-German activities. Much the same applies to Alsace-Lorraine, to Belgium and to large districts of occupied France. Gauleiter Buerkel and his associates make no secret of their plans for 'a great exchange of population,' an exchange which will involve the sending of Frenchmen to a small part of France, the settlement of Germans on the soil of Alsace-Lorraine and Burgundy. Reports from Vichy indicate that the Government is prepared to swallow even this indignity without protest. But the true France is stirring, albeit as yet faintly; the consequences of a German victory are understood, at least by some. In the East, a fresh wave of terror is sweeping across Poland, and in the Protectorate every method of blackguardism is employed to enforce the German will. Turning to Scandinavia, Germany has made agreements with Sweden and Finland which will pave the way for military control over vital strategical points—surely sufficient to prove that a 'new Scandinavian order' is under consideration.

Japan is pursuing the same line of action in her allotted sphere of influence: witness the threat to Indo-China and her demands on the Dutch East Indies. And these at a time when the military position in China is anything but favourable to her, and possible rapprochement between the U.S.A., Russia, and Great Britain is causing some concern. In the last respect the pact has hardly fulfilled the expectations of its signatories. On the contrary, the reaction of the United States appears to prove that American eyes are fully open to the common danger. The imminence of the Presidential election is a deterrent to the adoption of decisive moves just now, but Lord Lothian brought reassuring news of the general situation when he returned to England on October 19th. Of particular significance is the attempt to improve relations with Soviet

Russia, an attempt which has the full backing of this country. On this side of the Atlantic, M. Maisky had a meeting with Lord Halifax on October 16th. One result of this meeting may be a revision of the British attitude towards the Baltic question, which has been insistently put forward by Russia as a matter to be settled before any discussions on trade or policy can begin. This somewhat unconciliatory attitude on Russia's part has caused many people to doubt whether there is in fact any real hope of improved Anglo-Russian relations, and these pessimists have hardly been given the lie by Russia's conduct in the Balkan crisis which followed the Brenner meeting of October 4th.

The occupation of Rumania by German troops was hardly unexpected, for the country's doom was sealed with the Vienna award. It has always been a part of Hitler's tactics to sever the limbs of his intended victim before the body is thrown to the wolves. Rumania has been conquered without fighting, the first phase of the drive to the East is accomplished, and with Mussolini's help Bulgaria, Greece and Jugoslavia will be made to feel the screw. Turkey would thus be left in a position of isolation, and the Axis powers no doubt prefer to think that in such an event, all attempt to stand in their path would be abandoned, leaving a clear way to Suez and the Near East through Syria and Palestine, combined with a forward push from the Libyan desert.

So far both Greece and Turkey have remained firm, increasing their military preparations with calm and thoroughness, openly declaring their intention to resist. Russia is once more the incalculable factor, and we may be sure that the Axis diplomats will go to almost any lengths to get her to stab Turkey neatly in the back. Ribbentrop, no doubt, has already made specious offers to Moscow of far-reaching concessions in the Straits and the Ægean. Despite such manœuvres, the Turks have not lost hope of effecting an understanding with the Kremlin which would neutralise the Axis menace.

The dismal failure of their attack on Britain has compelled the enemy to turn eastwards. Go forward they must, for a gigantic war machine, once set in motion, knows no halt save that of defeat. Their situation is aggravated also by domestic conditions; war weariness is setting in among the German and Italian people. Reports are coming in of discontent in

Northern Italy, of stern measures to suppress the agitators, of lack of enthusiasm for the war. In Germany, too, questioning voices ask where it is all leading, what will be the outcome of the conflict which brings victories but no peace. This enforced action is our chance: let us seize it with both hands, and by all means in our power, by propaganda and diplomacy turn it to account.

EUROPEAN OBSERVER.

AFTER VIENNA AND VERSAILLES

I

Why was France never able to call in question the bases of the Vienna settlement of 1815, and what was it that has enabled Germany, only twenty years after her defeat, to challenge and destroy the Treaties concluded at the end of the last war?

There was harmony and integration in the origin, course, and outcome of the wars of 1792–1815. The settlement reached at Vienna in 1815, in spite of previous discord among the Allies, satisfied the four Great Powers which had fought and vanquished Napoleon; they were its chief beneficiaries and had an interest in preserving it. The Quadruple Alliance continued a latent existence for at least one generation.

There was incongruity and paradox in the origin, course, and outcome of the war of 1914–18. Of the six Great Powers which fought Imperial Germany, Russia became a victim in the final settlement, Italy and Japan were estranged, the United States withdrew from European affairs in disgust, and Great Britain, repeatedly flouted in Eastern Europe, tried to restrict her responsibilities to the West. France was left with the victory and its European progeny upon her hands. That progeny, in its 'living space' between Germany, Italy and Russia, comprised thirteen States—new, much enlarged, or severely truncated—with over a hundred million inhabitants, more than a score of disputed frontiers, and some fifty burning problems. The three World Powers—the United States, the British Empire, and Russia—had no positive interest in upholding the territorial settlement established in that region; and the Coalition of the War of 1914–18 was dead before the Peace Treaties were concluded.

The French Revolution had challenged the social and political order of Europe, which still comprised virtually the whole civilised world of the white race. Predominance on

the European Continent, then even more than now, pointed to world-dominion, especially when coupled with an aggressive, revolutionary creed. Great Britain and Russia were the gates through which Napoleon had to break if he was to reach the vast extra-European spaces. Still, even these Powers, on the two flanks of the European Continent, fought him as Europeans, in an European Coalition, over European problems.

The war of 1914 was again European in its immediate causes and in its consequences; yet its orgin and outcome were largely conditioned by extra-European problems and forces. Had it not been for Germany's world-wide ambitions and the resulting conflict with the Anglo-Saxon Powers, the war, which turned on a stage in the logical advance of European nationalisms,[1] would either not have broken out or would soon have ended in a German victory. The intervention of the Anglo-Saxon Powers and the defeat of Germany, coupled with the collapse of Russia, cleared the ground for the rise of the small nations in the European Middle East to independent State existence; but this was a development in which Britain and America had no immediate interest, and for which neither would have gone to war. Moreover, a superiority of France over Germany was re-established such as France herself had no longer hoped for or aimed at. Here were two logical consequences of an incongruous situation.

II

Germany's primacy on the European Continent had been established by Bismarck's victories, and secured through the wise restraint of his policy during the next twenty years. Whereas the French Revolution and Napoleon had from the very outset challenged England and Russia, Bismarck was careful not to drive either into active hostility; and as long as these two Powers could safely acquiesce in Germany's predominance in the centre of Europe, there was no one on that Continent sufficient to dispute it. The Habsburg Monarchy had been reconstructed on a German-Magyar basis, which both fitted and forced it into the German system;

[1] *Cf.* my article 'From Vienna to Versailles' in the *Nineteenth Century Review* for February, 1940.

France was isolated and immobilised. For centuries Vienna and Paris had been the centres of European power-politics: now Berlin overshadowed them, and its pre-eminence grew steadily through the prodigious increase in Germany's population and resources.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the programme of *revanche* had paled into a theoretical hope, remembered but not contemplated. In the Boulanger crisis, France had passed through, and had overcome, the paroxysm of pathological nationalism which invariably sets in about fifteen years after a major defeat.[2] Almost every theory, delusion, or trick in the Nazi repertory finds its remarkable, though less vile and brutal, counterpart in the demagogical militarist and anti-Semitic movements which centred round Boulanger, Déroulède, and Drumont; there was the same nationalist exasperation and effervescence, a similar mixture of radicalism and reaction, the same reviling of the Parliamentary Republic, of its sins and 'corruption,' the same hysterical adulation of an individual before he had any achievements to his credit: but resistance at home and obstacles abroad prevented the emotions behind the Boulanger movement from ever being translated into practice. Meanwhile a generation grew up no longer beset by the poignant memories of 1870; and the Russian alliance, though it created a better feeling of security, disappointed those who had pinned on it hopes of *revanche*. The passionate dream of the preceding generation was fading. '*La fin du siècle*' in France was a period of dramatic internal contests, of cultural endeavour, moral elevation, and of high intellectual achievement. Conscious pacifism was gaining ground, and—the clearest evidence of strength—it found expression in two otherwise antagonistic movements: the French labour movement, under its great leader Jaurès, hoped and strove for international reconciliation through the working classes, while important sections of the propertied classes, represented by men like Rouvier and Caillaux, looked to financial co-operation of an international character

But the dictum of Napoleon III—'When France is contented, Europe is at peace'—no longer held good after 1870. And now William II's ill-defined world ambitions and confused world-politics supplied a new background to the

[2] *Cf.* essay on 'Pathological Nationalisms' in my book *In the Margin of History*.

European scene. He would suffer no limitation to his claims to be heard, or to the weight of his armaments. He menaced England and estranged Russia. At times he attempted a Continental bloc against England—during the Boer War and at Björkoe—in which France was to play the satellite and accomplice of German *Weltpolitik*. But if there was to be no reversal of 1870, France meant at least to preserve her dignity and independence. Feelings of uncertainty and unrest evoked by German strength and bluster produced the Franco-British Entente, originally a move towards political preparedness, not an alliance. The English had an engrained aversion to Continental commitments; the French had even better reason to move warily. For the Germans, blackmailers to the core, were announcing with glee that should England prove beyond their reach, France, if her ally, was to make up for it as 'hostage' and prey; and the French knew what a war with Germany might entail for them in suffering and losses. Twice after the Entente had been formed, in the Morocco crises of 1906 and 1911, France, though assured of British assistance, preferred to placate the Germans; and Russia had to give way to them in the Bosnian crisis of 1909. These were withdrawals, not capitulations, though Germany tried to render them humiliating, so as to obtain from them the fullest enjoyment, and perhaps also in order to discredit the Entente. Actually Germany's conduct produced a hardening of British resistance and a rise of nationalist feeling in Russia and France. Two men came to the fore who remembered 1870, actually and politically, Poincaré and Clemenceau.

British support had to be given if France and Russia were to be enabled to stand up to Germany; or else they might have been forced into the German orbit and into a partnership directed against this country. This support the Germans described as a policy of 'incitement,' 'encirclement,' and of making those countries fight Britain's battles (but, in fact, Russia and France entered the war in 1914 before they were perfectly certain of Britain's active support). No one in this country will say that America is inciting us because her aid helps us to fight a battle which she knows is ultimately her battle. Nor would German fudge and fustian deserve a reply. But in the bitterness of defeat misapprehensions are apt to arise in the French mind. A decline in the French *élan* was

noticeable during the period 1890–1910; and the revival in French nationalism and action occurred against the background of the Anglo-German conflict. The chance which this offered roused the French to one supreme last effort, and the victory of 1918 carried them further than their Anglo-Saxon friends ever wished them to go. There followed ebullition, failure, and decline; torpor, a convulsion, and agony.

III

In the break up of European Turkey, 1912–13, the process of national re-formation was resumed which, after thirty active years, had been arrested in 1878. The expulsion of the Turks from the Balkans had always been an aim of Russian Greek-Orthodoxy and Pan-Slavism. It also lay in the logic of European development, to be followed by the disruption of the Habsburg Monarchy. This, too, was in Russia's Greek-Orthodox, Pan-Slav programme; but it had never been an aim of British, nor of French policy. Still, when the problem of the subject nationalities of Austria-Hungary moved into the foreground, and, in the conflict which ensued, her continued existence became the touchstone of German superiority over the European Continent, Britain could not remain indifferent to the power problem, even though she had no immediate interest in the territorial issues. At the root of the war of 1914 lay a Russian interest, sentiment, and tradition. The war ended without Russia, and the process which she had fostered was concluded at her own expense. The development was logical but absurd. For if a new order was to be secured in East-Central Europe it could not be against all the Great Powers east of the Rhine. Russia's collapse left a void and a burden which from the outset vitiated the peace settlement. This was still further complicated by the French system of alliances, the Anglo-Saxon delusion of a League of Nations, and the universal horror of Bolshevism.

France had lost more than 1,500,000 dead in a war which had not been of her initiative or making; a terrible loss for a nation stationary, or even declining, in numbers. What she now craved was security, foremost perhaps the assurance of never again having to wage such a war, or make such sacrifices. Her system of alliances in East-Central Europe

was as imperfect and as deceptive as her Maginot line later on: and both belonged to the same order of thought and were to have served the same purpose. But fear and an anxious economy cramp the human spirit, and deprive both policy and strategy of the necessary balance, *élan*, and freedom. The progeny of victory was to have sustained its parent; but it gradually dawned on the French that their system, which attracted the hostility of three Great Powers, besides two small ones, was a liability rather than an asset.[3] They tried to bolster it up by recourse to League ideas: which, in turn, landed them in new difficulties. And after having been imperious and rash, they finished by becoming distracted and listless. Political juggling cannot do away with numbers, weights, and measures, nor do sermons and signatures transform human nature. No system can be permanently maintained on the European Continent east of the Rhine, which has not the support either of Germany or of Russia, especially if its other guarantors are not anxious to exert themselves.

IV

The League of Nations was essentially an Anglo-Saxon idea; it was the continuation, or rather the revival, in the sphere of international politics, of the faith, the facile optimism and comfortable illusions, of mid-nineteenth century 'utilitarian' believers in democracy. These were based on the triple conviction that the pursuit of the good was a matter of right reasoning, that right reasoning was a matter of education, and that whoever thought rightly would act rightly; moreover, that peace was the 'normal' condition of humanity, and any deviation from it was a lapse from grace.[4] In the prosperous, self-satisfied atmosphere of America, mid-Victorian ideas survived into the twentieth century, and at the end of the Great War, Woodrow Wilson, 'impassioned admirer of Bright and Gladstone, transplanted the nineteenth century rationalist faith to the almost virgin soil of international politics, and, bringing it back with him

[3] *Cf.* the essay on 'French Policy in Europe, 1919–38' in my book *In the Margin of History*.

[4] On the mid-Victorian origin of the League idea, see Professor E. H. Carr's brilliant book, *The Twenty Years' Crisis*.

to Europe, gave it a new lease of life.'[5] When on his way to Paris he was asked 'by some of his advisers whether he thought his plan of a League of Nations would work, he replied briefly: "If it won't work, it must be made to work."'[6]

Did President Wilson realise what supreme exertions this would have entailed? The 'Pax Anglo-Saxonica,' to be effective, required an Anglo-Saxon world police; in fact, a world dominion exercised by America and the British Empire. But was either prepared for such an undertaking? Even at the Peace Conference it was difficult enough to obtain right decisions. The Anglo-Saxon Powers, being uninterested, tended to be just; France tried to please and oblige her numerous and clamourous *clientèle;* Italy was keen on mis-drawing frontiers, each violation of the principle of nationality constituting a precedent for her own preposterous demands; and as for Japan, one of her representatives, when asked to decide in a tie between the two Anglo-Saxon and the two Latin Powers, significantly replied that 'the Japanese delegation voted with the majority.' Long before the close of the Peace Conference, the effective control of affairs had slipped from the hands of the Anglo-Saxon Powers, as it was only too obvious that in neither country would public opinion have suffered the sending of troops to enforce a decision however just, or to prevent an outrage however flagrant, in regions in which they were not interested. The defeated Great Powers—Russia and Germany—were prostrate, and the victorious Great Powers became silent, loth to contend where unable to determine. In this void, small nations staked out and imposed their claims and, with little share in the victory, became its chief and inordinate beneficiaries. Such was the paradoxical and incongruous outcome of the War of 1914–18: was the League to guarantee or to correct the settlement?

Too clear an answer to this question would have meant trouble. The League was to cure humanity and lead it into better ways. It was an expression of the morality and idealism of the Anglo-Saxons, and of their ignorance of what it means to suffer of neighbours and disputed borderlands (Ulster alone knows it). The alchemists set out with the belief that there

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 37. [6] *Ibid.*, p. 12.

must be a way of making gold, because they had the will make it. The Anglo-Saxons wanted peace; to show up impossibilities of the League nostrum was conside 'destructive and unhelpful'—for 'what will you put in place?' Insularity, not internationalism, was the breath of the League idea. Besides, there was shrewdn and self-deception, the will to do good and the wish to ha it cheap; a vast amount of humane feeling, confused thinki and doctrinaire impatience.

The Anglo-Saxon mind, like the Jewish, is inclined legalism. In the eighteenth century the problem of Ameri taxation was discussed in the British Parliament in terms law, precedent and custom. It was then that Great Brit learnt the futility of such methods. America, in isolation under a federal system, has preserved a good deal of legalistic outlook. In the Covenant, President Wilson ga the League of Nations a written constitution, but without i moral basis of true acceptance or the backing of force— burden of legalism without the advantages of law. Tsa Russia had started the war in 1914 and collapsed before close; President Wilson started the League and was d avowed by America: Great Britain had first to go throu with the War, and next with the League.

In the 1850's Bismarck declared that if Prussia was to fixed in loyalty to the 'German idea' and hostility agai France, there was no room for a foreign policy. After 1 England tied herself up in loyalty to the 'League idea' hostility to Bolshevik Russia: henceforth Great Britain h no foreign policy. With the great mass of the British pub in that 'League idea' peace counted for more than justi and disarmament for more than 'collective security.' Mo over—'what is justice?' Whenever legal obligatio encounter a passionate aversion to danger and action, feel subterfuges and self-defeating compromises are resorted for instance, sanctions are imposed, but not pressed to a poi at which by becoming effective they might provoke war. I Wickham Steed, an expert on foreign policy and a champi of the League, writes in his book on *Our War Aims*: 'If meant to turn our backs on a League policy of collecti security against war, we ought to have re-armed mu sooner.' But would it not be truer to say that we ought

have done so if we meant to stand by collective security? For surely Japan, Italy, and Germany could be expected to start with China, Abyssinia, Austria and Czechoslovakia, rather than with Great Britain. League of Nations' principles, seriously held, are incompatible with the blind, unconditional pacifism which swelled the following of the League idea and was (perhaps against the wish of the leaders) stimulated by League propaganda. Hitler, after each performance, had merely to talk of rejoining the League or of signing some new 'Non-Aggression Pact' for enthusiastic pacifists to proclaim that to doubt his sincerity would be a crime.

V

Some people Hitler could best reassure by talking about peace, others by inveighing against the 'Reds.' It was, of course, against these, and against no one else, that he was arming.

In 1815, France under the Bourbons received remarkably lenient treatment: could anyone visit the crimes of the Revolution and Napoleon on these illustrious sufferers? They were Europe's first line of defence against a recurrence of war, against Jacobins and Bonapartists—'with the Bourbons, war was neither a need, nor a passion.' They could claim, and received, consideration.

In 1918 the Germans tried their transformation trick: the Weimar Republic would 'render the world safe for democracy.' But were Socialists and Democrats a safe line of defence against Bolshevism? By 1919 Europe feared the 'Reds' more than the Kaiser. The Weimar Republic aroused no enthusiasm and received little consideration.

Fifteen years after 1815 the July Revolution overthrew the Bourbons. In 1830, 1840, about 1850, fear of French aggression, an aggression tinged with revolution, drew the European Powers closer together. Napoleon III had to talk *Realpolitik* to reassure Europe.

Fifteen years after 1918 the Nazis overthrew the Weimar Republic. Blood was spilt, but the blood of 'Reds'; atrocities were committed, but the excuses offered had a counter-revolutionary colouring. In every country there were people eager to find evidence of the good which Hitler was supposed

to have done to his country: he has 'saved Germany from Communism'; 'restored her self-respect'; the Jews—well, 'they are not without blame'; the atrocities are 'exaggerated'; the Versailles Treaty was 'harsh.'

1830 lost for France the indulgence accorded to the Bourbons; 1933 won for Germany the indulgence withheld from the Weimar Republic. Would M. Laval and M. Daladier, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, have been so slow in sensing danger had a Bolshevik Germany re-armed on such a scale?

VI

Without Russia no stable system can be established on the European Continent to keep Germany in check. Under pressure of the present war the English-speaking nations are drawing closer together and developing a powerful extra-European system of defence, of which Great Britain is the advanced European bastion. In the days when naval superiority was sufficient to ensure the safety of the British Isles, the shores facing them were our frontier and the sea was our line of defence. Now that line must include the aerodromes along those shores. Norway, Denmark, and the Low Countries have learnt that there is no such thing as 'neutrality' in relations with Germany. They and France are essential to the Anglo-Saxon defensive system. But France will no longer be able to play the rôle of 'puissance protectrice' in East-Central Europe. As such she failed whenever she was faced by German-Russian co-operation—in the eighteenth century, when she was unable to protect Sweden, Poland, and Turkey; in the nineteenth century, when she failed effectively to help Poland; in the twentieth century, at Munich, at the siege of Warsaw, and at Vichy. But will, or could, even the Anglo-Saxon Powers undertake such a task? With Europe east of the Rhine left to itself, there can be Anglo-Saxon armed security, but there can be no real peace; only co-operation between the English-speaking nations and Russia can regain for Europe the stability which, at the end of the last war, was compromised by the virtual withdrawal of the three World Empires. Russia's present weakness and her outlook, so different from that of the democracies, are obstacle in the way of co-operation with her, and their influence is the

greater the nearer a nation stands to Russia. Still those smaller nations which, after 1919, wished and worked for the isolation and proscription of Russia, must now realise what chances this has given to the Germans who, united as they never were before, will remain a danger to Europe until and unless a firm ring is formed around them.

L. B. NAMIER.

THE TRAGEDY OF KIPPS

If there is safety in the multitude of counsellors ours should be the golden age of security. Never were so many commentaries provoked by events and never so many mutually contradictory prophets all proved, on their own showing, to have been right. Man is not content to see wheels go round; he wants to know why. 'It is neither possible, nor necessary,' wrote Coleridge, 'for all men, nor for many, to be philosophers.' Perhaps not, but it seems that everybody will try. There are several possible sub-divisions of the mass of printed matter provoked by the war. One would separate the genuinely interpretative work from that which seeks simply to exploit events. To the second category belongs a great deal of the merely pietistic literature, the distilled essence of innumerable sermons by curates and pastors persuaded that this is the providential opportunity to 'put Christianity across in a big way.' Each of these commentators will have his *clientèle*, but there is one class very little in demand to-day. I mean the merely flippant. Even if we are told, as we always are, that the apparent flippancy conceals a deep concern for humanity, thoughtful people are not impressed. A publisher who commends a book as 'Voltairian' at this moment is to be suspected of not knowing his own business. In vain do paradoxists fit a ready-made halo to the author of *Candide*. 'The reasonable, educated grin,' is not for this generation. 'Cease then, my much respected Herr von Voltaire,' wrote Carlyle, 'for the task appointed thee seems ended.' And this time Carlyle was right.

H. G. Wells's latest 'venture'[1]—for once the publisher has found *le mot juste*—is commended to us on the dust cover as a 'profound and witty Voltairian dialogue.' If it had been Voltairian, it would, of course, have been witty, and, certainly, would not have been profound. In fact, it is

[1] 'All aboard for Ararat.' (Martin Secker and Warburg, 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

neither. It recalls the puerile blasphemies of the late Mr. G. W. Foote to which the public authorities gave an unnecessary advertisement in the last century. Those who remember Ingersoll's *Mistakes of Moses* and contemporary efforts of the same kind, will find it difficult to be amused at a sniggering treatment of 'an Old Testament Deity' and laboured jokes about the patriarchs. Mr. Wells appears to be under the illusion that he is the only survivor acquainted with the Old Testament. Actually his acquaintance with it is so superficial that he imagines Archbishop Ussher's chronology to be a part of the scriptural records. Ingersoll and Foote were less pretentious, but they had the advantage over Mr. Wells that a good deal of Victorian England was prepared to be shocked by them and a small section amused. It is hard to believe that *All aboard for Ararat* will produce either effect. After the dialogue with an Old Testament Deity we have a conversation between the hero (Mr. Wells, of course) and a little vole. This creature, at the beginning, was 'fascinated' and 'entranced.' Then he 'made no sign.' We suspect that the intelligent creature had fallen asleep. He appears, however, to have awakened in time to discover that the man who was lecturing him was 'an overwhelming menace.' Mr. Wells may be right on the psychology of voles, but we do not see anybody else being overwhelmed.

A comparison of the modern world with that on the eve of the deluge is trite enough. Mr. Noah Lammock in this pamphlet is the modern equivalent of Noah the son of Lamech, and when we are introduced to him he is brooding over the mysterious failure of the world to develop on the lines described in successive books by Mr. Wells. 'It seemed beyond dispute to Mr. Noah Lammock that madness had taken complete possession of the earth.' Readers of an earlier and more amusing Wells may recall that Mr. Polly felt very much the same because Mrs. Polly could not cook eggs properly. Mr. Lammock's opening soliloquy is, indeed, very reminiscent of that of Mr. Polly when he sat on a gate and pronounced the world a ''ole.' Looking on that picture and on this, we can only plagiarise once more. 'It's fair itchabod o' man.' The Higher Critics of the future will certainly deny that the author of *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly* is the dull pamphleteer of *All aboard for Ararat*.

The problems of those two immortals were real problems. Mr. Wells understood them and to have described them gives him a claim to our gratitude that nothing can efface. But Mr. Noah Lammock is compelled to objectify his own disillusionments and present them on a cosmic scale. This age, like every other, is tragic. Its tragedy is enhanced for us because it comes after a period of superficial calm in which the fires were below the surface. Mr. Lammock, we are told, 'had lived most of his life in the conviction that a greater world order, a vast new Peace of universal opportunity and fulfilment, was unfolding before mankind.' Who told him so? Certainly not 'an Old Testament Deity' nor the despised priests and theologians of the Christian Church. The pathetic figure—a magnified and non-natural Mr. Wells—whose conversation with Mr. Lammock occupies the first part of the pamphlet seems to share all these illusions. He, too, believed in a war to end war and in the gradual perfection of the human race.

We may consider this a respectable delusion and pity those whose house was built upon sand, but what nobody, whether he be an Atheist pamphleteer or an Anglican Dean, has the least right to do is to pretend that it is Christian or stands in any other relation to the whole Christian tradition than one of flat contradiction. 'My ways are not your ways saith the Lord, nor are my thoughts your thoughts.' The psalmist long ago had 'seen an end of all perfection.' But he knew what Mr. Wells does not: 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' Christianity, which Mr. Wells has never taken the trouble to understand, has presented an intelligible picture of human development quite other than that of modern humanitarianism. It is that of a field in which wheat and tares grow together until the final harvest. Anyone is free to reject it, but let us not pretend that the collapse of the 'brave new world' is a tragedy of disillusionment for those who never believed in it.

The first and most obvious criticism of *All aboard for Ararat*, if we set aside questions of good taste on which it is impossible to argue, is that Mr. Wells has mis-stated the problem. The 'Old Testament Deity' has rebuked him in advance: 'Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.' The second is that he addresses himself to pro-

[illegible] for which his lack of equipment is so great as to make the attempt an impertinence. Mr. Kipps, gorgeous in carpet slippers in the dining-room of the hotel, recognised that he was out of place. He is a pathetic figure. An elderly Kipps who insisted on telling improper stories and putting the hotel in its place would be less attractive. The Deity in this pamphlet introduces himself: 'I have been called the "Great First Cause," but that "Great" is a vulgarity.' Perhaps, but not more so than Mr. Wells's use in the next sentence of the term 'super-metaphysics.' What does he imagine this to mean? 'I'm afraid,' his visitor says, 'that brain of yours is not particularly adapted to what I might call super-metaphysics.' When every new picture theatre is a 'super-cinema,' it is perhaps appropriate that, by the same sort of mind, we should have the simplest metaphysical questions described as 'super-metaphysics.' But the carpet slippers are painfully obvious.

All aboard for Ararat then is an invitation to those who believe in an earthly paradise which has failed to materialise. What are they to do? It may seem to some people that the most appropriate advice would be to think again. Mr. Wells's proposal is that they should board a new ark for a personally conducted trip to an unknown destination under the leadership of those who have already deceived them. Mr. Wells is the frankest living exponent of confusion of thought as a good in itself. He popularised the appropriate technique for it—those sentences ending in a line of dots to indicate that the tired brain has given up the effort of thinking. To do him justice, he is not one of those who claim to have been right all the time. By a monstrous paradox, he asks us to follow him because he has always been wrong. He has a strange hatred of greatness and dignity, a perverse satisfaction in pronouncing the littleness of everything including himself. If he hates Karl Marx it is precisely because of what he calls 'the Great Man idea' and the extent to which the prophetic side of Marx approached it.

Mr. Wells's work is, of course, the home of mental confusion. There have to be 'a new religion and a new manner of life.' Moreover, everybody must accept them. 'About certain fundamental things,' we are told, 'there exists a wide diversity of opinion to-day. Such a diversity about funda-

mentals is unthinkable. . . . One opinion and one only can be nearest the truth, and the rest are wrong and have to be rejected, definitely and lucidly, on this ark first, and then, as we prevail, throughout the world.' This belief must be, we learn later, the system known as Behaviourism. 'Moreover much as it costs us in immediate effectiveness, that and that alone must be the common mind of the men who will man my ark.' We learn too, that 'the core of the New World must be atheist, creative and psycho-synthetic.'

This seems to indicate pretty clearly a Holy Inquisition. But, although there must be a new religion and everybody must accept it, we are told: 'Enquiry replaces dogma. You grow, so that there is no possibility of a heresy hunt upon the ark, any more than you can have a heresy hunt within the Royal Society.' But the Royal Society does not insist that there can be no difference on fundamentals. Suppose the enquiry leads to the rejection of 'behaviourism' as a piece of crudity, and of the other triple requirement as pretentious twaddle? There is to be no dogmatic religious teaching. 'We cannot afford to lose one possible brain in that way.'

What seems to emerge from all this is that everybody must arrive by a process of enquiry at the set of opinions Mr. Wells happens to hold at the moment. At the time *All aboard for Ararat* was printed this was a rather confused pantheism. 'Your individual life in itself is worth nothing at all.' When that monstrous lie is accepted by less flabby minds than that of Mr. Wells, it leads straight to the doctrine of totalitarianism. It is not easy to see what fundamental quarrel he has with Hitler. Mr. Wells would have the individual life, 'escape into the synthesis of mankind,' whereas Nazism would merge it in the German race and Communism in the international proletariat. Mr. Wells's Ark will not reach Ararat or anywhere else and its log will not make pleasant reading.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE

I

In June, 1914, some six weeks before the outbreak of the last great war—the Hohenzollern bid for world domination—a remarkable book was published by Mr. John Murray entitled *Germany and England.* Its author was Professor J. A. Cramb, who for twenty years (1893–1913) had modestly and inconspicuously taught modern history in Queen's College, Harley Street, London, a finishing establishment for young ladies. It was based on four eruptive lectures which he had delivered to his amazed and singularly inappropriate audience in the spring of the preceding year. It lacked the author's final revision, for Professor Cramb, whose health had been failing at the time when he had delivered the lectures, had died—wholly unknown to fame and a stranger even to most English historians—in October, 1913. The lectures, as published, had had to be reconstructed from the professor's scanty notes, and from the scripts of a diligent auditor. In the circumstances the book, merely as literature, is an astonishing one. Although several sections of it are incomplete, and although no doubt in many passages the lecturer's exact words are not reproduced, the whole stands out as a magnificent piece of English prose. It is volcanic in its energy; shattering in its passionate sincerity, destructive in its denunciation of the blind guides who, in 1913, were leading Britain towards the abyss of world-war. The outbreak of the war in August, 1914, gave the book an immense vogue, and Professor Cramb, inconspicuous during the fifty-three years of his life, attained to posthumous notoriety.

Cramb, after taking a high classical degree in the University of Glasgow, had gone to Germany to continue his studies in the University of Bonn. There he acquired, not only a thorough command of the German language, but also a

profound insight into the German mentality. He appreciated the ant-like diligence of the German people; their habit of unquestioning obedience to the dictates of Government; their infinite capacity for believing anything that suited the interests of their rulers or flattered their national pride. Throughout his life he continued his visits to Germany, kept up his reading in German history and literature, and followed the trend of German policy. In particular, he passed under the spell of Heinrich von Treitschke, admiring his splendid eloquence, respecting his obvious sincerity, feeling the power of his magnetic personality, but at the same time dreading the effect of his influence upon the vast multitude of his auditors and his readers. For Treitschke was an avowed and violent enemy of England, and the whole trend of his teaching was War. Here is a passage from Cramb's third lecture:

Almost the last time we see Treitschke—those noble features of his lit up, as they always were instantly lit up by any enthusiasm whether of love or of hate—almost the last time we really see him is on an evening in 1895, when, returned from a visit to England, he poured out to a company of friends all the vitriol of his scorn, antipathy, and hate for England and the English, enduring no word of comment or contradiction. . . . All who listened to Treitschke that night seemed to hear in his words, as they had heard in his lectures again and again, the first dark roll that announces the dreadful storm, the coming war—the war that he regarded as simply inevitable—between these two empires, both the descendants of the war-god, Odin, and yet *because* of that, doomed to this great conflict.

At the time when Professor Cramb uttered these ominous words, Treitschke was scarcely known even by name to the mass of the people whom he loathed with so vitriolic a hatred, and against whom he was incessantly advocating war. His voluminous works in German were a sealed book to the majority of even cultivated Britons, and not one of them had been translated into English. They taught a political theory utterly alien from the liberalism of British thought; they dealt with a period of history which to Britons was inextricably complex and inexpressibly dull. So they remained dangerous but disregarded—as it were, unexploded and undetected delayed-action bombs.

The publication of Professor Cramb's lectures, however, together with the outbreak of the Great War—two events which occurred almost simultaneously—roused a sudden interest in Treitschke and his writings. Those diligent and skilled translators, Eden and Cedar Paul, set to work on the *Deutsche Geschichte im neunzehnten Jahrhundert* and began to issue it in 1915 with a sympathetic introduction by Mr. W. H. Dawson. Under the title *History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century*, it ran to seven substantial volumes, the last appearing in 1919. In spite of its length, it is but a fragment of an uncompleted work. Beginning with the 1815 settlement of Germany, it extends only to 1848. It is, indeed, little more than a partial history of the unhappy German *Bund*, which collapsed in 1848, was revived in 1852, and finally swept away in 1866. It is characterised by extreme contempt for the *Bund*; intense dislike for Britain, France, Austria, and Russia; pathetic partiality for Prussia, which in reality played an exceedingly unheroic part in the drama of the early nineteenth century. Whilst the Pauls were toiling at the history, Blanche Dugdale and Torben de Bille were busy translating the *Politik: Vorlesungen, herausgegeben von Max Cornicelius*. These lectures, edited by Dr. Cornicelius, had formed the substance of numerous courses delivered during many years in the University of Berlin and elsewhere. Treitschke himself had never published them, never even written them out. They had to be reconstructed from the lecturer's syllabuses and memoranda, supplemented by the numerous and detailed notes taken by generations of students. The German edition appeared in two volumes, with an index, after Treitschke's death (1897–1901). The English translation was published, also in two volumes, by Messrs. Constable & Co. in 1916. It contained an Introduction by Mr. A. J. (later Earl) Balfour. This Introduction, although brief, is one of the most pungent and penetrating pieces of Lord Balfour's all-too-scanty writing. It is as relevant to the present political situation as it was to that of a quarter of a century ago, and is the occasion of the present article.

First, a few preliminary words concerning Treitschke himself. Heinrich von Treitschke was a Slav by race. His ancestors in the seventeenth century were Czechs of Bohemia. They fled from their native land during the Thirty Years' War

and, as Protestants, settled in Saxony. They carried with them that burning hatred of Catholicism, and of the cosmopolitanism that goes with it, that marked all Heinrich's public utterances. Another thing also that Treitschke possibly owed to his Slavonic ancestry was the brilliance and lucidity of his style. He has been called the 'Macaulay of Germany,' and it is certain that his books made a popular appeal unequalled by that of any purely Teutonic writings. Their only rival was Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Grundlagen des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*, and Chamberlain was an Englishman. It would appear that the High-German has to be leavened with the Slav, the Low-German, or (we must add) the Jew, in order to make him readable.

The Treitschke family was a military one. Heinrich's maternal grandfather had fought under Washington in the War of American Independence. His father had played a prominent part in the service of Saxony during the Napoleonic Wars. After the peace of 1815 he had risen high in the favour of the King of Saxony, had become a general, had been appointed Governor of the fortress of Königstein and Commander of the garrison of Dresden. Heinrich himself was destined to become a soldier, and no doubt would have become one, had it not been for the circumstance that he was rendered almost stone-deaf by an illness in early boyhood. His disability closed both the army and the civil service to him. He did later enter and sit in the Reichstag (1871–1884); but his deafness prevented him from hearing the debates and so made him ineffective. There was nothing for him except study and teaching. He studied history and philosophy; but his real interest was politics. He longed to see the end of the ineffective *Bund*, *i.e.*, the confederation of thirty-nine German States set up in 1815. What he passionately desired was a Unitary State (*Einheitsstaat*), and the only hope of unity appeared to him to lie in the dominance of the Prussian monarchy. At first he was a Liberal, advocating a constitutional and parliamentary form of government; but the ghastly failure of the German Liberals to make use of the golden opportunity given to them in 1848–1852, gradually converted him to the Junker policy of 'blood and iron' as represented by Bismarck.

The direction of his evolution as a politician was largely

determined by the teachers under whom he studied. Like most German students, he passed through several universities drawn by the attraction of notable professors. At Bonn (1851) he was privileged to attend the lectures of the octogenarian Arndt, prophet of the period of the War of Liberation. But more influential in directing his course was F. C. Dahlmann, whose consuming interest was politics: his ideal was a Liberal German Empire under Prussian leadership. He was the real founder of the so-called Prussian school in history—the school of which Treitschke became the greatest ornament. This was the school that regarded history as the handmaid of politics, too often tending, in its zeal for a political cause, to prostitute history to propaganda. From Bonn Treitschke passed on to Leipzig (1852), where Roscher was emphasising and illustrating the economic interpretation of history. He attended the courses of lectures which Roscher ultimately published under the title *Die Grundlagen von Nationalökonomie*. From this course he learned the significance of the Prussian Zollverein and perceived the part it was playing in the unification of Germany. From Leipzig he proceeded to Heidelberg (1853), where Ludwig Häusser, in lectures nominally dealing with the Napoleonic Wars, was ardently advocating the unification of Germany under the Prussian monarchy.

When, in 1857, Treitschke himself began to teach, this same idea of the unification of Germany under Prussia was the underlying motive of all his discourses. He had a natural gift of eloquence and a wonderful command of language. His impassioned, if entirely unscientific, enthusiasm, so different from the dry-as-dust rationalism of the true Teutonic professor, commanded attention. Even his strident voice, harsh and unmusical because of his extreme deafness, marked him out as unusual. Nevertheless, since the scene of his early labours was the Saxon University of Leipzig, the measure of his eloquence became also the measure of his unpopularity. For the leading line of Saxon politics was antagonism to Prussia. Even Treitschke's own father, the confidential friend of the King of Saxony, broke off relations with the son whose expressions of contempt for Saxony he could not restrain.

So uncomfortable did Treitschke find himself at Leipzig

that in 1863 he welcomed an invitation to go to Freiburg in Baden as Professor of Political Science. There he drafted and delivered year by year that course of lectures on Politics which gradually, when repeated to larger audiences in Berlin, became the battle-cry of young Germany. At Freiburg he shed whatever remained of his early Liberalism, and became the open advocate of War as the main instrument of national policy. The day of Bismarck had, indeed, dawned. He had won his victory over the Constitutionalists. In 1864 he began his career of military triumph by the crushing of Denmark and the seizure of Schleswig. In 1866 came the Austro-Prussian crisis, culminating in Bismarck's second successful war. Treitschke seethed with excitement and did all in his power to advocate the Prussian cause. Baden, however, remained unconvinced, and threw in her lot with Austria. Hence Treitschke resigned his chair at Freiburg, took himself to Berlin, and became a Prussian citizen.

Bismarck welcomed him to Berlin with warm cordiality and secured for him the editorship of the *Preussiche Jahrbücher*. In all the proceedings that led to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 Bismarck had no more zealous and vociferous a supporter than Treitschke. His hatred of France was intense: he loathed Napoleon III; he wrote a pamphlet *Was fordern wir von Frankreich?* (1870) which advocated the virtual destruction of that country. In 1874 he received his reward. He was appointed to the chair of politics at the University of Berlin, an institution very much under the control of the State, and under the immediate eyes of the Emperor and his Iron Chancellor. At Berlin he remained, delivering his inflammatory lectures on Politics, until his death at the age of sixty-two in 1896.

It is with these lectures on Politics and with Lord Balfour's Introduction thereto that we are here mainly concerned. We have already observed that Treitschke did not read or write the lectures. He prepared and distributed a syllabus of them, but he did not keep to it. Every year he added to the subject matter, as the course of events in the world suggested. The lectures were always up to date and always aggressive in their modernity. In their form as published in 1897–1901, and as translated in 1915–19, they represent the utterances of Treitschke's later years, when he was glorying in Prussia's

triumph over Denmark, Austria, and France, and was eagerly anticipating the creation of a German sea-power that would lead to the subjugation and spoliation of the British Empire. The lectures as we have them are really very poor stuff. Even allowing for the fact that Treitschke himself did not put them into writing or see them through the press, we must dare to say that there is not much in them. In substance they are a confused hash of Aristotle, Machiavelli, and Rochau. From Aristotle's *Politics* Treitschke borrowed the idea that the State is prior to the individual; from Machiavelli's *Prince* and *Discourses* he took over the deadly dogma that the State is free from the restraints of private morality, and that in pursuit of its ends the violence of the lion and the craft of the fox are legitimate instruments; from Rochau's *Grundzüge der Realpolitik* (1853) he learned the aphorism 'the State is Power,' and the doctrine that the power of the State is based on the will of the ruler and not on the consent of the ruled. Mixing these ingredients together, he added to them a number of inflammatory fictions, drawn from his own perverted imagination, respecting the supreme virtues of the German people, the outstanding merits of the Hohenzollern monarchy, the incomparable superiority of Teutonic civilisation. Finally, he converted the whole into a high-explosive compound by pouring onto it the corrosive acids of his intense hatred of England and France, his nervous dread of Russia, his immeasurable contempt for all small and weak States. Of any serious philosophy of the State his *Politics* is entirely devoid; as a scientific work it is negligible. Of such great political thinkers as Augustine and Aquinas, Hobbes and Locke, Spinoza and Rousseau, and even his own countrymen, Kant and Hegel, Treitschke shows little knowledge and no appreciation. He did not, indeed, wish to educate his hearers; he wished merely to fill them full of national conceit and stir them up to war.

Few men have glorified war—almost for its own sake and as an end in itself—as has Treitschke. 'War is the only remedy for ailing nations,' he cries. 'The living God will see to it that War constantly returns as a dreadful medicine for the human race.' But, of course, the only sort of war that Treitschke contemplates for Germany is victorious and successful war. That the triple conquerors commemorated

in the cannon of the *Siegessäule* should suffer defeat does not enter into his calculation. In the logic of history their next great task is to destroy the British Empire and secure its overseas possessions. Lord Balfour well summarises Treitschke's argument :—

> While Germany was in the throes of the Thirty Years' War or slowly recovering from its effects, England, the detested rival, was laying the foundations of the English-speaking communities beyond the seas. . . . What Britain secured must be worth having. If there was something worth having and Germany had it not, this must be due to the bad luck which sometimes pursues even the most deserving. If Germany had it not and England had it, this must be due to the good luck which sometimes befalls even the most incompetent. But such inequalities are not to be tolerated. They must be redressed, if need be, by force. 'The outcome of our next successful war,' says Treitschke, 'must be the acquisition of Colonies by any possible means.'

Of any generous colonial policy, however, Treitschke is totally devoid. In one specific case he frankly says :—

> There is no other course open to us but to keep the subject races in as uncivilised a condition as possible, and thus prevent them becoming a danger to the handful of their conquerors.

Heaven defend the natives of India, or the negroes of Africa, if ever they pass under German domination !

Throughout the whole of Treitschke's works, in fact, the interests of Germany, and of Germany alone, are assumed to be the sole concern of German soldiers and politicians. Other peoples, necessarily inferior, have no rights as against Germany and her people. Their function is merely to act as servants of the Super-State :—

> Cruel as these processes of transformation may be, they are a *blessing for humanity. It makes for health that the nobler race should absorb the inferior stock.*

If at any time Germany should, for her own temporary convenience, make treaties with these inferior peoples, she is bound by them only so long as it suits her interests to be so :—

> *No State can pledge its future to another. It knows no arbiter and draws up all its treaties with this implied reservation. More-*

ever, every sovereign State has the undoubted right to declare war at its pleasure, and is consequently entitled to repudiate its treaties.

The conduct of Germany before and during the Great War of 1914–18 showed how thoroughly Treitschke's principles of violence and fraud, of merciless ferocity and bottomless treachery had taken possession of the German soul. They had met with all-too-ready a response in the hearts of a barbaric race that had never known the discipline of Rome, and that had only late and imperfectly been converted to Christianity.

Germany began the war of 1914 in the calm confidence of speedy and complete victory. By breaking her pledged word to Belgium and by ignoring all the restraints of international law she expected to hack her way through to triumph within the time-limit of four months. What would Treitschke have thought of a war—this 'remedy for ailing nations'—prolonged for four years, and ending in overwhelming German defeat? The dose of medicine was excessive, and administered to the wrong patient! The statesmen of the victorious Allies seem to have remained ignorant of the German mentality as developed by Treitschke and by such disciples of his as Bernhardi and Reventlow. They failed to realise that Germany could not settle down under defeat; that, unless placed under watch and ward, she would inevitably, by means of her inimitable craft, re-arm herself and renew the strife; that she was still dominated by the ideas instilled into her by the teachers of the Prussian School which regards Frederick the Great and Bismarck as its heroes. So long as the writings of Dahlmann and Häusser, of Droysen and Sybel, and above all of Treitschke remain the classics of German historiography, so long will the German people remain a menace to the world.

F. J. C. HEARNSHAW.

GERHART HAUPTMANN—UNDER THREE FLAGS

Nothing that critics may say, now or hereafter, can alter the fact that Gerhart Hauptmann was for some decades the most prominent literary figure of Germany. In the history of the German drama in particular his influence will always have to be taken into account. Outside Germany, too, the interest in him has been great, especially in America, where the majority of the many English translations of his works have appeared.

In Imperial Germany Hauptmann was never in favour, and in 1913 aroused very bitter hostility. In that year the Breslau students asked him for a dramatic commemoration of the heroic deeds of 1813. In response he wrote a puppet-play, *Festspiel in deutschen Reimen*, but instead of a patriotic glorification of the Wars of Liberation, in keeping with the sanguine and confident mood of the day, the work proved to be imbued with a pacifist spirit. As F. E. May (*Neue deutsche Literaturgeschichte*, Leipzig, 1934) puts it:

> The pageant did not catch the spirit of the time. At the end the poet sang a pæan to *peace* and love. . . . A herald of war had been expected. A prophet of peace appeared. The mood of 1913 was *not* caught.

Albert Soergel (*Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit*, I, Leipzig, 1928) comments on the episode:

> The fault lay with those who asked Hauptmann for a pageant; they must have known that the social-minded poet could be no herald of war.

Through the influence of the Crown Prince the play was withdrawn from the stage, but the resentment aroused in nationalist circles lived on, even when on the outbreak of the War Hauptmann came forward as a—somewhat ineffective—

patriotic poet, and in an open letter to Romain Rolland championed the German cause.

Hauptmann's full recognition came with the Republic. His sixtieth birthday in 1922 was celebrated with enthusiasm, and performances of his plays were given all over Germany. At Breslau, where he was granted the freedom of the city, President Ebert himself took part in the proceedings—an official association of the poet with republican Germany that was to do him no good under a later régime. In 1932, on his seventieth birthday, he was honoured by the award of the Goethe-Preis of the city of Frankfurt. But in 1933 the poet who had enjoyed so long the favour of the Social Democrats, and been indeed regarded as the representative German poet, was thrust out into the cold, and there he was kept for some years. Then surprisingly in 1937 his seventy-fifth birthday was made the occasion to welcome him back into the fold. A gala performance of his play, *Michael Kramer*, was given in the State Theatre in Berlin, and was even honoured by the presence of that other dramatist, Dr. Goebbels. Hauptmann himself received an ovation. Not only were his plays presented again, but his books appeared once more in the bookshops, from which they had been banished. Whether this change of front was a concession to Hauptmann's age, or whether it was realised that his reputation was an asset that could not be wasted, it is impossible to say. That the Nazis cannot really appreciate him and all that his best work stands for is obvious. The counts against him are what would be expected, and are fairly uniform. It all comes fundamentally to the complaint that he is not really 'volkhaft,' as they understand the term. He is not a fighter; he is passive, not active; he is a poet not of power but of pity; he is tainted with 'enlightened' ideas.

The more zealous party scribes are very guarded and discriminating, even when recognising his literary gifts. All the same he is one of the more or less neutral writers, whom critics can discuss more or less on his merits.

Professor Franz Koch (*Geschichte deutscher Dichtung*, Hamburg, 1937) devotes four pages to him. He admits his literary eminence, and especially his position as the leading poet of Naturalism, but his comment contains much of the

common form of Nazi criticism and a fair sprinkling of typical Nazi phrases:

His work is characteristic also in the passive attitude of its creator, the absence of any standpoint, the avoidance of any real attempt to grapple with his problems; his characters have no will of their own, but succumb without a struggle to the play of obscure impulses. Characteristic therefore, to sum up with a few critical words of Friedrich Lienhard on Naturalism, in 'the power of realistic presentation, even to the very breath and scent of things, and at the same time the lack of any power of spiritualisation and inspiration.' . . . His poetry lacks the spiritual power and the faith to go beyond mere representation and description and achieve a solution. Therefore Hauptmann's characters are no fighters.

Paul Fechter (*Geschichte der deutschen Literatur vom Naturalismus bis zur Literatur des Unwirklichen*, Leipzig, 1935) emphasises particularly his identification with the Weimar republic:

For the Republic Hauptmann becomes the poet who expresses most strongly the spirit of the new state . . . Hauptmann has always been called the poet of democracy and socialism, and the time between 1918 and 1933 honoured him as its own.

Walther Linden (*Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von den Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart*, Leipzig, 1937) distinguishes between two aspects of Hauptmann's work, the social and the purely æsthetic, and like the others emphasises in conclusion the lack of any consistent reforming zeal:

Hauptmann's unspeakably rich and copious work, with its profusion of living forms, has its nearer and its remoter aspect. On the one hand we have a national, racial, social-political vein, on the other an æsthetic nervous aloofness leading to a supra-national artistry; here social pity, there great cosmic form; here a naturalistic working world, there the mystic blue over the Isles of the Blest. Unharmonised and inharmonisable it all dwells together in his spacious work, which is born more of a finely-sensitive, keen-scented and susceptible receptivity than of a world-reforming master-will.

Professor Hans Naumann (*Die deutsche Dichtung der Gegenwart*, Stuttgart) could no longer call Hauptmann in the sixth edition in 1933, as he had done in the fifth in 1931, 'this most prominent figure in the intellectual life of Germany

to-day.' For the author of the new edition, with its fervent confession of the full Nazi faith, who describes himself in the long preface as one of those 'late awakened and long stricken with blindness' (uns spät Erwachten und lang Verblendeten), that place is taken by Stefan George, and the quite logical Nazi theory is elaborated that as you can have only one political 'Führer' at a time, so you can have only one literary 'Führer.' Otherwise he lets his glowing eulogy stand, qualified as it is by the words:

To give something more and something more positive was obviously not possible in this time of incompleteness and transition.

Hellmuth Langenbucher (*Deutsche Dichtung in Vergangenheit und Gegenwart*, Berlin, 1937) attaches to Hauptmann the common Nazi label of the poet of pity:

He is an artist of high degree, but like his whole age he lacked the central motive power. He pushed forward into regions of 'national' feeling, but he remained too firmly dominated by his feeling of social pity.

Adolf Bartels (*Geschichte der deutschen Literatur*, Brunswick, 1934) is a not unfriendly critic. He recognises Hauptmann's great qualities, and proclaims him to be the greatest poet of Naturalism. He gives him credit for his social sympathies, but thinks at the same time that he was no strong personality (er bedeutet als Persönlichkeit wenig), and was led astray by specious international democratic phrases and cloudy humanitarian ideals. And that is about as much as any of the real party critics would allow.

Hauptmann's spiritual home is verily not to be found in the Third Reich.

H. G. Atkins.

SELECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY[1]

THE centenary of Thomas Hardy's birth brings with it this selection of his poems. Mr. G. M. Young, who has made it, has written a long and very interesting essay as introduction, in which an attempt has been made to assess not only the peculiar qualities of Hardy's verse but also its particular relationship to the social and intellectual life of his time. The selection seems on the whole less happy than the essay; and this, too, is more concerned than it ought to be with the 'round it and about' of the poet's creation and too little with the unique creative quality itself. The retort obvious that any editor can make to those crtics who differ with him over his inclusions and omissions is, of course: 'This is a matter of taste: I do not necessarily set my taste above yours, but it is inevitable that I choose what pleases *me*.' The retort has some justice; but a selection of verse should be purposive; and Mr. Young, it seems to me, has had no very clear notion as to what his purposes ought to be. He divides the book into sections: 'Poems of Place and Incident,' 'Poems of Memory and Reflection,' and passages from *The Dynasts*. Such a division has a Hardy precedent, since Hardy himself had the habit of giving his various books of verse such titles as *Poems Past and Present*, *Moments of Vision*, *Time's Laughing Stocks*, *Satires of Circumstance;* but it is questionable whether selected passages from *The Dynasts* do more than confuse us since that epic drama has, as Mr. Young himself admits, an indivisible unity. It is, however, with his selection of individual poems that I quarrel most. Is it a selection made to reveal the poet at his most characteristic, or are we offered the best that is in Hardy? A poet with so marked, so *eccentric* an individual style often produces work which while revealing the man perhaps too obtrusively, gives us too little

[1] *The Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy*. Edited by G. M. Young, Macmillan, London, 5*s*. net.

of himself at the height of his craftsmanship. It is, for me, almost unforgivable that Mr. Young should have omitted *A Broken Appointment*, *The Ruined Maid*, a startling and revealing poem for its date, 1866, running counter as it does in theme to the prevalent moral code, *In the Vaulted Way*, *The Minute before Meeting*, a great sonnet, *Let Me Enjoy*, for me the loveliest of all Hardy's lyrics, *The Coronation*, with its magnificent last line: '*Clamour dogs kingship; afterwards not so!*' *Shut out that Moon*, *Regret Not Me*, a most poignant and nostalgic poem, *Near Lanivet* 1872, a marvellous compact of tragedy, *Afterwards*, *Epitaph*, *And there was a great calm*, an armistice poem and one of the finest that the last war produced, *To Shakespeare*, and a host of others I have noted.

Many of the poems whose titles are here set down have been praised and loved by previous critics; and Mr. Young had no right, for reasons of taste presumably, to act so arbitrarily. He could have done quite easily without a good number of his 'Poems of Place and Incident,' if limited space was the excuse. All selections of poetry, in one sense, are unsatisfactory, and can even be dangerous, since the ordinary reader is inclined to prefer the potted pocket-volume, and henceforward to neglect the total works, the error of the 'hall-mark' being perpetuated by later generations. Poems become text-book poems; and so, as in the case notoriously of Wordsworth, a distorted picture persists of the whole significant creation of the poet, and only those poems remembered which are easiest on the tongue and 'noblest' for the mind, or most suitable for teaching purposes. In this case the business is particularly deplorable since here, we are told, is 'the first selection to be made from his complete poems.'

Mr. Young's essay is, as I have said, extremely interesting, the comments on *The Dynasts* being particularly illuminating.

> The task . . . which Hardy set himself was to create a form in which the busy variety of Shakespearean History should harmonise with the austere and epic progress of an Æschylean trilogy—its two or three actors, its well-spaced incidents, its long deliverances, its choric comment:

this is well said. But in the attempt to place Hardy in relation to his age Mr. Young has obscured, to a great extent, the problem which, to all those who are interested in the way

a poet writes, is the main one; what is it that dictates the characteristic and recurrent shape, pattern and rhythm of his work, on the page and to the ear? A poet, *qua* poet, is compounded of many elements. He belongs to the past (even in his opposition to it) by virtue of those who have influenced him, the earlier poets who have given him, in part, the poetic language that most cleaves to him, and those, the anonymous ones, amongst whom he has moved, particularly in his childhood and youth, in the home, the school, the church, the market-place, in farm or factory or workshop. He belongs to his own personality by the type of experience which has been decisive to his growth and which has fixed both his regrets and hopes in characteristic and cherished words and phrases. It is significant to see how certain words recur constantly in a poet's vocabulary, how he seems to hug them to himself till they become his own. Murray once said in the presence of Grant Duff, who has recorded the conversation, that a necessary preliminary in reprinting the works of Tennyson was to reinforce the fount of type with 'l's' and 'v's,' the cause being the constant recurrence of the word 'love' in his writings. He belongs also to his personality by the nature of his physical and psychical make-up. The pitch, timbre, and tone of a poet's voice must play a large part in the type of language he makes for himself, as must indeed the whole unique play of his body. A poet is, in a sense, a doubled creature, who seeks in the language he makes more and more the *permanent* prototype of his total individuality. It is because of this element, apart from the necessity of improving and deepening his craft, that other responsibilities emerge for him. He needs perpetually to watch his manner of working so that he does not violate its *living* quality by reiterating the personal cliché which he knows, or thinks he knows, has become unique to him, substituting the mannerism for the living manner, becoming indeed too possessive to his material; and he has a certain moral duty as well, the integration of his character and its clarification so that his uniqueness speaks from the very source of its indissoluble conflicts. It is a dangerous thing to assume, and Mr. Young seems to do so, that a poet's peculiar *colour*—Hardy's pessimism in this case—results from some attitude towards life, imposed by the *Zeitgeist*.

Hardy's pessimism [he says] is primarily that of the disappointed man who cannot find the serenity which naturally attends on satisfaction and achievement and feels himself ill-adjusted to an ill-adjusted world. It is the vast projection of an inner discord, untuning the music of the spheres.

The poetic figure at the end is empty rhetoric: but the whole statement tries to prove too much. *All* poetry comes from 'inner discord,' even the lyric, if it be authentic, is a type of drama, result of a tension between warring forces. In the case of Hardy, the recurrent gloom, recurrent, be it noted, over a long lifetime, suggests that it *suited* Hardy, was, in truth, most congenial to his Muse; it was something that made his creativeness flow most freely and gave to his work its most satisfactory cadences and shape. A poet making verses for some sixty years, and prolifically for over thirty of them, must have become largely the instrument and habit of his own inner will to creation. The tragedy of the poet who has been writing over a long period of time is that poetry becomes so much his necessity that his life seems to be inverted, it exists for poetry's making, his individual life whirls round this centre, and in the inevitable intervals of sterility he feels himself less than all other men; he has staked his all, it appears, on what may never return to him. It is for this reason that many poets have sought to *promote* maladjustment through the stimulus of love or drugs or battle, the *casus belli* from which they hope new poetry may spring.

Mr. Young insists altogether too much upon the Time-spirit in Hardy's poetry. It would have been much more fruitful if he had followed-up the implications of:

He was imperfectly educated, cramped by a book-language which he could not shake himself free of, and writing it with a stilted and self-conscious clumsiness. . . . His errors are not those of an untrained taste, feeling towards a style which will not come. They are errors of practice in following unfortunate models—prose translations of the classics, for example—without perceiving their imperfection.

This is stimulating criticism, even if again it seeks to prove too much. If, all his life, Hardy could not shake himself free of a certain type of language one can surely assume that, like

the mask of Max Beerbohm's Happy Hypocrite, it had become an essential and integral element of his poetic make-up: the man's uniqueness needed it.

Hardy's affinities amongst past and contemporary poets throw some light upon his way of working and the type of personality he most aspired to be: Browning and Meredith, Cowper and Wordsworth, as 'a poet of place' (as Mr. Young points out), perhaps Crabbe in this respect, William Barnes, the old ballad-makers, and the writers of popular songs, 'of psalm and hymn.' I see something too of the violent drama, with a different background and bias, truly, that is sometimes found in a Donne poem like *Riding Eastwards*; and of Robert Frost, the American farmer-poet, who often ventures on the 'story in verse.' Browning and Meredith suggest closest kinship, with their gnarled, twisted, rough use of words, their hard juxtaposition of phrases, and Browning mainly in the amazing variety of stanza-forms and rhythms, the anecdotal poem with incidents drawn from world or local history. Hardy (apart from *The Dynasts*) cared more for the local incident and curiosity (as indeed Robert Frost does) and this, it will be noticed, is often the character of the local broadsheet ballad. But Hardy, far less than Browning, so rarely communicates that elusive magic, that mysterious essence that seems to me to be the quality that marks the greatest, the profoundest poetry, the quality to be found in Shakespeare's songs, in Donne, in Blake, in Crashaw, in marvellous lyrics like Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey Revisited* and in some of the mediæval carols and Passion-poems. It is fashionable at the moment to suspect the term 'pure poetry'; but there are poems, and these the greatest, that undoubtedly have a purity, not in the stupid Swinburnian sense of meaningless so-called 'word-music,' but in the sense that they seem to draw one down into the deepest mysteries of word-meaning. Hardy's poetry almost entirely lacks this 'purity,' and it is interesting to try to discover why this should be so in a poet so clearly in continual dedication to his craft.

Moments of Vision is the title of one of Hardy's books. Hardy's poems are so often the result of 'moments of vision,' plucked from the stream of Time, that the coherence that finally emerges when the work is put down is not that of a

philosophy, but Hardy himself, the living, turbulent, inconsistent man made manifest. *The Temporary the All* Hardy calls one of his poems.

My sensibility as poet is enough [he seems to say]. The world is peopled with contradictory, strange, inconsistent living creatures; these observed by me, and their moments of strangeness recorded, there will emerge a poetry which communicates the livingness of life itself.

'But why write poetry at all?' We might ask in return, 'Trick us with words, force us to see through *your* temperament? Why not have stuck to the novel where, at least, it is *what* you seek to record we shall try to find?' There is in the very multiplicity of personalities that Hardy so often assumes a strong, if concealed, egocentric element, as if the eccentricity of the man, his power to spellbind us by his vivid and very personal way of telling a story, were to be enough to carry us through into that 'suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith.' The attack often made on the problem-picture and the picture that takes the picturesque or the holiday-scene as its theme is apposite here. The critic feels that he is being got-at. He feels that he is being drawn from contemplation of the truth that the picture must give him, the truth inherent in the right handling of materials and what is made out of spatial relationships, colour, form, design, composition, their drama or their lyricism, by extraneous interests that play him into other worlds. Hardy is constantly inviting us to visit new worlds and to contemplate new situations, our contemplation is translated into excitement by the fertility of his *invention*, not by the imagination that makes word-meanings, receding through the world's meanings, it is true, into the profound and profounder reaches of word-making and word-potency. Because Hardy the chameleon makes his work coherent through Hardy, a too obviously at-elbow guide, there is strangely enough a loss of contact with that generalised, that anonymous, but most deeply individualised quality which lies in the heart of *Tintern Abbey* or '*Never seek to tell thy love*' or '*Come away, come away, Death.*' Hardy's language runs too quickly for support to its immediate subject-matter, the subject carries too much weight. This, it seems to me, is the penalty a poet pays for a lack of unity of spirit, for an agnosticism of spirit;

Hardy is not only divided, as we all are, but, as I have earlier suggested, is pessimistically opposed to any effort to deal with that division by *losing* himself: the armistice can only emerge in moments of vision for Hardy, always Hardy the *temperament* at the centre of that vision. It is, however, a central position without responsibility, the characters so variously presented keep the masque going. Dramatisation is often an escape from a central responsibility which is the honesty that sanctifies all associations.

But how marvellous Hardy is as a writer of 'popular poetry'! Like El Greco who by the touch of his genius transmutes the crude colour and poise of the Virgin or the Christ in the oleographic Church pictures into a masterpiece, so Hardy takes the banal drawing-room song or uncouth broadsheet ballad of his time and by subtle dissonance (the use of the 'clumsy' word is, I am certain, part of his device as in El Greco the astigmatised elongated figure) makes a unique poetry out of them.

It has always been a wonder and a joy to me that Hardy should have continued to sing so long into old age. Perhaps Mr. Young is right in suggesting that an early passion with an unhappy ending

> by some mysterious power Hardy was able to preserve, encysted as it were . . . in all its primal intensity, and so it came about that some of the most poignant love-poems in our language were written by an old man out of his memories of forty years before.

Hardy has certainly contributed to the stuff of English poetry that sense of time in which the individual memory seems to become part of historical time, and we seem to become aware, visibly, of its flow. The perfume of his nostalgia, given an edge by the Latinised word, the eccentric inversions and the 'clumsiness,' has nowhere its parallel in English poetry: the prose of Proust comes nearest to it. That perfume is also a period-perfume, and we are too near that period to know whether we shall gain or lose when yesterday's emotional moulds cease, owing to the historian and above all the historian-dramatist and their distortions, to give us more than essential forms so that the impact is almost wholly in the language and the universal elements it may embody. I sometimes fear that Hardy's sense of time, so very modern,

and the antithesis of that which the religious man feels, with its strong undercurrent of self-pity, may lower the value of his verse to future generations, that sense of time which runs him, in too solid contradistinction, into the rather banal personifications of Pity, Irony, etc.

Mr. Young denies the self-pity. I feel it pervading his verses, particularly in those most obviously based upon his own love-experiences. I see it too in his portraits, the characteristic, helpless-looking slantwise poise of the head which he seems always to assume.

Much has been made of Hardy's Englishness and it is true that Hardy has taken a corner of England and steeped himself in it till we come to know it as a sort of home; it is true, too, as Mr. Young points out, that his verse 'is steeped in the ancient music of rural England'; but in the handling of his language there is often a turn which seems quite alien to the English tradition, a Latin element, and in its emotional impact as well. *The Dynasts* is, indeed, a noble English monument, rich in historical meaning, and at this moment particularly sympathetic to our mood; but here again the Englishness is often in the scene and drama unfolded rather than in its shape and pattern.

Yet how curmudgeonly ultimately all criticism appears, all attempt at judgment, before the living body of a great and tried poet's work! I turn the pages of Hardy again and am soon under his spell. If one of the tests of poetic greatness be a compulsive power in the poetry that annihilates all distraction and translates us inevitably into its own world of reality, above all, the distraction that narrows us too physically into awareness of our mortality and the burden of death, Hardy is supreme. Here, while the German aeroplanes pass over and our guns shake the window panes, I pass quickly into the reality Hardy prepares for me and am surely and totally held by it.

L. Aaronson.

A FREE FRENCHMAN SPEAKS

A REDDISH light glimmers in the room. The only sound is the irregular breathing of sick men, and now and then the moan of some sleeper, pursued by suffering even in his dreams. A white ghost, the Sister, glides noiselessly towards my bed, but I close my eyes and pretend that I, too, am asleep. Ten o'clock sounds from Westminster. From the vast city a murmur, like the murmur of a calm sea, is all that reaches me. Everything is asleep. But in me everything wakens. It is the hour for which I wait in dread, the hour when I become the prey of my despair.

In the daytime my English neighbours in bed, the nurses and the attendants rack their wits to amuse me. I can speak very little English, but this only adds to the merriment, for it means that the most trifling conversation can be continued indefinitely. It takes me two hours to read a newspaper with the help of a dictionary. And my surroundings, too, are so novel, in this English hospital where the accident of illness has brought me, that I am kept interested and curious : and the time passes.

But when evening comes I am left defenceless. Then I fall victim to those familiar ghosts that come, late every night, to drive sleep from my bed. I am haunted by the thought of my crucified country, by anxiety for my family. Where are they ? What are they doing ? Will they be sleeping now ? Have they enough to eat ? Are they well ? Are they alive ? Do they know I am in England ? Perhaps they are grieving for me, thinking me dead.

My spirit crosses the sea, walks in the familiar streets, crosses the threshold of that house where it was good to feel oneself alive. I know every gesture, I know just how they sit, now at the close of day. I see their faces, I hear their voices, and I whisper in their ear, 'Don't grieve for me.

I'm living. I'm all right. I shall see you again.' They say that telepathy is more than an empty word. If only it might be so! In the darkness I feel the tears run down my cheeks. One is a poor creature when one is ill.

Then, naturally enough, the dream-horizon widens: I pass from my family to my friends, and so, at the last, to my country. And through it all one single question haunts me: 'How could such a thing have come about?' and I try to find an answer.

I have seen at close quarters that most hideous of deaths, the roaring death that men inflict on other men. I myself have been momently on the edge of death, and like a dying man I have tried to re-assess those spiritual values that were the foundation of my thoughts. Long days of immobility have made me quiet: and on the threshold of maturity I have been purged by suffering. Suffering has burnt out the illusions of my youth. Now, amid the ashes, I seek the enduring steel.

In these last months, years have gone by. I own nothing now, I have no family, no place in society any more. Art, poetry, music, seem to me frivolous things: the toys of peace. Life or death: that is the question, and all that matters now. My thirtieth year has found me naked. Stripped of everything I had, I find myself better able to judge of things, to think: but the thoughts that crowd and press in my brain are like a painful obsession. How should I be other than obsessed? I have time on my hands just now, and I shall try to set down these thoughts: they will be clearer, translated into black and white, and I shall perhaps find some relief in the task.

I am not writing history—for that I have neither the talent nor the documents. Soldiers do not write history, they make it. Moreover, the historian must study and write with detachment. He has a corpse to dissect. I am bowed above an open wound, and the cries wrung from me by the anguish of it are what I have to express.

I am not conducting a defence: whom could I defend? War is the sole cataclysm for which men are entirely responsible. Nor am I stating the case for the prosecution: we have all our share in the responsibility. But since I cannot doubt the reality of what has happened, however unreal it

seems, I wish to give myself at least the bitter satisfaction of trying to understand it.

I shall write for myself alone. I do not pretend for a moment that everybody will be of my mind. No one has bidden me to write. I am a free man still, in a free country, and I shall set down what I believe to be true.

I

It was a fine morning, that Sunday when I was to learn the meaning of despair. Light clouds drifted in the blue sky, pale and blue as if washed by the constant rain of the preceding days. A thin mist, scented with the fresh smell of new-mown hay, rose from the vast plain where we had our camp. Dew-drops, fragile emeralds, hung trembling from the green blades. The foliage of the woods round about showed dark against the limpid sky. There was not a breath of wind. The birds were already out in search of breakfast, and from all sides came their shrill, happy cries, and a great fluttering of wings. I had left my tent early, and was on my way across the half-awakened countryside, to hear Mass in the neighbouring village. I was going there to pray for my country.

I felt almost gay; happy to be in England, to have escaped the enemy's clutch and to be able to continue the struggle. The welcome which this country had given me came, I must confess, as a profound and agreeable surprise. As everyone knows, the average Frenchman does not travel. As a nation we show little desire to see the world; we are content to rely on books; and little by little we come to have various preconceptions of this or that people. We all know, for instance, that every Spaniard is an hidalgo and his wife a Carmencita with a scarlet flower behind her ear; that Italians are boasters and beggars, that Germans are music-mad chemists, that Englishmen stand up stiff and straight as if they had swallowed an umbrella, and that Englishwomen are big and blonde and have no taste in shoes.

I had prepared myself for a correct, but cold, reception, accompanied by an imperceptible disdain that would undoubtedly set my back up: instead, I had the shock of being plunged, so to speak, in a bath of cordiality. I found to my satisfaction that Englishmen were in no way stand-

often, that, like us, they could laugh and make fun: and that Englishwomen include every type of pretty woman, with less coquetry but more companionableness than in France.

Some oddly moving memories will always stay with me; an old soldier, for instance, survivor of 1914–1918, crying over France's present fate: or the little British Tommy who said to me, 'I'm a Catholic, same as you,' and how I gave him a figure of St. Joan of Arc in exchange for a holy medal that he had.

I found them a people of perfect breeding, with a feeling for discipline, for hierarchy, and at the same time jealous of their rights and their liberty: and I could not but confess to myself that many of my fellow-countrymen had something to learn from their allies. They were for us, as we say in France —*une bonne fréquentation*—good company to keep.

If I was sometimes astonished, or even amused, at no time did I feel bewildered or in an alien land. Once I realised that the French and English outlook on life differed only in details, I could understand how the two countries came to be allied: it was in the nature of things. Even their divergences were complementary and constituted no barrier, and the points in common were manifold. As the French proverb puts it: *qui se ressemble s'assemble*—'Birds of a feather.' The country, too, brought back to me the gentle landscape of France, her plains, her trees, her quiet rivers. . . .

I approached the little church, squat under the shadow of tall elms, its tiles, tawny with age, glowing through the green foliage where the sunlight touched them. Near by, two French soldiers were discussing something, with the usual animation of my countrymen. I was smiling, but their faces were grave.

'Have you heard the news?' they asked me.

'What news?'

'The French Government has capitulated.'

It was like a blow over the heart. My face must have blenched, for one of the soldiers clapped me on the shoulder.

'Don't take it so hard,' he said. 'After all, *mon vieux*, it means that the war's over as far as we're concerned.'

I stared at him, stupefied. Already, with no sense of revolt, he had accepted the accomplished fact. Already, his

only thought was for himself, for his small private interests, his ordinary, humdrum life no longer threatened. It was over, and he was safe, and that was all that mattered.

Without answering I went into the church, dazed, like a man in a dream. Somebody gave me a chair on the edge of the central aisle. I knelt. Still in a sort of dream, I heard the murmur of the Latin prayers that I knew by heart. I saw the celebrant make the ritual gestures, the same throughout the centuries in all the Catholic churches of the world. On the walls, in the corners, I saw the familiar images, the statues of the saints which I had known since earliest childhood, and I breathed again the familiar secret odour of melted wax, incense and withered flowers. Was I in a little church in France or in England?

It was this thought that rent asunder the fog that bemused my brain: suddenly my whole being was plunged in despair. Yes, at this very hour, on this very day, France, the true France, was praying, as I prayed here. She was praying and weeping. Amid the murmur of prayers she could hear outside the marching feet of the enemy, the rumbling of his guns, the grumbling of his tanks. Let her once leave the sheltering village church, the vast cathedral, witness of that glorious past which has always wakened in the barbarian the berserk instinct to destroy—once outside, she knew her shame awaited her.

This thing was true. As if through the pores of my skin the atrocious truth sank in. France, my mother, was defiled.

I saw her coming out of church, hugging the walls as she went. Through the ancient villages of Brittany, harsh with granite, through the gracious little towns of flowering Touraine, through all the gentle countryside of France, I saw my peasant mother flee, drawing her mourning veil across her dolorous face. Timid and scared she went, bewildered to understand how it came that these rough-spoken soldiers were making themselves at home in her own house. She went in fear, fleeting along the hedgerows, seeking that ruinous roof of thatch where she might hide. And still the barbarian was on her heels.

And I saw the France of the cities, the France of Paris, my beautiful Paris. She came out from her historic sanctuaries, from Notre Dame de Paris, Notre Dame des Victoires, from

the Basilica of Montmartre, itself born of defeat. I saw her go through the half-deserted streets, the heart in her dead, but resolute not to let the enemy see. She walks with that subtle, delicate step, elegant still, careful even in disaster to keep the grace that is the envy of the world. If her spirit quails, she will die rather than let them know it, and her anguish masks behind a little crooked smile of disdain: she smiles, and the victors gawk and make way for her on the pavement.

But now she makes a detour so as not to pass by the Place de l'Etoile, where under the Arc de Triomphe with its ancient victories the unknown soldier sleeps, symbol of those millions of others who died for her twenty years ago. She does not wish to see the German guards about that grave. She does not wish to see that tomb where the dead soldier of France is now a prisoner.

A golden ray falls through the window of the church, and forms a halo about the great crucifix on the wall. The sorrowful head of Christ bends down to mine. I have not cried since I was a child; but now the tears run down my cheeks. I understood now how much I loved my country. No doubt, formerly, I *knew* that I loved her. I was brought up, thank God, to venerate her past greatness. I used to blush secretly for her weaknesses, and at times I feared for her fate. I had felt often that I should try to serve her in some practical way. But there was in France no Party of France which I could join; there were only the Parties of Monsieur X. or Monsieur Y. I attached myself to none of them, and that is why to-day I can write with a free pen.

Yes, I *knew* that I loved France, but I had never before *felt* it. This love had been in my head, not in my heart. If anyone had told me that I should one day weep for the fate of my country, I should have answered with a gibe. Sick of my own kind, I had become a sceptic. And now, suddenly, with my tears there sprang from the depths of my being a love which was *alive*. It was no longer an entity that I loved, but a reality.

How many sons live thus by their mother's side for years, more or less as strangers. The habit of their life together has made them insensitive. They love, certainly, but are scarcely conscious of it. Then, one day, the loved one dies,

and they realise what they have lost, and what love was hidden in their hearts; and it is an added grief that they did not know how to love better and to love in time. So it was with me. My country was mortally wounded, and in my heart I felt the tumult of a passion the more violent for being unsuspected an instant before. It was as if a hidden spring had burst through into the light, to follow its course irresistibly through sand and rock.

From this moment I knew that nothing mattered any more to me except my country, that the love of my country surpassed self-interest, my family, my life. I had found something to live for. I felt myself rich with the whole richness of France, with all her charm, with all her history. And I felt myself bowed down and heavy with her future. I suffered with her agony, I felt the flush of her shame on my brow. The discovery of my love for my country aroused in me anger, and shame, and hate. Up till this moment I had felt no hate; but the thought that the German was now strutting in the streets of Paris, master of our villages, encamped on the Pyrenees, made my blood boil.

It was in vain to search through history. I had to confess that never had France suffered such a defeat, that never had she been so promptly or so totally overthrown. And by whom? By the hereditary enemy, by the enemy with whom we have never been able to come to an understanding, by this people whose conception of life is at the opposite pole from ours. I feel that it is no ordinary defeat, after which the vanquished pays the price to the victor, who then goes home again. Nazism is a doctrine, a religion, almost. Hitler wants more than our riches; he wants our souls. He desires the soul as well as the body of France, for he knows that while the soul of France survives in the world his own conception of the universe is threatened. But, as I hope to show, it is impossible to transform living flame into stagnant water.

Assuredly, the present is heavy with affliction. It wrings my heart to think of my friends in France whom I know to be patriots, and what they stand to suffer under the Nazi boot. What I know of Hitler's treatment of the peoples he has conquered is not reassuring. At the mercy of a fanatic whose success has led him to believe himself the chosen of

God, one must be prepared for anything. Yet, for the moment at least, I do not believe that my country will suffer the fate of unhappy Poland.

If the war is over for France, it is not over for Germany, thanks to England; and it is in Hitler's interest to keep the French people passive. He knows that they are restive, and embittered by defeat, and he realises that he must handle them carefully while the struggle continues. He must make a good impression on the French, so that he may obtain their help; he must show them that the Germans are not so terrible as they had been led to suppose, and that England is the sole enemy of Germany, and the sole cause of France's misfortunes. As if, in 1870, when England had nothing to do with it, we were not already at grips with the hereditary enemy, as if France's interest were not in her alliance with England, alone capable of holding Germany in check.

Calculating lies and hypocrisy, which could deceive only the feeble-minded! If, unhappily, France in her captivity allowed herself to be deluded, if the impossible happened and England were conquered in her turn, then, Hitler having no one else to consider, the Nazi yoke would descend crushingly on both nations.

Hitler's knavery has been too well proved for one to be able to believe for an instant anything he says. At the time when he was trying to wheedle France, he was also proclaiming that he 'had no quarrel with England'—just as he had no quarrel with the peoples he has put in irons, one after the other. In a certain sense it is true that he has been their 'liberator.' He has liberated them from their liberty. He has liberated them from themselves, too—by killing them.

In actual fact, Hitler, once sure of his victim, is unable to be magnanimous. There is no goodness in Hitler. The mere effort of coupling the word 'good' with his name is repugnant. His name stands for hatred, cruelty, envy, dishonour and cowardice. If he had had a trace of nobleness in his nature, he would have known how to esteem the patriotism and courage of his adversaries. Has he shown anything of the kind towards Poland, towards Schuschnigg, towards any of those who have attempted to resist him, even in Germany, even in his own party? He has broken them all by his cunning

and cruelty, and afterwards he has humiliated them, he has trampled them underfoot. He has no sense of that 'fair play' which prompts the victor to stretch out his hand to the vanquished and help him to rise again. He has not got beyond the mentality of those pagan conquerors who chained the leaders of conquered nations to their chariots, and later sold them as slaves. Hitler's favours are reserved for cowards and traitors.

It is natural enough. No one can give what he has not got. Hitler dare not permit himself a moment's decency, for it would finish him. Could but a single ray of the sunshine of goodness penetrate his handiwork, it would burst like a cheap balloon: there would be nothing left. Hitler knows it, and that is why he proclaims that goodness, kindness, are the characteristics of the weak, are decadent virtues, and that the world belongs to the strong. He is ignorant of the fact that the only real and lasting force is to know how to make oneself beloved.

Alas! I can only tremble for those whom I love, and pray for them. But if he touch one hair of their heads, then, on that day of judgment which draws nearer every hour, the vengeance which will burst upon him and his gang will be terrible indeed. For the destruction of savage beasts is a useful task; and what is a man who does not know the meaning of goodness, if not a savage beast?

JACQUES.

(*To be continued.*)

HITLER'S DEMANDS ON FRANCE

[As the illusion still persists that crippling indemnities were wrung out of Germany after the last war, we have asked *The Times* for permission to reprint the following instructive note on this subject. We do so, thanking the Editor of *The Times* for his courtesy.]

An interesting and revealing comparison is possible between the financial demands now being made by Germany on France and the claims for reparations made on the former after the last war.

The Germans are asking for 20,000,000 marks a day, not as the peace terms, but for the costs of maintenance of their army of occupation. This sum does not include anything that Italy may require. As it stands at present it means an annual payment of 7,300,000,000 marks. It may be recalled that the decision made at Versailles in 1921 was that reparations should start at 2,000,000,000 marks a year, and rise in eleven years to 6,000,000,000. That maximum, it will be noted, is 1,300,000,000 marks less than Hitler's present little bill. But under the Dawes scheme in 1924 reparations were reduced to 1,000,000,000 marks yearly, rising after four years to 2,500,000,000.

The Germans have frequently stigmatised the reparation demands as rapacious, but who is now shown to be really rapacious? It must be noted that the total sum Germany paid was 17,000,000,000 marks, and that she succeeded in borrowing 27,000,000,000 from the Allies, thus remaining 10,000,000,000 marks to the good.

There are also some illuminating points of comparison in connection with capacity to pay, which is dependent partly upon exports, population, and productive capacity. The value of German exports in 1913 was roughly 10,000,000,000 marks and of French exports in 1938 was 1,530,000,000. The population of Germany (1918 census) was 58,000,000 and of France (1939) 42,000,000. Presumably payment will have to be effected by unoccupied France, whose productive capacity is only a small fraction of that of former France.

Statistics show that the yield from taxation of unoccupied France in 1934 was less than 20 per cent. of the yield from the whole country. It may therefore be reckoned that a territory with one-thirtieth of the paying power of 1913 Germany is being called upon to pay three times the maximum annuity fixed (but not actually paid) under the Dawes scheme.

Reprinted by permission from THE TIMES, *September 19th*, 1940.

THROUGH OCCUPIED FRANCE

(Being the diary of a German refugee who entered the French Labour Corps and fled with several others to the south of France.)

June 15th.—The English Pioneer Corps who are working with our company on railway tracks 12 km. south-east of Rennes go back suddenly at midday. We receive the order to be ready to leave at any moment.

We are allowed to take whatever we like from the huge English food dump near our camp.

June 17th.—Air bombardment of Rennes from 9 o'clock. Munition trains which have been hit explode the whole day long. At 9.15 English officers and sergeants leave our camp. In our orders of the day it runs: 'French army lorries are waiting for you at M. and will take you to Vannes for embarkation.' Our company sets out on the march: there are about 300, most of us with heavy loads. About thirty, after a few hundred metres, turn back into the camp again.

At M. the streets are full of unarmed French soldiers and refugees from Rennes. We hear the first rumours of the approaching armistice. The French commandant knows nothing of any lorries for us. We just want to get to Vannes on foot. We are hospitably received—then, as everywhere, later on. 'Poor devils'—so they all say. I chance upon a student from Rennes, who discloses himself as a Stalinist and chatters about the coming revolution in unruffled naïvety.—Again on the road.—After an hour a car with French officers overtakes us. We are halted and receive the order to return back to camp. They are at a loss to know what to do when we tell them that would be suicide in our case. In the end the officers return back to the staff for fresh orders.

Now the stream of refugees increases on the road for the next thirty-six hours: civilians on foot or awheel, cars of all

kinds, retreating motorised bodies of troops, batteries, officers' cars, and soon also crowds of Belgian and Polish soldiers from the neighbouring military camps, all heading in the direction of the coast. We hear wild rumours of pursuit and overtaking by the Germans. Aeroplanes bearing the Swastika pass overhead towards the west. Our company is exhausted by the evening. We keep a little group together and march this and the following day sometimes on and sometimes near the main roads. It is impossible to find out what has happened in the last twenty-four hours, where the Germans are, and if the coast is still free and embarkation is possible. Ostensibly we are going to Vannes, but get into a *cul-de-sac*. I make the proposal to keep away from the coast and to march over the Loire to the south.

June 19th.—At dawn we hear a roaring on the road. We, who have slept in a haystack 100 metres from the road, wake up and discover that German motorised units are rushing by in the direction of Nantes. After a quarter of an hour they are gone. From now on the road is, so to say, dead. At last we leave the main road and the direction of the coast and march through side roads and often on footpaths through the 'Petit Pays' of lower Brittany.

From now on the only means of finding the way are the little departmental maps of the peasants' calendars and what the local population tell us. Their help is tremendous—they understand our special position in the most astonishing way.

June 20th.—We again have to make for the coast so as to cross over the deep indentation of the Vilaine by the only bridge left intact at Roche St. Bernard. We cross the bridge in the evening.

Tanks brought to safety are blown up by their crews. At the entrance to Roche St. Bernard a cordon of gendarmerie. All soldiers must go into the camp. We ask for the commander and explain our position to him. He understands: 'Good, we have not seen you. Bonne chance!' He does not know the best way for us and can only say that Nantes and St. Nazaire are already occupied by the Germans.

June 21st.—Up till now we had maintained a group of seven men which is too big and unwieldy for the further march. Separation. Two friends follow me in the direction of Limoges, where I presume unoccupied territory to be, if any-

where. Concrete information is not to be had, no papers, no wireless, all communications cut.

June 22nd.—At midday we reach the road Le Mans-Nantes, which by all accounts is very much used by the Germans. Therefore we adopt the following tactics: halt under cover and reconnoitre first. Next in the place where, according to the map, the main road can be crossed. The village is as if dead. But in the main road German troops and transports, patrols on motor-bikes and horseback are passing in quick succession; field-grey officers are standing in front of the little hotel. We speak to the landlady at the café at the entrance to the village, and receive a letter of recommendation and the description of the way to a farmer, from whose ground a direct and concealed crossing of the main road is possible. We come back again with three men and baggage; the lady awaits us and would rather show us the way to the farm herself. Presses 20 francs in our hand in farewell. At the farm 1 km. away there is only the old farmer's wife. As soon as the old lady understands she makes herself ready to show us the way herself. We meet behind the farm of a neighbour, who takes over from the old woman. By footpaths skirting the hedges up to the main road you cross on a sheltered curve, using the space between the columns of march. Just as helpful were the population in every other tight corner.

June 23rd.—We deposit uniforms and heavy baggage at the Mairie of a village and continue on our way in civilian clothes and light luggage. The mayor helps us actively in these transformations.

June 24th.—We stay at a farm on account of rain and receive the usual treatment. The farmer, enraged, shows us the placards of the occupation officials stuck up on the barn door and streets a few hours before. According to these whoever helps French soldiers or civilians who try to pass into the unoccupied zone (we learn for the first time that there is such a thing) will be court-martialled, the same as those who go on strike, lock-out or sabotage, etc. It is forbidden to be on the streets from 7 in the evening to 7 in the morning, German time, also the exchange rate of the mark, and so on. General advice to the public to be obedient or be punished. One placard in two languages: 'Looters will be shot!' The placards in form and content really military. Despite all

these notices the people helped us as before, though cautiously.

June 25th.—Reach the Loire in the morning. The crossing of the 450-metre-wide river about 40 km. east of Nantes was the most difficult episode. The situation as follows: the river-side villages occupied, all bridges blown up, a German pontoon bridge set up 8 km. away for the past twenty-four hours, and shooting at boats endeavouring to cross, from the day before. Endeavours to get a boat were fruitless. We prepare ourselves to cross in the dim light of the next morning. But at midday we are successful in crossing. A workman, just returned home from a munitions works, was our most important helper. He is the first I have met who states openly: 'Since 1917 I stood by Russia always, but Stalin's recent policy is a crime.' Women meet us on the opposite bank, lead us safely through the occupied village, over the road running by the river bank, over the most dangerous zone.

June 26th–30th.—The region south of the Loire densely occupied, in the greater part of the villages German commander (huge swastikas hanging out), patrols on the streets, requisition troops, etc. Our luck: the occupation was not yet organised (all farm country, no big towns in the neighbourhood, our plan of march regulated accordingly), the advance troops just relieved. We march for three days through territory where a cavalry division is stationed. It retired in sections, we follow on. We lose much time as we have to make long detours. There is no more electricity, no radio, etc. But we see some German newspapers (our only source of information). Thus we learn of the armistice terms and the line of demarcation of the occupied zone! We go stealthily over field paths from farm to farm. Reception by the population everywhere excellent.

July 1st.—In order to gain time and to pass over the occupied zone before the establishment of S.S. and Gestapo 45 km. forced march on relatively quiet roads to Poitiers, (otherwise the day's march 30 km.). We turn away to the east about 20 km. from Poitiers. The first signs of S.S. on the direction posts!

We cross the railway to Bordeaux and the Clain near by (in a boat past bathing German soldiers) without accident. Cross the Vienne. No more German troops to be seen. The

local population declare that the territory behind Vienne is unoccupied. On account of that we walk on the main road. Fifteen minutes after a group of motor-cyclists rattles by—S.S. soldiers! Immediately 'over the fields and far away.' At midday a farmer who is giving us refreshment tells us that the country is not occupied. We pursue our way down a country road. Suddenly at the cross roads there is a German sentry. 'Where are you going?' We name the nearest village. The sentry allows us to pass, so does another, 50 metres further on. In gardens near by are the lorries and personnel of the German field police. Obviously the border line of the occupied zone. A farmer from the nearest farm 200 metres away confirms this. As usual he gives us wine, which we want to drink in the shadow of the hedgerow. In front of the hedge we see the second German sentry advancing towards us. We assume that he has seen our preparations for camping, and lie down undisturbed behind the hedge again.

I can still see the sentry shiver with fear, kneeling on the side of the road, bring his rifle to the ready, press back the safety catch and aim at the hedge with chalk-white face.

'Halt! who goes there?' I rise, hold wine and bread above my head. We all shout: 'Nix, soldat . . . de vin, de pain . . . dormir dans l'ombre . . . compris? etc.' Then the soldier comes, a peasant about thirty years old, with his rifle half sunk round the corner, absolutely no hero at all, who has fear of 'francs-tireurs' written in his face. We try to prove we are harmless by speaking French. He does not understand our words, but says eventually—in real Hessian dialect: 'But, mate, you shouldn't hide behind hedges!' and goes away. That was our farewell from occupied France.

X.

BOOK REVIEWS

Recent Revelations in European Diplomacy, by G. P. Gooch (4th edition) (Longmans, Green & Co., 1940).

In this greatly enlarged edition of a book invaluable to the student, Dr. Gooch brings up to date his analysis of the most important publications which have appeared since 1914 and which cover the period from the accession of Wilhelm II to the Treaty of Versailles. Bismarck, with his policy of limited liability, still retains his position as one of the chief pillars of European peace from 1871 to his fall in 1890. France had been defeated and it was to be expected that she would seek a war of revenge. Germany must therefore keep on friendly terms with England and Russia, the only powers capable of lending her assistance. Hence the secret treaty with Russia of 1887 and the creation of the Triple Alliance, for which last Lichnowsky severely, but not altogether fairly, blames the Chancellor. After his fall the Russian treaty was allowed to lapse and, with the turn of the century, the Kaiser embarked upon a policy which caused increasing alarm and of which the *Flottenpolitik*, directed against this country, was the culmination. The effect was to drive France and Russia into each other's arms and to forge the Anglo-French Entente, while Germany, for her part, found herself saddled with a weak ally in Austria and a half-hearted one in Italy. The situation is well described by Metternich.

> To East and West were two powerful nations united and allied against us. In this dangerous situation we ought not to have forced England by a superfluous and unlimited *Flottenpolitik* to draw ever closer to them. To the naval policy we owe in the first place the war, in that it drove England into the arms of our opponents, who without the hope of English support, would not so lightly have risked the struggle. To it we owe also the defeat, thanks to the unlimited submarine warfare, which, undertaken with insufficient resources, provoked the entry of America and thereby sealed our fate. When the statesman is compelled to yield to the soldier in peace or war, a people is usually doomed.

A study of these pages suggests that if we set aside a few highly placed soldiers and sailors there was scarcely any responsible person, even in Germany, who desired war in 1914, though there were many who regarded it as inevitable. As for the Kaiser, all the evidence

tends to show that he was, as Otto Hammann describes him, 'a stage hero, not a warrior,' whose responsibility lies in those pretentious and menacing utterances which caused the world to believe that he aimed at conquest. The tragedy of such men is that they should be incapable of understanding the share they have had in producing the situation which leads to war. In his conclusion, Dr. Gooch quotes the view, expressed shortly after the termination of hostilities, by a high official of the Wilhelmstrasse. 'From her own point of view Servia was right in pursuing her national aim. Austria was right in seeking to retain her possessions. Germany was bound to prevent the forcible dissolution of her only trustworthy ally. It was the duty of Russia to fulfil her promises to Servia. France and England were compelled to honour their treaty obligations,' a judgment which Dr. Gooch accepts as fair comment, given the outworn system of sovereign states and the conditions of anarchy resulting therefrom.

R. N. Carew Hunt.

Modern Constitutions Since 1787, by John A. Hawgood (Macmillan & Co., 1940, 16*s*. net).

The last quarter of the eighteenth century, the first great constitutional era of the modern world, was characterised by the spontaneous generation of republican constitutions, begotten out of revolution and founded upon those theories of natural rights which Burke so deeply distrusted as the product of the imagination of the philosopher rather than of the practical experience of the statesman. Yet, as the nineteenth century succeeded to the eighteenth, even those who were most suspicious of such ideas were compelled to see that some concession must be made to them and thus, for example, the application of the principle of legitimism led to the grant of constitutions in which the functions of government were shared, to a greater or less extent, with representatives of certain classes of citizens while the final authority remained in the hands of the Crown. To rulers bred in the tradition of absolute monarchy this seemed a sufficiently large concession, though it was to avail them little in the face of the growing demand for libertarian constitutions which should combine parliamentary government with the recognition of the sovereignty of the people. It was not enough that the individual should be assured against arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, for such rights were purely negative if he was denied active participation in the government of his country. The supreme political achievement of the nineteenth century was then what Dr. Hawgood calls 'the expressionist state,' a form of government which claimed to be of, for and by the people, and, after 1918,

a number of newly arisen countries all adopted ultra-democratic constitutions as the symbol of their recovered liberties. It was soon to appear, however, that by no means all the peoples of Europe desired that the world should be made safe for democracy. Russia, whose political salvation had long been held to lie in the acceptance of western democratic principles, chose a form of government of an economic rather than a political nature; in Italy the state was reconstituted on the basis of a native authoritarian tradition; while in Germany, National Socialism, without much originality, followed her example. Political democracy had in fact become seriously discredited and was accused on all sides of having failed to achieve the politico-economic ends of modern society. A century earlier the worker had believed that the vote would give him all that he could reasonably desire. He had obtained it, and the result had not come up to his expectations. He still found himself at the mercy of a system which could deprive him of his livelihood at any moment and was easily persuaded that there was little of value in political rights which did not give him what he most desired.

It is, however, significant that the rulers of totalitarian states should have found it expedient to make use of at least certain of the outward and visible signs of the system which they so loudly declare to be outmoded. Some show of consulting the people is still retained. In Italy they are periodically invited to vote 'yes' or 'no' for a list of candidates in whose selection they have had no voice. In Germany, where elections have resolved themselves into plebiscites, they are asked to approve the Führer's candidates, even though it is not thought necessary to tell them who these are. In Russia, the Constitution of 1936 provides that everyone, over eighteen, who is working in the country has a right to vote, whether he is a citizen or not, a logical enough development since the U.S.S.R. is not a 'Russian' state and, without alteration of its constitution, could admit any Sovietised community. Yet under none of these régimes would it appear that the suffrages of the electorate have the slightest influence upon the policy of their rulers. What will be the outcome of these experiments in government time alone will prove, as it will prove also whether the admitted shortcomings of our democratic system are remediable. But, if history affords any guidance, it may be predicted that the worker will discover, in due season, that the surrender of those rights for which earlier generations fought has been too high a price to pay for whatever increase in security he may think he enjoys. No single key unlocks the door into the Promised Land, nor is entry therein likely to be gained by the sacrifice of political responsibility.

R. N. CAREW HUNT.

Westminster Abbey: Its Worship and Ornaments, Vol. II., by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins (Oxford University Press, 25*s*.).

This is a publication of the Alcuin Club, which exists in order to encourage the practical study of ceremonial and the arrangement of church furniture. It continues the archeo-liturgical story of the Abbey by its Sacrist; and, though there is little liturgy discussed in it, the book is singularly attractive to read. One is impressed, too, by three qualities in the author. First, his devotion to the building; secondly, his insistence on every corner of it being studied and restored if possible; and, thirdly, his excellent taste. By that I mean his appreciation of things which look well, quite apart from their period or even their historical value. Moreover he presents very pleasantly and with some emphasis the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and describes the good and bad and other very peculiar things done to the Abbey then. For instance, we learn in the illuminating chapter on the rood-screen how the cumbersome monuments to Lord Stanhope and Sir Isaac Newton were put up, how in 1728 a really handsome organ case was erected by Hawksmoor on top of the screen, and how this was destroyed when in 1830 the whole affair was rebuilt by Edward Blore, the then surveyor, in its present imitation Gothic form. Mr. Perkins describes this properly as mechanical and uninspired; and he is as apt when he says Pearson's twin organ cases of 1894 add greatly to the beauty of the Choir. Nevertheless, his enthusiasm for the new chapel of the Holy Cross below the south-west tower might be criticised. It has, of course, been perfectly done; but this spot was the headquarters of the Consistory Court and much later used as a baptistery, so that it is more in the nature of an innovation than of a restoration to put a chapel and an altar there. To some minds it might have been better to clear the space as much as possible and let us enjoy its bare and splendid austerity near the Unknown Soldier, just as—thirty years ago—we enjoyed the dark aridity of the transepts at York.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor is dealt with next at some length, and this is delightful reading. We are led through the history of its construction by Henry III, with an account of the glories he heaped on it, then its desecration by Henry VIII and Mary Tudor's pathetic attempt to restore it. Points of peculiar—and often quite homely—interest are brought out in this chapter: such as Abbot Feckenham's work in 1536; his letting the coffin into the solid masonry of the monument instead of resting it on the top; his construction of the wooden feretory which we see now surmounting it, as strictly classic in its detail as St. Paul's Cathedral 100 years later and designed at a time when Gothic architecture was

still a living thing at Oxford and elsewhere. Then the burglary of the Shrine in 1685 by Charles Taylor, a lay-vicar, is told us: how he found a hole in the coffin made by a careless workman at the time of James II's Coronation; how he put his hand in and drew out a Byzantine crucifix and gold chain of great value; how he gave them—after a time—to the King whose widow, Mary of Modena, left them by will to James III, after which they disappeared. This is illustrated by a photograph of the coffin from above and, as well, by a facsimile page from the diary of Simon Patrick, prebendary of the Abbey at that time. Then, finally, the restoration of the altar at the west end of the Shrine in 1902. And again one may be forgiven for a slight qualm at the re-dressing in modern embroideries of one end of this monument which is—if any one thing is—the very heart of the Empire. For the altar and its furnishings confuse the noble solidity of the tomb which has a quality analogous to that of the Cenotaph and an outline to which nothing, however good, can be added without a loss of dignity.

After some notes on the Coronation Chair and the Chantry of Henry II, in which we read how Pepys, on his birthday in 1668, kissed the corpse of Queen Katharine of Valois, Mr. Perkins finishes the volume with an excellent study of the Chapel of Henry VII. Three plans help to clarify what the founder hoped to achieve, what Henry VIII did to spoil it and the arrangements made for the Knights of the Bath. We learn how the Puritan Parliament of 1644 destroyed the superb glass windows put in by Henry VII. But the story ends happily with the restoration of the whole building in 1935 and the great achievement of re-creating Torrigiano's altar—from all points of view an unqualified success.

This book is not a Bædeker: it does not tell you everything. But we get from it just the facts we should like to know. The thing is to read it, then spend a morning in the Abbey, then read the book again. Our appreciation of the building is thereby vastly increased. Probably that was the author's hope.

A. S. G. BUTLER.

The Challenge of Calamity: A Study of the Book of Job, by S. Nowell-Rostron, M.A., B.D.(Camb.) (R.T.S., Lutterworth Press, 7*s.* 6*d.* net).

Few will question that the Book of Job has a message for the individual in these times and there may be many like the author of the book, who is Vicar of Paddington and Professor of Pastoral Theology in the London College of Divinity, who will find it 'a

spiritual refreshment to turn to this ancient book, to come
its spell and to seek to elucidate its meaning to his own the
There are, as he says, numerous and excellent commentaries al
published, but it is perhaps not altogether surprising that mo
them are directed rather to the scholar than to the ordinary re
Job presents a great many purely textual problems and in
authorised version, in which it is most familiar to the majorit
readers, it is one of the least satisfactory of the Old Testament bo
from this point of view. Professor Nowell-Rostron has chose
base his commentary on the Revised Version and there is mucl
be said for this, although many who have been brought up on
other rendering may obstinately prefer it.

No serious defence can be put up for preferring a less corr
to a more correct translation, unless we are prepared to admit t
our approach to the sacred writings is not a historico-critical o
The revisers retained the word 'Redeemer' in xix. 25, though it
arguable the 'Vindicator' or 'Avenger' would be, on stric
linguistic grounds, a better rendering of the Hebrew *Goël*.

From the standpoint of historical criticism the Old Testame
books are to be interpreted in the light of the ideas and knowled
of the time when they were written, but the individual reader wi
integrate them in the general Christian conception. 'I know tha
my Redeemer liveth' does and should mean something much mor
than can be conveyed by a knowledge of the duties of the neares
blood relation under the Jewish ... fessor Nowell-Rostron
he says ... Nevertheless, his enthusiasm for the ... a book which wil
of the Choir. ... Pro... be ... Its publication
the Holy Cross below the south-west ... has written ...
... of course, been ... deny this and he has written
would not wish to deny this and he has writte ... as a
enable many to re-read Job with additional profit ... J. DINGLE.
is, therefore, timely.

REGINALD ... might have

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FOR THE HONOURED DEAD

The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of malice shall not touch them: in the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: but they are in peace.

WISDOM III.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

1877 1940

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THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLXVI—December 1940

THE SITUATION

Hitler is, and always was, incapable of mercy, love, truthfulness or any generous or refined emotion. His fiendish nature is now dominated by a malignant hatred of England, a hatred far greater than the loathing he has always felt for the Jews. It almost seems as though he had forgotten the Jews. And, indeed, they do not confront him with such a 'problem' as England does. It is not so easy to destroy London as it is to burn synagogues. It is more perilous to fight the Royal Air Force than to pluck the beards of aged Rabbis.

His speech on November 9th showed him almost crazy with this hatred. But it was a disciplined speech nevertheless. It showed him vehement, certainly, but self-controlled, immensely skilful and crafty. It also showed him inflexible in his determination to fight on, and altogether confident of ultimate victory.

War, more terrible and ruthless than ever, was his message to England, to the World, and to the German nation. That doomed nation which has, even now, made the greatest industrial effort ever known, is to make an effort even more prodigious, so that vastly intensified naval warfare can reinforce the pressure of intensified aerial warfare in which Hitler has suffered signal defeat, thanks to the heroism of the Royal Air Force and of England's civilian population. Just as his speech on September 4th opened the period of terroristic bombing, so his speech on November 9th opens the period in which the German submarine will, as in the year 1917, endeavour to achieve the rapid and total defeat of the British Commonwealth. Hitler does not reveal when, in his opinion, that defeat will have been achieved, but we venture to surmise that he feels confident of victory by the end of next spring.

It would seem that the Germans will, for some time at least, be able to bear the heavy additional burden that is to be imposed upon them. They are certainly not starving. The spirit and discipline of the German armed forces appears to be as good as ever, though there seems to be widespread apathy amongst the German civilian population. Germany's 'home front' is certainly weaker than England's. But it will not collapse unless Germany is defeated in battle. Apathy on the part of a civilian population is not, as a rule, dangerous in victory. Germany has won a series of brilliant victories, while her civilian population is hardly, if at all, aware that she has been defeated in aerial warfare. It is in defeat, and when the reality of defeat becomes known, that an apathetic civilian population will fail to show that steadfastness that is needed to hold the 'home front.' Much of Hitler's speech was evidently intended to counteract apathy and to infuse a greater resolve into the German nation, while hinting that the war will be shortened by being intensified.

He did not renew his threat to invade England. The invasion has been foiled by the defeat of the German Air Force in the series of engagements, which should be called the Battle of London because London was the enemy's principal objective, and by the constant bombing of his 'invasion ports' and of the shipping, stores, and men assembled there for the invasion. Armed descents upon these Islands may still be possible (perhaps under cover of fog), but the danger that this country will be invaded and occupied by a German army is over (it can only recur in an entirely new situation). Some observers doubt that the danger ever existed. But even if invasion was never intended, the threat to invade served Hitler well, for it greatly reduced the offensive power of the Royal Air Force, by condemning it to defensive operations, and increased the exposure of merchant shipping to attack, in so far as it compelled powerful naval forces to exercise a constant vigilance in home waters.

We believe the following: Hitler was convinced England would 'see reason' and sue for peace as the result of the French collapse (in the communiqué issued by the German High Command and signed by Hitler on June 24th, it was stated that 'the war in the West is over'); that when England decided to fight on, he took the offensive with a double

purpose—to secure the command of the air and to break the spirit of the English people by the terroristic bombing of their cities, that while this offensive was developing, he assembled his armies of invasion along the shores of the Channel and of the North Sea, for, with the command of the air achieved, with England's system of transport and supply disorganised, her ports and harbours made untenable (thus striking indirectly at her fleet) and the spirit of her people broken, the way for a German occupation would have been prepared. In our opinion, Hitler, by invading this country, meant not so much to fight the 'decisive battle' on English soil as to clinch the decision already achieved in the air. Many observers at the time wondered why Hitler, having defeated France, did not immediately attack this country, seeing that her defensive preparations were still very inadequate. In our opinion, it was his plan that the aerial offensive should be immediately followed by the invasion, so that its success should not be challenged either by a rally on the part of England or by American intervention, or by both. That, we believe, is the reason why his aerial offensive did not develop until the month of September, for not until then could his preparations for so big and hazardous an enterprise as the invasion of this country have been nearly completed.

Defeat has compelled him, as it compelled Napoleon, to change his plans fundamentally. Like Napoleon, he has turned southwards. The submarine—the modern counterpart of the privateer—rather than the aeroplane is to be the principal weapon. He is, with the help of Mussolini, preparing to strike at the vital strongholds and communications of the British Commonwealth in the Mediterranean. By 'vital' we mean essential to the very *existence* of the Commonwealth as a Commonwealth and of England as a Great Power. Only the narrowest conception of strategic and political realities could allow the view that England is able to withdraw from the Mediterranean and remain England. The Battle for England is the Battle for England still, even when it is fought over the roofs of Alexandria instead of the roofs of London. The war can be won or lost in the Mediterranean—the glorious action at Taranto brings not only the final defeat of the Italians but also of the Germans *considerably*

nearer. It much reduces the *general* striking power of the German-Italian coalition. It liberates ships and aeroplanes for a more concentrated attack on the Italians, for offensive operations in support of the Greeks, and for intensified counter-measures against the fearful menace of the submarine. It affects, perhaps profoundly, the political situation in the countries bordering on the eastern Mediterranean. Turkey is threatened by Russia as well as by Germany—the action at Taranto may well have given her that encouragement, that sense of English sea-power, which will, in the end, range her side by side with England and Greece if the German-Russian threat to her territorial integrity materialises. The Greeks, whose military skill and prowess has falsified the anticipations of even the best informed observers, will have received a powerful incentive towards further successes against the Italians. The effect in Syria, Palestine and, above all, in Egypt will have gone deep and wide. Nor can this memorable engagement have failed to make an impression in France. Many a patriotic French naval officer will have been profoundly mortified because it was left to the British Fleet and Fleet Air-arm to do what the French might have done. One cannot help thinking that if the French and British Mediterranean Fleets had undertaken combined offensive operations against the Italian Fleet as soon as she went to war, a spirit of combat would have been aroused in the French nation such as would not have been extinguished so miserably when the main German onslaught came.

Even Spain can hardly escape the spell that is always cast by victory, a spell far more potent than that of the most subtle propaganda. The ultimate arbiter in the relations between Spain and the rest of the world will always be the Power that commands the waters that wash her shores, the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The authority of England in Spanish affairs will have been powerfully reinforced by the demonstration given at Taranto of her naval strength. The ascendancy of the Fleet and the Fleet Air-arm may be decisive in the maintenance of Spanish neutrality.

The German public as a whole will hardly know of the Italian defeat, though the truth will, eventually, reach many Germans (it is on such occasions that the foreign news-bulletins of the B.B.C. justify their existence). Misgivings,

never wholly absent, with regard to the ultimate value of Italy as a partner in war, will have eaten deeper into the consciousness of the German High Command.

As for Italy herself, we can only guess at the effect her defeat will have had upon her people. The Italian public will, in time, know more of the truth than the Germans do, for the news is bound to spread along her coasts. The blow struck at her sea power greatly reduces her ability to protect her communications with Albania and Libya. It is, therefore, a formidable counter-stroke to attack in Greece and in Egypt.

To take the offensive against Italy, rather than against Germany, and to press it home with the utmost vigour (even if the risks are considerable) is sound politics no less than sound strategy. Perhaps the Italian invasion of Greece will prove to have been a blessing in so far as it overcame the bias which the General Staff appear to have in favour of the defensive. It accelerated, indeed it precipitated, the transition from the defensive to the offensive. It made the occupation of Crete and constant attacks on Italy's Fleet and her communications an inexorable necessity. The action at Taranto has also had a most invigorating effect in this country. There has long been an ardent public desire—it was rapidly becoming a public demand—for the offensive. The spirit of combat, roused by the German air-raids, was insufficiently fed by air-raids over Germany. Mere hitting back was not good enough. The public was rightly demanding action that would be conclusive, that would bring the final defeat of the enemy nearer. The action at Taranto was just what was wanted!

To strike at Italy so hard and so often that she will sue for a separate peace does not seem at all impossible. She is far from beaten yet—the Mediterranean war will not have approached its climax until the Germans arrive on the scene. But, when Italy's fatal hour comes, and she is compelled to ask for terms, it would be a disastrous blunder to impose a ruinous and humiliating peace upon her. There can, of course, be no peace with Mussolini. However pragmatic a view we take of politics (and we are convinced of the need for political pragmatism) it would be grotesque, indeed outrageous, if Mussolini were tolerated in the new Europe that will emerge from the war. Italy would have to surrender the islands that should belong to Greece. Certain strategic

exactions would have to be imposed so that the British command of the Mediterranean could be made permanently unchallengeable. Pantellaria would have to be surrendered. Albania, which gives Italy the absolute command of the Adriatic, *should be restored to independence.* But Italy should not be so weakened and despoiled that she would cease to be an influence in the councils of Europe. On no account should she be robbed of her status as a leading colonial Power. An African re-settlement under which England, France, Italy, and perhaps Spain, would exercise a kind of condominium might be established (as we tried to show in our September issue). Such a condominium might promote the security and well-being of all Northern Africa, provide Europe with a flourishing market, and help to stabilise the whole Mediterranean situation. The Italian nation should be allowed to see in a separate treaty not despair but a new hope, the possibility of recuperation, of lasting peace, of stability at home and abroad, of freedom from the disastrous, degrading and intensely unpopular association with Germany, of trade and enterprise overseas, of pride and profit in colonial achievement, of lasting friendship with England and the security that friendship will ensure.

As we have tried to show in our previous issues, Italy, like Russia, is only a menace when she is associated with Germany. She has grown aggressive in the margin of German rearmament. Once the power of Germany has been broken, England has nothing to fear either from Italy or from Russia—provided, of course, she does not reduce her own armed might by disarmament, by 'collective security,' or by any form of practical internationalism.

A generous peace with Italy is, therefore, sound politics and safe strategy. It is a necessary stage on the way to the achievement of England's essential war-aim, that the armed might of Germany be broken, as well as of her essential peace-aim, that the armed might of Germany be kept broken (an aim that is in the Italian interest and can be achieved the more effectively with Italian co-operation).

But the war in the Mediterranean and in the Near East will be hard and difficult before it is over. The prowess of the Greeks, the victory at Taranto, and the threat to Italian communications may have made it impossible for the

Italians to develop their offensive in the Balkans. But German intervention is as certain as anything can be in war and in politics. There is no reason to suppose that Germany and Russia will fall out. On the contrary, the German-Russian semi-alliance appears to be closer than ever and is keeping Turkey out of the war. Stalin and Hitler are united by a common fear of a European revolution which will, if it comes (and it can come only as a consequence of a German defeat), be nationalist in all countries except Germany and Italy. Stalin and Hitler have every interest in preventing it, for it will threaten their despotisms with destruction. The 'new order' proclaimed by Hitler would, if established, place Europe under a German tutelage which would resemble the crudest form of colonial exploitation. Such an 'order,' in which revolutionary stirrings, whether nationalist, socialistic, or democratic, would be crushed in their beginnings, or even before, would suit Stalin very well. It might even be extended to Russia herself, so that Stalin would have at his disposal German administrators, technicians, engineers and so on, who would promote efficiency and well being in Russia while exploiting her in Germany's interest. Both countries would gain in a material sense, while Stalin's despotism would be fortified against decay, disruption, and any open discontent or rebellion on the part of the Russian people. It would certainly avert the restoration of Polish, Czech, and Rumanian independence and would, even if not extended to Russia, treat her both as a source of supply and as a market. The German-Russian semi-alliance is, therefore, not merely opportunistic but is based on the profound community of interests and aspirations that exists between the two kindred despotisms. Only if Germany is defeated is Russia likely to turn against her, though even then it is possible that the association will be renewed or fortified so as to save Germany—and Russia—from one of the consequences of defeat, namely, revolution.

Anticipation even of the peace terms that could be offered to Italy is hazardous, although her defeat is by no means a remote possibility. It would not be followed by the capitulation of Germany. Indeed, the war might still be a long one and more terrible than ever, even when Italy has been eliminated, although her elimination will bring the end much

nearer, is, indeed, essential to the accomplishment of that end. The nature of the peace terms that must be imposed on Germany when her time comes cannot be anticipated even in barest outline, for no one can tell in what condition Europe will be after another year or more of warfare. Germany will, of course, have to withdraw from all the countries she has occupied (whether Austria is to be counted as one of these is a difficult question and must remain an open one for the time being). But one thing is certain—that the war will have been fought in vain if the broken might of Germany is not kept broken. No European settlement, no sort of federation, no form of international reconstruction, however well devised, can have any lasting value if Germany is able to recover her armed might. The European order that will emerge from this war must be such that it will make a strong, armed, and united Germany for ever impossible. If it does not, it will not remain an order, or will be transformed into a German order, while the peace will be but an armistice leading to the Third World War.

Apart from these two simple and absolutely essential conditions, namely, that the occupied countries be restored to independence and that the might of Germany be broken for ever, all discussion on war aims is idle, and all speculation about the terms on which the treaty of peace will be based are futile. Indeed, it will be best, when the war is over, to refrain from drawing up a treaty of peace for, say, five years. Germany should, of course, be compelled to relinquish all the territory she has taken, she should be disarmed, and she should surrender such strategic points as must be retained by the victors so that their victory remain unchallengeable. Beyond this there should be no final settlement but an armistice in which the ruined and afflicted nations of Europe should attend to their own affairs and take the work of post-war national, social, and economic reconstruction in hand. Then, after five years, when passions and confusions have subsided and the general European situation can be judged and, perhaps, to some extent controlled, then, and not till then, should the nature of the peace be decided and a new European order be established empirically, but after mature, dispassionate consideration, and on a sound basis.

THE EDITOR.

GREECE AND THE MEDITERRANEAN

The collapse of the French closely following the entry of Italy into the war brought about an entirely unforeseen series of problems in the Middle East. Hostilities with Italy had, of course, always been a possibility, but it had been reckoned that most of her energies in the event of her taking up arms would be devoted to the Franco-Italian frontier, while the overwhelming superiority of the joint British and French naval forces in the Mediterranean would preclude any major operation of war overseas from Italy. Even her communications with Libya across the narrow stretch of water from Sicily would be precarious. Jibuti, in French hands, controlled the main railway artery with the centre of Abyssinia, and the force there safeguarded the slender garrison of British Somaliland. Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia and even Libya would be, in effect, beleaguered. The Allied plans in the Near East had been based upon a general equality of effort between England and France, both at sea, on land, and in the air, to meet any operations which the Italians might undertake in south-east Europe. The collapse of the French blew all these schemes sky high. Britain found herself faced with an Italy, free of all entanglements in Western Europe, in marked superiority on land and in the air both as regards numbers and equipment throughout the whole of the Middle East, and with a naval strength which, on paper at least, was superior to anything which the British could, at the moment, afford to devote to the Eastern Mediterranean. Over and above this there was always the possibility that the French forces by land and at sea, no longer allies, might not even remain neutral, but might be induced to take active steps against us. The loss of the vast quantities of arms and equipment of the B.E.F. in France still further complicated the problem, for it was necessary to allocate almost all the output of the British factories, and most of the imported munitions

of war, to the re-armament of a force in England sufficient to repel any attempt at invasion. On the top of all this, General Weygand, who was conversant with, if not indeed responsible for, the Allied plans in the Near East, had given his support to the French Government now seeking terms from Germany, and not refraining from accusations of bad faith against the British ; and the surrender of naval vessels and aircraft of all sorts had made a present to the Germans of many of the secret British devices which had been shared with the French. The British forces in the Near Eastern theatre were indeed left in a gravely perilous position. The Italians had in Africa alone approximately half a million men under arms, fully equipped, with reserves accumulated during the months that had elapsed since the outbreak of war with Germany, and now with the opportunity of still further increasing these resources both in men and material. There could be no question but to make a virtue of necessity and to adopt for the time being a defensive strategy.

In Palestine and Trans-Jordania the position, though not dangerous, was far from comfortable. Palestine was still racked by internal dissension between the Arabs and the Jews. The British forces, while sufficient to maintain authority, had little left to meet hostile operations. Trans-Jordania was peaceful, but the British forces in this area were small. In the mandated territory in Syria there was a large and well-equipped French force with considerable air strength on which, in the joint Franco-British plans for the Near East, much reliance had been placed, but whose disarmament was at once demanded as one of the terms of the armistice which Germany had granted to France.

It is no longer necessary to make any secret of the fact that at this stage the equipment of the British military units was sadly defective. The air units, though in better shape, were still not in possession of the most modern armament, nor in sufficient numbers to meet the full weight which Italy, if she resolved on one great effort to victory, might bring into the battle. The Mediterranean route, through which most of our supplies and reinforcements had hitherto passed, was now dangerously menaced. The difficulty of re-armament was great. Looking at the theatre as a whole, opportunity appeared to beckon the Italians to a determined and immediate

offensive. The months passed and no such attempt was made. By skilful dispositions and small offensive operations it was sought, and apparently with success, to induce the Italians to believe that the British were going to attack. The R.A.F. was active, and gave the enemy no peace. Great credit is due to the Commands concerned, but hardly less to those at home, for even during the anxious weeks when invasion was expected daily, and when it would have been no easy matter to organise an army to repel it, a steady stream both of supplies and of reinforcements was nevertheless poured into the Near East. Within three months the balance has been rectified, and now our forces in the Near East can look forward with confidence to any Italian offensive, and with keen anticipation to the moment when the initiative will pass to the British.

The invasion of Greece from Albania, although it had been regarded as a possibility for many months, came with unexpected suddenness, and with such an apparent absence of adequate preparation by the Italians that there is little doubt that there must have been some very pressing reason for it. While it is possible to connect it in some measure with the altered situation in Africa, and the steadily decreasing prospect of victory in this theatre, it would seem the impetus came from political rather than military causes. The Italian attack on Egypt was intended to synchronise with the German invasion of Great Britain, and when this failed to materialise it may well be that the Italians realised the futility of carrying on with that operation. But for Italy as for Germany there can be at the moment no standing still. The internal situation becomes daily more uncertain. Only active operations are likely to still the growing murmurs. There remained only Greece as a possible victim.

Although British opinion had been inclined to doubt the probability of Italian operations against Greece, the Greek Government had always regarded invasion as a near possibility, and had acted accordingly. By the end of August preliminary steps had already been taken, and during the latter half of September, after the surrender by Rumania to the Axis powers, the Greeks had strengthened their military forces on the Albanian frontier. By October, however, the approach of winter seemed to reduce the chances of invasion.

In theatres of war such as the Albanian-Grecian frontier area, military geography plays a very important part. Greece, with her small population, had 2,900 miles of coast-line with a multitude of islands furnishing good submarine and naval bases for operations in the Eastern Mediterranean, and 750 miles of land frontier, of which 100 miles adjoins Albania's. It is a mountainous country, not unlike our Indian frontier. There are high mountains and deep valleys, rocky river beds, and rivers which, while of small volume and often dry in summer, become roaring torrents in winter and particularly in the early spring, when the snows melt on the mountains. The climate, though equable in summer, becomes fierce in the winter months. The mountains are snow-clad from October until April. Communications across these mountains are meagre. Along the whole of the Albanian-Grecian frontier are three roads passable to motor transport; the best of these, from Koritza to Florina, is little better than the 'second-class' road in this country and Central Europe. Two others, both leading into the province of Yanina, merge some thirty miles south of the frontier into a single road which leads through the town of Yanina on to the port of Prevesa, eighty miles further south. But these are little better than cart tracks, though graded for motor transport. There is one lateral road across the Pindus range running eastward from Yanina to the railhead at Kalabaka. Between the two road systems lies the formidable Pindus mountain range, while on the extreme northern end of the frontier is the great Lake Prespa. Of vital importance is the fact that any advance made from Koritza towards Salonika would have to pass through what is, in effect, a defile along the first fifty miles of the Yugoslav frontier. On the Albanian side the Italians have improved the slender road system of that country to a considerable extent. There are good military roads leading to the frontier from Tirana and from Valona, and there is a lateral road running from Lake Prespa through Koritza along almost the whole length of the frontier. There are no railways on either side of the frontier for many miles, the terminus on the Grecian side being at Kalabaka, a little north of Trikkala and forty miles eastward of Yanina.

Greece, with her 7,000,000 population, could not put into the field an army of much more than 350,000 men. Her

standing army in peace-time amounted to only some 50,000, organised in four army corps (fourteen divisions in all) at Athens, at Larissa, at Salonika and Cavalla respectively. Her artillery comprised eight regiments of mountain artillery, armed with Schneider 75 guns, two regiments of field artillery, also with Schneider 75's, and two of heavy artillery with Schneider 155 millimetres. Her peace-time air force was very small, having little more than 100 effective modern aeroplanes. But in spite of this comparatively small opposing army, the problem that faced the Italians was no easy one. Although Greece would require to retain not less than six divisions to guard her Bulgarian and Yugoslav frontiers, and some small number of troops in the southern provinces and in the Peloponnesus, there would remain at least six divisions to meet the Italian advance. There was little choice as regards objectives for the Italians. An attack on the extreme right frontier through Salonika would be hazardous in the extreme, unless it met with immediate success. It would have to pass through the defile between Lake Ostrovo and the mountains forming the Yugoslav frontier. Even if successful in forcing this defile and debouching on to the slightly more open country beyond, its lines of communications would still be dangerously exposed not only in Albania itself, but after crossing the frontier both from Yugoslavia on the north and by a mobile Greek force on the south.

Far away on the extreme right or south flank there lay a more promising line. The River Kalamas was here the principal military obstacle, but it lay only some 25 miles away from the frontier; the country leading to it is reasonably easy and would admit of armoured forces being used, and there seemed every possibility that the river line might be forced by an immediate advance after the declaration of war. It offered more attractive distant objectives. If the coast-line were secured, a joint land and sea attack on Corfu would be possible, while an advance further south would inevitably call into battle the main Greek army, and if superior forces could be concentrated on this battlefield the campaign might well be won before winter closed in.

Between these two extreme flanks there lay a hazardous line of advance up the valley of the Aoos towards the Pindus

range. If successful this would cut the Greeks' only line of lateral communications, it would secure the important town of Yanina, and it might even enable a small force to pass over the Zigos Pass and threaten the Greek railhead at Kalabaka. But the terrain favoured the defensive. The advance would lie up valleys flanked by high hills. It presented a problem with which our army in India has often had to deal, but against an enemy generally indifferently armed and not too well led. Against the well-trained Evzone of the Greek army the problem would obviously be much more difficult. Success could only be hoped for by an immediate and rapid advance to seize the whole valley before Greek defence could be organised.

There was thus little scope for Italian strategy, and the actual plan adopted by the Italians was probably anticipated by the Greek staff. A strong feint or holding attack was made on the extreme left, while the main thrust was made at the coast-line simultaneously with an attempt to seize the bases through the Pindus mountains. But, strangely enough, as far as is at present known none of these attacks were at anything like such strength as might have been expected. On the extreme left apparently only one division was employed, and no reinforcements were at hand. In the attack on the Pindus one Alpini division was brought into action, while for the main thrust not more than two divisions were sent forward to seize the Kalamas River, with only a small number of tanks. Strangely also the Italians do not appear to have made much use on the battle front of their air force, in which their superiority over their opponents was most pronounced. Their air effort was confined to bombing the back areas. The explanation of this is not known. It may be the lack of fuel, it may be because the resistance of the Greeks was under-estimated, or it may be that the available aircraft was bring reserved for use elsewhere.

At the moment of writing all three attacks of the Italians have been decisively repulsed. There has been a minor military disaster to them in the Pindus area where one Alpini division has been decimated, if not destroyed. On their extreme north flank, after repelling the Italian attack, the Greeks have boldly seized the initiative and the fall of the important supply base of Koritza is hourly expected. In the

coastal area the Italian advance troops have again been driven back over the Kalamas and almost to the Albanian frontier. There have been all the signs of admitted failure. A change has been made in the high command; the whole propaganda machine has been brought into play to minimise the evil moral effect of this set-back and to prevent the Greeks from pressing the advantage they have gained. At the moment the initiative along the whole front is in the hands of the Greeks.

Meantime the Italian position, not only in this theatre but also in Africa, has been gravely compromised by the bold and successful attack delivered by the British naval and air forces on the Italian fleet at Taranto and on their naval bases. Reports which have been received from neutral sources that the Italians now have 250,000 men available in Albania must be regarded with grave suspicion. It is improbable that a force of this size could be easily maintained with the precarious sea communications, and even if this difficulty was surmounted it would not be possible to bring into action a force of this size with the meagre communications in Albania. But, however successful the Greeks may have been in their early operations, it must not for one moment be thought that the campaign has already been won. It is only the first phase of an arduous operation. If the Greeks press their advantage by an advance into Albania they will have to meet many of the difficulties which proved so formidable to the Italians; but they will have the advantage of operating in a country not hostile to them, and against an army whose morale—never high—must now be low from the rebuffs it has suffered.

While operations in the European Near East are thus at the height of activity, there is at the moment complete stagnation in the operations of the main armies in Africa. It is probably only the lull before the front blazes into activity. The Italian advance to Sidi Barrani has brought them face to face with the full measure of the difficulties of an invasion in large scale in desert areas. All supplies, even fuel and water, have now to be transported by improvised means along a line of communication within reach of naval guns from the sea and open to attack by mechanised units on land. By all accounts the Italian mechanised units are not capable of wide movement over the desert. The Italian troops do not appear to have much stomach for the actual front line, and have

entrusted the front-line operations at Sidi Barrani to two Libyan divisions. The only line of advance leads them to a direct frontal attack on the strong British position at Mersa Matru. The only alternative line through the desert route of Siwa, while it cannot be disregarded, could not support a force of any great size. There has so far been no definite indications of a shortage of military supplies in Libya, but it is obvious that each week's operations must trench on their accumulated reserves both of petrol and of lubricating oil, which will be difficult if not impossible to replenish. The chances therefore of successful action by the Italians in the direct advance on Egypt become less as each week passes, and it may well be that in the course of the next few months conditions will arise in which the initiative with all its possibilities will pass definitely into the hands of the British.

In Ethiopa the Italian position is even more uncomfortable. Here the Italians are to all intents and purposes a beleaguered force. Reliable reports indicate that discontent of the native population is rapidly reaching the point in which it will burst into open revolt. The presence of the Negus in the Sudan lends a powerful stimulus to this movement. The recent action at Galabad deserves attention. Galabad in itself is an unimportant post. It was taken from the British in the early days of the war and held by one battalion of Italians, and at Matemma a few miles to the eastward there were a further two battalions of Italians; two more were in reserve, apparently between Matemma and Kassala. The original attack on Galabad with the assistance of armoured units was immediately successful, and the Italians were driven out with considerable loss. The reaction of the Italians was violent and strangely out of all proportion to the importance of the small post. There was heavy bombardment from the air, reserves were moved up and five battalions of Italian troops were thrown into a counter-attack, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. Under the heavy air bombardment the British troops were withdrawn for the night, and for a few hours Galabad was apparently again occupied by a small force of Italians. The British force returned to the attack on the following day, regained the post and at the moment of writing are operating eastward of it, towards Matemma. Strategically, the importance of this skirmishing appears to be the

moral effect which it must have both on the Italians and on the Abyssinians. The deduction is not unfair that had the Italians not been deeply concerned about the psychological effects, they would have allowed the British to remain in possession of the relatively unimportant post without wasting men and petrol, which they can obviously ill spare, in a large though unsuccessful counter-attack.

The position in Palestine and Trans-Jordania can be dismissed in a sentence. Not for many years has the internal position in Palestine been as satisfactory as it is now. Arabs and Jews are making common cause against the joint enemy. As is well known, the force in Palestine includes units drawn from both these sources and these are proving their value in frontier work. From Syria there is reported to come a steady stream of Frenchmen unwilling to remain under the humiliating conditions accepted by their Government, and preferring to serve with the British rather than return to a France under the German yoke.

The problem of our High Command in the Near East is thus emerging from the condition which enforced a purely defensive strategy and approaching the moment when it can seize the initiative with all its attendant possibilities.

JOHN CHARTERIS.

AIR POWER AND ITALY

While the Fighter Command of the Royal Air Force won first critical British victory of the war by defeating attempts of the *Luftwaffe* to prepare the way for an invasi of Great Britain, the second critical victory has been won the Fleet Air Arm. Its action at Taranto on the night follo ing Armistice Day altered the whole balance of naval stren in the Mediterranean, and the effects of that victory may felt far beyond that sea.

Tactically, the Battle of Taranto presents several point. interest. It was a triumph for the air-borne torpedo—fo seems certain that torpedoes were used, and probably bon as well—and it illustrated the value of having aircraft carri at the place one wants them and at the time one wants the The Fleet Air Arm has always believed in the torpedo carr by aircraft, though the R.A.F. was much more cautious committing itself to the use of that weapon. In the last *Force List* published before the war the Coastal Command h only two squadrons of torpedo-bombers, both equipped w the obsolescent Vildebeest aeroplane, while the Far E Command had two similar squadrons at Singapore. In early months of the war nothing was heard of R.A.F. t pedoes, but lately Beaufort aeroplanes of the Coastal Co mand have been using them with effect off the coast Norway. The T.S.R. (torpedo-spotter-reconnaissance) Swo fish of the Fleet Air Arm scored hits with torpedoes o French battle cruiser escaping from Oran and against Italian warship, but in neither case was the victim a compl loss. This feat at Taranto stands by itself as the first c standing success of the air-borne torpedo, but such a succ pays for many months of disappointed expectation.

The Taranto fight also adds to the reputation of the craft carrier. It is not ideal to use such vulnerable ships narrow seas, and Italy has always declined to build carri

Their proper sphere of action is an open ocean, out of the reach of shore-based aircraft. Ship-borne aircraft have their inherent limitations, and shore-based aircraft always have—or ought to have—better performance. Italy has relied on long-range types working between well-chosen bases to cover the Mediterranean. Her air scouts have reported when the Royal Navy was out of the way and when accordingly it would be safe to despatch supply ships to Libya and the Dodecanese. But when a British fleet has been at sea with a carrier in its company this shadowing business has proved risky. On a number of occasions fighters from a carrier have shot down the Italian scout. Now that the new ship-fighter, the Fulmar, has arrived in the Mediterranean, carriers have become even more dangerous to approach.

For the attack on Taranto carriers were just what was wanted. The R.A.F. has since shown that it can send bombers over that harbour, but bombs are not torpedoes, and the R.A.F. could not use torpedoes. The Fleet Air Arm could use both, and doubtless did so. Therefore, in these special circumstances, the risk of taking carriers into the Mediterranean has been amply justified.

War is a horrible human tragedy, but as a subject for study it is intensely interesting. To all students of air warfare it has been a relief to see the centre of interest shift from Great Britain to the Mediterranean. The aftermath of the Battle of Britain had become just dreary destruction and slaughter on a diminished scale which could not lead anywhere, and simply served as a face-saving device to conceal in part the utter discomfiture of the *Luftwaffe*. An attempt was made by the Axis to introduce a little colour into the sort of rearguard action which has developed by sending a detachment of Italian bombers and fighters to take part in the raiding of Britain. It was a coincidence that they made their first serious raid on Armistice Day, a few hours before the Fleet Air Arm set out for Taranto. Their very rapid discomfiture, with the loss of thirteen machines, at the hands of two squadrons of British fighters, added to other British naval successes the same day and night in the Mediterranean, must have gone far to spoil Signor Mussolini's sleep. It is most unlikely that the appearance of the Capronis over the Thames estuary marks a serious attempt to reinforce the German effort against Britain. All

the evidence points to the probability that the *Luftwaffe* is pr paring to support the Italian forward moves in the Balka and generally round the Mediterranean. It is for this reasc we may presume, that German heavy bombers have on rarely appeared over Great Britain in recent weeks, and th the raiding has been mainly entrusted to fighter-bombe With their light bomb loads (the twin-engined Messerschmi 110 can carry two 500 lb. bombs against the eight simil bombs which a Heinkel 111 can lift) they can do but litt damage, and the daily tale of civilian deaths in Great Brita has accordingly shrunk. None the less, the Jaguars, as th are called, give a good deal of trouble to the Fighter Commar and keep it on the *qui vive*. They fly faster than the hea bombers and so are harder to intercept or to overtake, an when they have dropped their bombs they are able to put u a fight. Consequently there has not of late been the t mendous discrepancy which there was in August and Se tember between the German and British losses in machine In a real dog-fight (in R.A.F. slang this term means a comb of fighters *versus* fighters) neither type of Messerschmitt is tl equal of the R.A.F. eight-gun fighters, but both the enem types are actually faster than the Hurricane and can only overhauled by the Spitfire.

While talking about British fighters, notice should l taken of words recently uttered by Sir Archibald Sinclai The Air Minister said in a speech at Sheffield: 'They [Briti fighters] have been worked hard—much too hard—for the were too few of them.' These words may be taken as authoritative reversal of the doctrine which for many yea largely dictated the policy of the Air Ministry, namely, th not much could be expected from air defence, and that tl best way of protecting the country from air raids was to ha a very strong force of bombers. We are all agreed that v still need as many bombers as we can get, but not as a dire form of defence. Both sides have been hitting at the opponents with bombs, and neither has won any respi from being bombed because it also has been actively engage in bombing. The fighter aeroplane, duly supported by groun organisation, has been found an extremely effective form defence, and Lord Baldwin's hasty remark, 'The bomber w always get through,' has been proved quite wrong. No futu

Air Minister ought to have to confess that there were not enough fighters in the country.

To return to the war against Italy. In the air, as in other spheres, the Italians are a surprising people. Their best is very good; their average falls far below it. Their engineers compare with the best, and have proved that by their motor cars, their aeroplanes, and their aero engines. Their best pilots, too, will bear comparison with those of any other country. The Italian record in the series of Schneider contests is extremely creditable. In 1926 they won the trophy from the Americans, no mean feat. In their contests against the British in 1927 and 1929 they produced some very fine seaplanes flown by most daring and skilful pilots. The names of Bernardi, Monti, Dal Molin and Agello will always be remembered with honour. After the last Schneider contest was over and the trophy had been finally won by Great Britain, the Italian high-speed flight carried on its work on Lake Garda, and Francesco Agello put up a world's record speed which stood for several years. The weakness of the Italians was their inability to be ready by a certain date. In 1929 they pleaded for a postponement of the contest because their machines and engines were not ready. In the race both their new-type seaplanes broke down. Exactly the same plea for a postponement on exactly the same grounds was made in 1931. In that year the Italians were so far from ready that they cancelled their entry at the last minute and allowed a British pilot to fly round the course unchallenged.

As with the Schneider preparations, so with the *Regia Aeronautica*. Despite the brilliance of her designers, Italy entered the war with her air force for the most part flying out-of-date types. At first we had to meet the Italians in Libya with a type of fighter which we regard as obsolescent, the Gladiator biplane. But that machine, though slow by modern standards and not armed with eight machine-guns, is probably the most manœuvrable fighter ever supplied to any air force. It cannot shine in a stern chase, but when the Italians would stay to fight it out the Gladiator invariably obtained a speedy and complete mastery. Of late we have been able to supply the Middle East Command with Hurricanes, and these modern machines have shown themselves still more decisively masters of the Italian bombers and

fighters. Even the tiny air arm which Greece possesses, which has not many modern machines, has been having by no means the worst of it against the Italian Air Force.

On the production side there is little reason to suppose that Italy will be able to make good the deficiencies of her air force before the end of the present war. A programme of expansion and re-equipment was started in Italy last year, but if the experience of the Schneider contests is any guide the Italian aircraft industry is not likely to reach a satisfactory output of new types in a short time. Moreover, the blockade must make it very difficult for the factories to obtain the materials they need. Germany is not likely to supply large quantities of them, for she needs them herself. If she wants to stiffen the air effort of her ally she is far more likely to send German squadrons to that front, for that would keep the power in her own hands.

Finally, Italian production will not be accelerated by the raids of the Royal Air Force on aircraft factories. The first raids on Turin and Milan were rather in the nature of token payments, carried out by machines of the Bomber Command in this country. That Command even stretched out its arm as far as Naples. But the invasion of Greece has brought the Middle East Command into the picture, providing it with bases in Greece and on the islands from which its bombers are within comfortable range of all parts of the Italian peninsula.

It is now interesting to speculate on what policy will be adopted by the British High Command. The question is whether to hit the Axis hard at its weakest point, Italy, or at its strongest point, Germany. In concrete form that means whether it is wisest to send a substantial force of heavy bombers to the Mediterranean, or whether to keep the main bulk of them in this country so as to keep on striking at German resources. It may be argued that the collapse of Germany would inevitably carry with it the collapse of Italy, while the converse would not necessarily be true. On the other hand, to reduce Italy to impotence is a very alluring prospect and would produce many and great advantages of the highest order. One does not need to stress the effect which the collapse of Italy would produce in suffering France, in the French Empire, in Spain, in the Balkans, and still further

afield. There would be reactions in the British colonies and dependencies all over Asia and Africa. The convenience of making the Mediterranean safe once more for our shipping, and the setting free of naval strength for service elsewhere would greatly help in the remaining struggle with Germany. There will, however, certainly be some who will argue that Germany is *the* enemy and that to keep on hitting her is the surest way of bringing the Axis down; that to divert bombers from Berlin and Hamburg to batter targets in Italy would give the stronger enemy a breathing space in which to repair some of the damage already done.

Ultimate victory must, of course, be our aim. It is, however, a fundamental principle of bombing policy only to strike at the enemy's production in intervals between active battles. When armies or navies are engaged the utmost strength of the bomber force should be employed to help either or both of them. If the engagement which opened with Italy's invasion of Greece is the beginning of an Axis drive towards the Suez Canal and the oilfields of Iraq and Iran, then it is sound policy to use all our available air strength to weaken that thrust. It would not be practicable to transport anything like the whole of our bomber squadrons to the Mediterranean, but what can reasonably be done in that direction it will be right for us to do. It would be folly so to concentrate on efforts to win the battle of to-morrow that we risked losing the battle of to-day.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

THE MATERIAL OF SEA WAR

'HOUGH twenty-six years almost to the day separate the :agic stories of H.M.S. *Good Hope* and H.M.S. *Jervis Bay*, the wo are closely linked. In both cases grave deficiencies in naterial were punished with merciless severity. In both :ases inadequate ships were detailed for offensive operations. n both cases hundreds of British seamen perished—and the whole country broke into a chorus of adulation of their ieroic acceptance of an inevitable fate, whereas there should iave been a howl of rage that precious lives were thus wasted. Thus far the parallel.

But the basic cause of tragedy was different in the two :ases. With the *Good Hope* we could fairly lay the blame at he door of the Naval Staff. With the *Jervis Bay* the blame es with every citizen of the country. For we who support or tolerate) Governments and their policies have the ultimate esponsibility for the actions and the inaction of our leaders. And the annihilation of the *Jervis Bay* was the outcome of olicies against which the country had been warned by naval eaders for ten years past, warnings about which politicians, ublicists and local leaders of thought combined to keep as ilent as Bekker, who was called the dumb man in seven ongues. To them, and to the equally silent masses of the lectors of the country, the spirits of the men who perished n the *Jervis Bay* may well quote the legal maxim, 'Qui facit er alium . . .' For we are all guilty.

As with most tragedies the roots go deep: the bitter fruit ipened on a tree of slow growth. The Washington, Geneva nd London Naval Conferences all fostered that growth. The apparently inevitable revulsion of British national feeling rom all thought of war after a war provided an atmosphere which growth flourished. 'Cry "Savings" and cut down he dogs of war.'

And the Navy was cut down. Ironically, it was to Beatty,

who had commanded the greatest fleet ever known in the world's history, that the task was given. When he became First Sea Lord in 1920, the British Navy had 700 ships in commission and the personnel numbered 268,000. When he left the Admiralty seven years later, the active fleet had been reduced to 200 ships and the personnel to 100,000. Expenditure on the Navy had been brought below the pre-1914 level, despite the changed value of money. The shipbuilding programme provided for no more than three cruisers and nine destroyers, with a handful of minor craft. It may be argued, though not easily proved, that such a policy, in the condition of the times, was reasonable. Any good in it, unhappily, was soon interred and the evil that it did lived after it. For it became a precedent, hallowed by the approval of a great naval leader, so that when he himself, a few years later, inveighed in the Lords and in public speeches against the continued and enhanced reduction of our sea strength, his protests were stultified in the public mind by his own record at the Admiralty. After he left office, two of the cruisers of the 1927 programme were eliminated as a gesture of disarmament to the rest of the world. The three cruisers contemplated for 1928 were abandoned altogether, and of the three which the Admiralty proposed for 1929, the Government approved only one.

Both Beatty and, far more trenchantly, Jellicoe sought in their last years to mitigate the evil and all-too-rapid slide into impotency which Government policy enforced on the Navy. Weak and ineffective leadership on the Board of Admiralty in the years next following Beatty's retirement could only grope against the visions of eternal peace that shrouded Downing Street worse than any fog of war.

And the *Jervis Bay* went peacefully to and fro on her Australian voyages.

The 1930 Naval Conference was the crucial moment. All of the resultant Treaty was bad, but for our immediate purpose only one section comes into consideration—the cruiser question.

On that there was a deadlock of a rather ridiculous character between the British and American delegations. British defence requirements, oceanic in extent and covering every area of the navigable world, indicated a specific

minimum number of cruisers as essential. That irreducible minimum had been put by Jellicoe three years earlier at seventy. American defence requirements, being more localised (as American foreign policy then was based), called for a far smaller total number of cruisers. But . . .

American prestige called for a Navy second to none in all respects. The American delegation, driven by pressure of its home opinion, had to dig its toes in and oppose our suggested minimum for the British Navy.

The deadlock was broken, but not by naval considerations. For motives of political expediency the Prime Minister of the day overruled his naval advisers and instructed the British delegation to the Conference to consent to the American quota, thus reducing our total to fifty cruisers. Technically, he went further than that, but we need not now go into the minutiæ of the agreement. The fact that concerns us is that our total of cruisers was fixed at twenty below the irreducible minimum.

And the passengers on board the *Jervis Bay* strolled round her promenade decks unimpeded by 6-inch guns or stacks of ready-use shells. They were not interested in those cruisers or in the plans, then on the desk of the Reichsmarine Minister in Berlin, of Germany's new pocket battleships.

For five years we remained in the bondage of that Naval Limitation Treaty. Five vital years were lost in the shipbuilding yards. Nor could we make up for that loss when we started on the Defence Programme of 1936 for which Lord Chatfield battled, as no First Sea Lord had battled with the politicians for more than a generation. The twenty or more cruisers that could have been built in those five years between 1930 and 1935 had to become part of the output of the ensuing five years.

We started the war twenty cruisers short of our minimum requirements.

So the *Jervis Bay* became H.M.S. and hastily mounted 6-inch guns along her promenade deck, as did the *Rawalpindi* and a score more of merchant ships, and set out along the seas to do the work of cruisers. Some of that work they could quite well do. Patrol in the Caribbean or around the South American coasts to keep watch on sheltering German merchantmen; visit and search of ships bound to and from Europe; maintenance of 'distant blockade' in the North,

provided always there was the bulk of the main fleet as a shield against attack from heavy forces—these were the tasks suitable for the armed merchant cruiser.

But as ocean escort to a big slow-moving convoy, as the one solitary fighting ship to hold off surface attack from ships that could be foreseen as the most likely raiders, for that the *Jervis Bay* was not suitable.

Yet, lacking real cruisers, what was the Admiralty to do?

There were, in the Atlantic, some seven or eight convoy routes constantly exposed to the possibility of surface raiding. Whatever may be the scheme in this war, we know from official histories and other authoritative works what was the disposition of trans-Atlantic convoys in 1917 and 1918. They may be tabulated thus:

Convoy.	Homeward from.	Escorts allotted.
Canadian	Cape Breton .	5 British cruisers.
N. American I. . . .	New York .	6 U.S. cruisers.
N. American II. . . .	Halifax . .	5 merchant cruisers.
N. American and West Indies	Hampton Roads	4 British cruisers, 8 merchant cruisers.
S. American I. . . .	Dakar . .	6 British merchant cruisers.
S. American II. . . .	Sierra Leone .	5 British merchant cruisers.
Mediterranean . . .	Gibraltar. .	6 'special service' vessels, 5 armed steamers, 1 sloop.

This makes it clear that to provide escorts for convoys moving one way only and leaving the terminal ports at intervals of from four to eight days, there was need for forty-nine fighting ships. The Admiralty's original scheme for ocean escorts for this traffic called for fifty-two cruisers. When the Board examined our resources there were no more than twelve that could be spared from the many other strategical needs. Yet at that time we had something like 118 cruisers, from the 'third-class protected' type up to armoured ships. In September, 1939, when we re-instituted convoy at the start of this war, we had sixty, of which more than a dozen were obsolete and had been converted into anti-aircraft ships for escort work in narrow waters, not for oceanic convoy. Another score of cruisers were building or projected. The position was, therefore, that the Admiralty of 1939 had the same demand to meet as in 1917 if convoys were to be escorted

in the open seas, and they had only half the resources which had proved inadequate for the convoy work of the previous war on the homeward run alone.

For the five outward routes at that time (1917) at least twelve more cruisers were required. Then on top of the trans-Atlantic northern traffic to British ports, four other convoy routes were planned: U.S. to Gibraltar; S.E. America to Dakar; Cape Town to Dakar; S.E. America to Gibraltar. Twenty-nine ocean escorts were hypothetically allocated to this work. So that for a complete convoy system to cover the whole of the outward and homeward traffic lanes in the North and South Atlantic, the number of ocean escorts needed was ninety.

That figure needs emphasis. It is more than 50 per cent. greater than the total number of cruisers available in 1939 and 1940 for every purpose of the Fleet, including convoy.

Hence the tragedy of the *Jervis Bay*.

There is one important difference between the risks to be faced in 1917 and those of the present war. Then Germany had no pocket battleships; then the fast battle-cruisers were an integral part of the High Seas Fleet and no attempt was made to use them on commerce-destroying raids in the Atlantic. But since the Naval Staff could not, at that time, be certain of this, the precaution was taken of having a squadron of battleships based on Berehaven. True, this could only be done because the United States Navy joined us and provided the necessary material, but with that help the *Nevada*, *Oklahoma* and *Utah* were formed into an Atlantic squadron to be available at all times should any of the larger German warships essay a raid against the convoys and troop transports. 'The fact that this powerful squadron was ready for the emergency is perhaps the reason why the Germans never attempted the adventure,' as Admiral Sims put it in his personal record of the American Navy's work in the war. What inestimable value we should have gained in this war from the presence in the North Atlantic of the Benbow class of battleships which we sacrificed to the scrap heap in our orgy of disarmament gestures in 1930!

The danger of surface attack in 1917 and 1918, however, proved to be almost solely from converted merchantmen like the *Moewe* and the *Wolf*, and against them the auxiliary cruisers

of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron, vessels corresponding to the *Jervis Bay* and the *Rawalpindi*, could be expected to be adequate. But it will be seen from the table above that on no occasion was a convoy sent, on the homeward run at any rate, with only one ocean escort. In this war we had early warning of the use that the enemy would make of his pocket battleships. Raids such as those of the *Graf Spee* and the *Deutschland* last year, despite their inglorious results, were likely to be a regular feature of the campaign. The battle-cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, for example, play in the present Nazi naval plans no tactical rôle corresponding to that of Hipper's similar squadron in the last war, and might easily be detached to prey on Atlantic shipping in addition to the two remaining *Deutschlands*. Four such ships at large at one time in the Atlantic must inevitably cause a dislocation of our convoy programme that would completely overshadow the aerial bombardment of Britain as a means of slowing up our war effort.

This is one of the grim spectres in daily attendance on our Naval Staff. Just as the works manager in Italian factories is confronted daily with the maddening placard on his idle machines 'Manca di carbone,' so the Chief of the Naval Staff is confronted daily with the reminder 'Lack of cruisers.' It is useless for the citizens to-day to call out for better protection of convoys. Ten years ago they swallowed avidly the comfortable doctrine 'There will be no war for ten years.' The citizens of Wolverhampton and Widnes, of Tynemouth and Totnes let the locusts of Disarmament and Gesture eat up the years, and even to-day they have allowed the dazzling spectacle of the Fleet Air Arm's attack at Taranto to blind them to the possibilities of peril in the Atlantic. The self-immolation of the *Jervis Bay*, the skilful seamanship of master mariners of the convoyed ships averted a ghastly holocaust. Thirty-two of the thirty-eight ships escaped destruction. So the citizens turn to read with satisfaction about what they elegantly term 'the sock on the jaw for Mussolini.'

That episode in the war is another and more satisfactory aspect of our preparation of material for a sea war. Delivery of the attack was made possible by the foresight and determination of the Board of Admiralty in Lord Chatfield's day.

When the first of the new Defence Programmes was ma public in 1936 there was considerable astonishment in so quarters at the inclusion of two new large aircraft carriers the naval provisions. When in the following year three mo were authorised, there was much shaking of heads among classes of students of war. Many of us, it may be frank admitted, gravely doubted the wisdom of the policy. T obviously vulnerable character of the aircraft-carrier appear to outweigh any potential tactical value in the type; t inordinate expense of construction and maintenance and t immense fuel consumption owing to the frequent need f high speed were extravagant features in a ship that appear to have no combatant value in herself. More than one seric commentator on naval design had committed himself to t opinion that our earlier aircraft-carriers were no more th a transient experiment with a type that was infallibly doom to early extinction. Yet here was a Board of Admiralt whose individual members commanded more respect both the Service and outside than any Board for years past, cor mitting the country to the construction of half-a-dozen ne examples, at a total cost of more than £20,000,000. With tl loss of the *Courageous* in the early weeks of the war, follow later by the sinking of the *Glorious*, the impression w strengthened that the critics were right and the Admiral wrong, that the aircraft-carrier should be extinct.

Behind the scenes, however, there was other evidenc The full story cannot yet be told, but in operations in t South Atlantic, in anti-submarine work in the North Atlant and in some measure in the Norwegian campaign, the aircra carriers proved their value. It was left to Admiral Cunnin ham, however, to give to the world the most dramatic and far the most effective demonstration of the utility of t carrier and its proper tactical employment.

Perhaps Lord Chatfield was influenced in his acceptan of an increase of our carrier strength by the long and drea months he spent from 1914 to 1918 in the North Sea, wh no chance offered of attacking the German High Seas Fle ensconced in its own harbours and roadsteads behind barrier of minefields. He must often have longed for son naval material that would penetrate those defences, just Nelson longed for it throughout the twenty-four months

his watch over Latouche-Tréville off Toulon. Aircraft finally offered the chance. And since the British Navy must always be equipped to operate in any ocean, including those wherein operations of land-based aircraft are physically barred to us, the aircraft-carrier had a potential importance. It was not, however, to the bomber that the naval tactician's mind turned, for there was ample evidence that bombing, even against a stationary ship, was not likely to strike mortal blows except among the smaller types. The torpedo-dropper was the essential weapon against capital ships. At that period, some five years ago, the Navy and its air colleagues had arrived at the stage where two decades of experiment with torpedo-dropping had produced no noteworthy advance either in technique or in effectiveness. The percentage of hits obtained under favourable conditions, with no anti-aircraft fire to disturb the attackers, was ridiculously low and the wastage of torpedoes—that is to say, torpedoes that were disturbed by the impact of the water and failed to run, was ridiculously high. A considerable school among the senior officers had no belief in any future for the torpedo-dropper. Lord Chatfield's Board, however, held a different view. Better gear and a far more intensive training would, they held, alter that aspect of the problem and moreover the naval airmen must be trained to carry out attacks at night.

Here again their Lordships were opposing a big school of naval thought, a school that had considerable civil backing. The risks of night-flying from an aircraft-carrier, risks particularly high both at the take-off and at the return landing, were so serious that many sea officers regarded them as absolutely unjustifiable, at any rate in peace time. But unless peace-time training were given, war would find the pilots and crews unskilled. With a determination that has been justified in the result, the Board pressed forward both aspects of their policy. The skill with which the attack was launched on the Italian ships at Taranto is the answer to the objectors. The material was right and the men were right.

The attack proved that a modern fleet will not necessarily be undisturbed and able to lie for weeks on end in security in any roadstead or harbour. It must be admitted that one aspect of the whole affair is still mysterious. So far as published information goes, about a dozen British machines took

part in the torpedo attack and two of them were shot dow
Now in this form of aerial warfare the pilot is bound to di
to within some fifty feet of the water level before releasi
the torpedo, otherwise the force of the impact dislocates
delicate propelling gear of the torpedo for its final run to t
target. And in an attack on ships in a confined water a
like Taranto Harbour, the machines would have to be with
five hundred yards of the enemy ships in order to have a
water into which to launch the torpedoes. How did it con
about that the Italian anti-aircraft guns could only destr
two out of twelve machines at such close range?

The *Littorio* class of battleships mount forty 'machir
guns' for A.A. work, and each of the four *Cavour* class h
thirty-six such guns. There were therefore at least 112 gu
able to bear on the engaged side of the ships, even if half t
armament was masked on the disengaged side at the low
stage of the airmen's dive. The point must be made ev
though the obvious explanation may not be correct. A b
look-out and slackness among the gun's crews would,
course, account for the failure of the Italians to annihilate t
attackers, but it is not necessarily the answer, even in th
case. If it is not, then the prospects of a prolonged stay in
known harbour for any fleet vanish if the opponent is darin
and versatile. The wanderings of our Grand Fleet betwe
Scapa and Lough Swilly to avoid the threat of submari
attack in 1914 will be but a Sunday afternoon stroll compar
to the frenetic scuttlings of a future fleet from one base
another to confuse aerial reconnaissance and avoid nig
torpedoing.

The attack at Taranto was of definite strategical value
the Mediterranean war, even if the damage done to t
Italian ships was not quite as extensive as was at first believe
Aerial photography from 15,000 feet can provide some mo
misleading evidence. All the same, any reduction of t
Italian capital ship strength was of prime importance, f
Admiral Cunningham's 'command of the sea' in that ar
was moral and not material: he was in inferior strength a
a really determined opponent could have rounded on hi
during any of his important escortings of military convo
with every prospect of inflicting severe damage. Here agai
as in the Atlantic, we feel the lack of the battleships scrapp

under the 1930 Naval Treaty. Here again, as in the Atlantic, lack of material was due to the apathy of the citizens who tolerated that agreement and produced a position fraught with peril for themselves.

Therein is one of the outstanding lessons of this war. But will the citizens of ten, a dozen, fifteen years hence heed it? Will they even know that a lesson was there to be learned? As Lafayette said of the Bourbons, 'Ils sont incorrigés et incorrigibles.'

H. C. Ferraby.

LA FRANCE PÉCHERESSE

THERE must be many people in this country to whom, of t tragedies that combine to make the great tragedy of o times, the most poignant is the collapse of France. Th sentiment is not due only to the catastrophic change it pr duced in the military situation, though that requires emphasis. It arises mainly from a sense of horror at tl apparent *effondrement* of a civilisation which in some of i aspects represented the highest achievement of the hum mind. There is no need to attempt to say what so many peop have said so much better. Europe without France is unthin able. Yet at this moment she presents the spectacle of country not merely defeated in the field but hammered in intellectual incoherence, like a sleep-walker, not walking, Hitler would have it, with calm certitude to a goal, b wandering aimlessly, and almost ready for the cry that Swi burne put into her mouth :

> Death, my master, my lord
> Crowned ; there is no more France.

Any attempt to explain this tragedy would have to ta account of all the factors, military, political and psychologic and if we isolate any of them we must do so with a consciou ness that the proceeding is artificial. On the military aspe I am completely incompetent to speak, and this limitation liable to produce a sense of loneliness at a time when eve club smoking-room is alive with strategists and tacticia incomprehensibly neglected by the Government. Son aspects of the political life of contemporary France I attempt to discuss two years ago,[1] and if I was wrong subseque events have confirmed me in my errors. The present artic is an attempt to study the picture which the French natio presents to us to-day and to approach an interpretation of t

[1] *Russia's Work in France* (London, 1938).

tortured psychology of our neighbours. Is France suffering a psychosis of defeat? If we may allow that there is a clinical entity to be described in that way, which of the symptoms that we see are typical and which may be set down to the individual constitution of the sufferer?

Those who are for reducing all things to laws of the scientific kind will tell us that there are not only classical symptoms of military defeat, but regular sequelæ, so that a given number of years after the event we may expect to find a particular attitude of mind in the defeated country. Generalisations of this kind are, I think, easy to prove, but equally easy to refute. Individuals do not all react to shock in the same way, nor do nations. The after-history of two people taken from the wreckage of the same demolished house may be widely different and the explanation of each must be sought in the psychology of the individual. What is the distinctive mark of the France of Marshal Pétain, of those who, after the capitulation, were ready to accept the finality of the verdict? It seems to me to be a strong sense of culpability. The first speech of Marshal Pétain after he had made his pathetically inept appeal to the honour of the Nazis had a strange sound to many ears. He spoke of the moral failures of France and the need for reparation. *Peccavi* is the appropriate language of the confessional, but the aged Marshal appeared suddenly to have become a Buchmanite. Nor has this note of exaggerated public penance since disappeared. When Marshal Pétain saw the French prisoners, he is reported to have said to them: 'We have suffered, but haven't we deserved it?' There is nothing quite comparable with this in the position of France after 1870. 'After Sedan,' says Francis Grierson, 'Renan put aside optimism like a worn-out garment.' So did his generation. As *revanchard* sentiment died away, patriotism became eclipsed and France fifteen years after the defeat, at the time when Bourget's revealing *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine* appeared, was in a mood of dull resignation. Bourget set himself to study the literature of the Second Empire to show that the characteristics of the period in which he was writing were those of an earlier generation.

Le résultat de cette minutieuse et longue enquête [he wrote] est mélancolique. Il m'a semblé que de toutes les œuvres passées en revue au cours de ces dix essais, une même influence se dégageait,

douloureuse, et, pour tout dire d'un mot, profondément, essenti ment pessimiste. . . . Je crois avoir été un des premiers à signale cette reprise inattendue de ce que l'on appelait en 1830 le mal c siècle.

Now 1830 was about the same period—fifteen years—afte Waterloo as Bourget's studies were after Sedan. We mus resist the temptation to draw conclusions from this coinci dence. What is to be noted is that this attitude *profondémen pessimiste* is not the same thing as the exaggerated penitenc of contemporary defeatism. De Musset, *venu trop tard dan un monde trop vieux* and lamenting his incapacity to *devenir u dieu* is not a penitent either in the Catholic or the Buchmanit sense. There is more of the sense of sin in Baudelaire, thougl here we shall probably not be far wrong if, with Anato France, we find in it a subtle expression of pride.

Of all the keys to human psychology there is none mor important than the sense of sin. For sin is a universal fac and for an individual or most of the individuals of a generatio to be without the sense of it is as definite a malady as to hav an inadequate secretion from the thyroid. If we say we ar without sin we deceive ourselves. But there may be errc by deficiency, by excess or by dysfunction. A disordere sense of sin may produce most unfortunate aberrations, as seems likely to do in contemporary France.

It is interesting here to compare the France of Marsh Pétain with Germany after the defeat of the Imperial armies.

The German people in 1918 [wrote Thomas Mann [2]] was broke to its very depths. . . . The German people suffered a physical an psychic collapse, from which it is far from having recovered, suc as history has certainly never known until our days.

But the reason, he explains, was the collapse of a suppose certainty. Guilt, as all the world knows, has played a tre mendous part in German protestations, but it is significant t note that the concern is not with actual guilt or righteousness but with the imputation of it. There has been a fanatic determination to read into the *responsabilité* of the peac treaty a deeper sense of moral obloquy than properly attache to it for the purpose of repudiating it. The defeated Franc of Pétain presents herself as the sinner almost luxuriating

[2] Quoted by Henri Massis in *Défense de l'Occident.*

her punishment. Germany, on the contrary, is the unjustly accused victim.

How are we to explain a situation which, on the face of it, is rather paradoxical? That Protestant Germany should seek imputed righteousness and find in the verdict of the Peace Conference something actually affecting the state of her own soul, is quite accordant with the legalistic theology, of which the seeds are no doubt to be found in St. Paul, that German protestantism seems to the Catholic mind to have developed inordinately. But how does it happen that Catholic France catches 'moral rearmament'? Insisting once more on the partial and therefore inaccurate nature of the analysis, I would offer two lines of explanation, one concerned with French theology and psychology in general, the other with the events of the last few years.

No student of the intellectual life of France needs to be told that, running through it, there is a strain which, while truly French in its expression and not identical with anything to be found in English or German thought, is yet in opposition to what we normally regard as the French genius. Jansenism is the most developed form, but it would be a mistake to limit to the Port Royal this alien, or rather, naturalised, element in French intellectual and spiritual life. We shall probably not be far wrong in attributing it to a policy of collaboration with Germany in the things of the mind. That is what Bourget did in his essay on Amiel, which epitomises this aspect of the subject as well as anything I know. He finds the explanation of Amiel's work in the invasion of the Latin spirit by the Germanic and asks: 'Jusqu'à quel point cette invasion est elle bienfaisante? En d'autre terms, dans quelle mesure l'esprit latin peut-il admettre des idées d'origine germanique sans souffrir dans sa constitution intime?' That is a question to which more than one answer may be given, but it seems that in some circumstances of reduced vitality, the Germanic influence on Latin thought, instead of acting as a corrective and tending towards balance, may be a poison. From this point of view it is not entirely fanciful to say that before any terms of the armistice were discussed, France had made her capitulation to Germany and admitted an order of ideas which is unassimilable by men of the French culture. Bourget presents us with a picture of Henri Frédéric

Amiel troubled in his entire development by the clash of French writer with a German thinker. 'Les obscurit morales le préoccupèrent toujours et en particulier, le pr blème du péché. "La question capitale" disait-il, "est ce là."'

To speak of Germanic ideas as being always and nece sarily unassimilable by the French mind is perhaps to take to gloomy a view of the future of intellectual co-operation. have preferred to speak of conditions in which this inabili to assimilate occurs. Here it is interesting to study t intellectual atmosphere in France at the beginning of t present war and on the eve of the 1870 disaster. We m make a comparison, *toute proportion gardée*, of Sadowa w Munich. The reactions were not the same, but the resen blances are striking. The Prussian victory over Austr seems to have brought conviction of sin to the arroga Second Empire. Garnier-Pagès in July, 1867, preached t saving virtues of defeat. 'A government becomes intoxicat by victory,' he declared. 'If we had lost the battle Solferino, if we had been beaten, we should have had cor plete liberty.' Octave Aubry[3] speaks of the France of 18 as feeling 'cette vague détresse qui pour les individus comn pour les peuples, marque le temps où le bonheur est parti, l'infortune n'est pas venue encore.'

But Munich was a far greater moral crisis for France th was Sadowa. A visit to Paris in March, 1939, on the eve the seizure of Prague, when I had the opportunity of talkin with politicians, journalists and others, brought home to me no amount of reading could have done the difference betwe the Munich controversy in France and in this country. Wh it meant here I prefer not to discuss, for this is not a politic article. In France, it was felt as a wound in the soul. The was a sense of shame. In London everybody was asham of somebody else, the French were ashamed of themselve The book which comes nearest to giving a picture of t state of the country is the *Mémorial de la Guerre Blanche* Duhamel, in which he quotes the saying of a nineteent century diplomat: 'Depuis le partage de la Pologne, l'Euro vit en état de péché mortel.' Duhamel's book reveals masculine mind facing the moral problem and prepared

[3] *Le Second Empire* (Paris, 1938), p. 485.

surmount it, but there was not in the country that 'grand et puissant parti de Français' which he sought to rally. It is interesting in the light of what has happened since, to note the points which the writer was able to extract from the letters that had reached him. The matter which preoccupied nearly all Frenchmen, he recorded, was a moral renovation of the country, 'le plus important de tous.' Few of the correspondents had any consciousness of the Empire or feeling of responsibility for it. One point of agreement was the establishment of responsibility of the men in power 'with sanctions and punishment.' Riom was incipient in this programme.

France was materially unprepared for the war of 1870 and no doubt for the present one, but her spiritual sickness was far greater this time. The crisis caught her engaged in an examination of conscience, which is essentially a transitional phase, leading to conscious penitence and absolution. And so the Third Republic was stricken down like Hamlet's father, 'unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.' All the superficial versions that are being given us, the too summary accounts of the character of this or that politician, fail to go to the root. Whether Laval is venial or Pétain vain is beside the point. France was sick and had lost the war before she entered it. But France is immortal and Europe cannot live without her.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

JAPAN AND THE AXIS

OLD Japan, Japan of the Shogun, the feudal lords, and the code of the Samurai—loyalty, discipline, the ascetic life, meditation and study, was undergoing transition already in the eighteenth century. Isolation from Western influences, though comprehensive, was never complete. There was always the Dutch ship at Nagasaki, and ideas do not require material bulk for their transmission. The eighteenth century saw in Japan, as in England, the beginnings of an Industrial Revolution, and the rise of a bourgeois class, largely imbued with Western ideas about economics, politics, and the destiny of man as interpreted by the philosophers of the Age of Reason. The resulting problems were completely new. Japanese society had often been divided enough, but the divisions were not fundamental. They expressed themselves as disputes between feudal lords, not as class divisions. There was no dispute with regard to the basic principles of Japanese civilisation as it had built itself on Chinese and Buddhist influences—the family, the ancestors, the mystic cult of the secluded Emperor, the devotion of the Samurai warrior-peasant to his lord, the sense of contact with the living spirits of Nature, a cultivated contempt (partly born of necessity) for mere wealth and hedonism. The Samurai of one warring feudal lord would have found themselves in perfect spiritual harmony with those of their lord's temporary enemy. And, anyhow, the Shoguns had pretty well put an end to feudal warfare for nearly 200 years, and the ordered scene had only been disturbed by occasional 'rice' riots, though these were doubtless symptoms of a growing class-consciousness under the economic strains produced by a slowly growing population in the years of peace. Industrialisation was indeed an economic necessity for the absorption of landless peasants who had supplied the 'casualties' of former feudal wars, but it meant a fundamental division

of class interests and of outlook for the first time in Japanese history. The new bourgeois class exhibited the weaknesses and vices of the upstart. The austere Samurai was repelled by the luxury and effeminacy of growing urban classes, and had to bear their scarcely veiled contempt for his alleged boorishness and old-world outlook. It was the now common conflict between town and country.

Such was the situation when the last barriers of isolationism were finally cast down in the nineteenth century. The Revolution and Civil War of 1865, wherein the despised bourgeois class fought bravely and effectively, was really, at bottom, an attempt to restore the broken unity of the nation on the basis of the gradual abolition of the feudal system, the restoration of the Emperor to active participation in the Government, and the eventual establishment of a democratic parliamentary system on Western lines. The loyalty of the Samurai was to be transferred to the Emperor and the State and the bourgeois were to learn its virtues in devotion to the same objects. The process has in fact gone on continuously, the latest stage being the introduction of universal male franchise at twenty-five in 1925. Trade unions have come into being and received a measure of recognition, and factory laws, providing for safety and hygiene, restraining the hours of labour, and protecting the labour of women and children, have marked the course of social progress.

But the hoped-for unity has not been achieved. A party system as an inevitable concomitant of Democracy does not necessarily destroy fundamental unity, as indeed Great Britain and the U.S.A. can claim to show. But in Japan, party divisions continued to express the fundamental divergencies of the eighteenth century with even greater force. For, unhappily, it was the seamy side of Western civilisation which appealed most to the bourgeois mind fostered in the sybaritic traditions of the nineteenth century—its materialism, commercialism, hedonism, the cult of self-interest as propounded by the Utilitarians, the worship of mere success, of wealth—all these things dismayed and rearoused the antagonism of the warrior-peasants, and brought a deeper social cleavage than had ever existed before. In time, perhaps, the better, finer aspects of Western civilisation would have won appreciation, and the way for a synthesis been opened.

But the Four Years' War was thought by many of the ol school to have confirmed their view of Western decadence.

The political party system in Japan dates effectively fro about 1900 when the landed and feudal elements united form the Sei Yu-kai (Friends of the Constitution). The representatives were really in control till 1929. In that yea the Min Sei-to (National Party) under Hamaguchi—describe as a liberal-minded, peace-seeking statesman—came int power. It had been formed by a coalition of industria commercial and professional elements, with some libera minded of the old feudal classes, about 1926. Labour an Communist Parties have also been formed. The latter hav been declared illegal, and periodically suppressed. They ar naturally looked upon by the former feudalists and Samura as the most evil product of Western materialism. Th former reached their high-water mark in the elections c April, 1937, with 37 out of 466 seats—a rather remarkat result in prevailing conditions. It was perhaps a reflex of th abortive '*putsch*' of the extreme Right in February of th preceding year. That had been a so-called 'Youth Move ment,' somewhat on the Nazi model, and with resemblance to the abortive Nazi '*putsch*' at Munich in 1923. It was anyhow, 'Old Japan' proclaiming through its newe generation its protest against the evil consequences, as it sa them, of Western materialism, and the national disunit apparently germane to democratic institutions. Its pro tagonists could, anyhow, point to the failure of the principle of the Revolution of 1865 to bring about the promise reconciliation of the conflicting elements in the body politic

In its material aspects that disunity was, of course, partl an expression of the growing population problem. Actuall an *increase of population, up to a point, is a sign of increasin* prosperity. If the wealth of the country does not grow th population cannot increase. It was not possible in Japan any more than anywhere else, to achieve increase at the cos of a lower standard of living, for that standard was, for th masses, already as low as was compatible with mere existenc And actually, in spite of an increase from the 26·2 millions c 1846 (at which it had been stationary for some decades) t 66·2 millions in 1933, standards have risen. But they ha not risen as much as in other industrially advanced countries

and they are made possible (like the increase) by industry, and are dependent on its prosperity. And this last depends not on Japan alone, but on her ability to achieve markets abroad which will enable the purchase of the many products she lacks in adequate quantities—iron, tin, oil, rubber, cotton, wool.

Hence Japanese Imperialism. It has taken two forms. One, economic, proposing, legitimately enough, overseas economic penetration for the acquisition of those markets. It has had, naturally, the support of the elements represented still by the Min Sei-to, and, from 1929 to 1931, of their leaders Hamaguchi and Shidehara. The opposing policy was frankly militaristic. It has envisaged actual territorial expansion, with a growing antagonism to Western ideas generally, culminating in the demand for a 'New Order' which shall resume the Samurai traditions of Old Japan as the source of reborn national unity, and the reconstruction of all Eastern Asia—some enthusiasts go a bit further and envisage a World Policy that might make Hitlerite Germany recall Kaiser Wilhelm II's obsession about the menace of the East!

The process of territorial expansion, of course, achieved a good deal of success. The Chinese War of 1894–1895—a kind of trial-run made easy by the decadent condition of the enemy—brought Korea and Formosa, but these being already considerably populated (Korea 21,000,000 in 1930 in an area of 82,900 square miles, and Formosa 4,500,000 for 13,800 square miles) for the nature of the countries, did little to relieve the population problem. Then there was Manchuria, a debatable land of some 400,000 square miles, with a small indigenous population, but the south already filling up by a Chinese overflow. But it opened the way to the Mongolian steppes—the Western Canada of Asia in Japanese eyes—and it was menaced by Russia whose occupation of it would stop all expansionist dreams in that direction, or indeed anywhere. Hence the desperate war of 1904–1905, whereby the Russians were kept out of Manchuria, whilst Japan gave it back to China, retaining, however, certain rights (for settlement, and control of the railway, and the commanding possession of Port Arthur and its hinterland). Naturally, in the eyes of all parties in Japan, this was a small but essential reward for the efforts and success of the Russo-

Japanese War. Japanese colonisation in Manchuria, as is well known, has not been a success. But for the industrial party the country was a vital source of raw materials; for the militarist party it presented itself as a 'colony' providing jobs, and opportunities for the exercise of authority by a ruling race, just as prospective 'colonies' (in Europe or overseas) do for young Nazi and Fascist romanticists. In subsequent years the exclusionist policy of Australia and the U.S.A., and the general growth of Protectionism, lent point to both aspects.

Meanwhile the Chinese Revolution of 1911–1912 had taken place. As with most revolutions it was inspired by many motives and much idealism, false and true. There was high-souled resentment against a corrupt, weak and 'foreign' dynasty, but the honourable desire to see China take her proper place as an equal amongst the civilised nations drew some of its inspiration from those same doctrines of Western materialism and of its offshoot, Communism, already become so repugnant to the heirs of Old Japan. And in Japan generally there were fears and questionings, some of which were certainly not free from materialistic considerations. A reformed, strong China would prevent the policy of military expansion. It was by no means certain that she would conform to the ideas of the industrial policy. But the exponents of the latter, anyhow, hoped for the success of a conciliatory policy. The whole story of Japanese politics up to 1931, and even subsequently to 1937, is that of the struggle between the supporters of the military policy of force, and the hopeful one of industrial collaboration with China. The latter was handicapped by its association with the bourgeois commercial outlook; the former gained by its appeals to those traditional ideals of Old Japan.

The Four Years' War, of course, gave a stimulus to militarist influence. Japan joined the Allies partly through *amour-propre*, believing that her action announced her achievement of equality with the hitherto dominating nations of the Western world. But her presentation of the iniquitous twenty-one Demands in 1915 aroused a merited disgust, and gave her detractors (who included not entirely disinterested commercial rivals) their opportunity. It was not the act of a gentleman, and the Allies were trying to uphold gentlemanly

principles, as an expression of that side of their civilisation which neither Old nor New Japan had ever properly appreciated. It could, of course, be argued that China was making a horrible mess of things; that her condition was similar to that of India when the British 'intervened' there in the eighteenth century. But in 1915 China had only had a bare three years to straighten things out.

However, peace in 1918 brought a reaction against militarism, and it was as strong in Japan as anywhere. The fruits were seen in the Washington Conference of 1921–1922. Japan withdrew most of her demands, evacuated Tsingtau, and so received little for her part in the war except the Mandates for the North Pacific islands (Marshall and Caroline). It was a real act of abnegation, that seemed to merit Japan's recognition as an equal and a gentleman. In the final analysis the Washington Treaties may be summed up as declaring that China was to have another chance. If she did not take it, the signatory Powers were to consult together—as gentlemen.

But the Washington Treaties were almost immediately followed (1924) by the United States Exclusion Law, which specifically named the Japanese people as not entitled to even the diminished 'quota' for immigration now imposed. And it only expressed, somewhat crudely, the general attitude of the other 'white' peoples. At the same time the commercial interests secured further discriminations almost everywhere against 'cheap' Japanese products. However strong may be the arguments on the incompatibility for cohabitation of the two races, it is unnecessary to labour the strength of Japanese resentment after the hopes for 'equality' born of her intervention on the side of Right and Justice in 1914. And even if racial discrimination were to be accepted, how could she accept economic discrimination against the products which alone enabled her to secure the imports whereby her industry, and hence her people, could live at all? And in that same year 1924 disorders and civil war broke out again in China, threatening Japan's economic interests there; and, since the disorders were partly inspired by the Communists, threatening, too, to infect her own social order by this pernicious product of Western materialism. For three years China was, in fact, a battle-ground where war-lords, Communists, and Nationalists fought for their differing

slogans. The latter were the more idealistic, and in spi their leader, Chiang Kai-shek, the successor of Sun Yat-se turned against the Communists, and thus succeeded in unitin the stronger nationalist elements of the South against war-lords of the North. The former achieved victory w the surrender of the Northern armies in September, 1928.

During these years Japan was divided between the par of conciliation, representing the industrial and commerc elements, and that of force which, under Tanaka, was in t ascendant. But, after Chiang Kai-shek had broken with t Communists, and begun his victorious campaign against t North, opinion turned against Tanaka. In 1928 the M Sei-to under Hamaguchi came into power for the first tin on a policy of collaboration. It has, unhappily, to be affirme that the restored National Government of China quite fail to respond to this opportunity. Instead, ebullient Chine Nationalism rashly raised the question of Manchur Japanese 'rights' there, and alleged Japanese 'intrigue with the war-lord Chang Tso-lin, had always been a sc point for the romantic enthusiasm of renascent Young Chin For Japan, on the other hand, Manchuria was her veritab life-line, and she could claim that her support of Chang Tso-l had helped to maintain it an oasis of peace in the turbule Chinese scene. The prospect of the introduction of Chine anarchy, still more the threat of a Chinese economic exclusic policy directed against Japan, turned the industrial intere against the policy of reconciliation and threw them into t arms of the militarists. When the Chinese National Gover ment announced a railway policy clearly directed against t Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, and the co struction of a port to draw Manchurian products away fro Port Arthur and Japan to China herself, the Military Par easily took the upper hand, and there ensued the *coup d'ét* of September, 1931.

The Lytton Report judiciously announced blame on bo sides, but the attitude of the League was condemnatory Japan alone, and Japan walked out in 1933, the resignatic becoming effective in 1935. By that time the European sce had altered with the advent of Nazi Germany, and Germ propaganda was skilfully preaching doctrines very congen to the ears of the heirs of Old Japan. It speciously decla

its abhorrence of Western materialism, and especially of that alleged product of it, 'Jewish Bolshevism.' It extolled the old militaristic virtues of the Samurai creed, its disciplines, loyalties and self-abnegation before the interests of the State. It announced the discovery that the Japanese, as the heirs of these traditions (so far as they had not allowed themselves to be infected by decadent Westernism), were also a Master-Folk, destined to be the founders of a New Order in their part of the world.

The appeal acquired point with a fresh revival of anarchy in China, the result this time of a resurgence of agrarian Communism. It was, on the whole, of a more idealistic nature than its proletarian predecessors, and had some nationalistic rather than international appeal. But in practice it was as murderous and bloodthirsty as ever. The towns and villages of south-east China can bear witness. Nevertheless it showed a remarkable virility, that survived defeat, and the astounding march to the North-west that lasted from October, 1934, to October, 1935. And after the curious Sian-fu incident in December, 1936, when Chiang Kai-shek's own troops, infected with Communist idealism, turned against him till he finally formed an alliance with the Communist leaders, Japanese opinion, both industrial and militarist, became thoroughly alarmed, and moved again towards a new unity. The leadership of it was for a moment uncertain. That premature murderous movement by the young extremists of the military and traditional group in February, 1936, had caused a reaction, and in the election of April, 1937, the Min Sei-to and Sei Yu-kai received virtually equal numbers, whilst Labour got its greatest triumph to date with thirty-seven seats. This last was one of the factors impelling the Military Party to vigorous action, and in July, 1937, the war to settle the China question began.

To the bulk of the Japanese people it was accepted as a war against Western materialism and for the 'New Order' whereby Japan was to fulfil her destiny. The Anti-Comintern Pact, signed with Germany in November, 1936, declared an alliance with the forces in Europe which were thought to be working for similar ends. It was more than flattering to the Japanese *amour-propre*, injured to the quick by the denial of equality after 1918, for it recognised Japan as a master-nation,

and the equal of masters, a recognition accorded even be
Italy joined a year later, what was already a German-Japa
collaboration.

Of course there has been disillusion. Closer acquaint
with National Socialism revealed blemishes repugnant tc
true Samurai spirit. The Chinese showed unexpe
resilience. But the collapse of Belgium, Holland, and, at
all, France, and the British Government's closing of
Burma Road (interpreted as a sign of weakness), seeme
declare the truth of Nazi theories. It was a decid
materialistic interpretation of world-destiny, but anyho
offered a way out—*viâ* Indo-China and the Dutch East In
—for both militarist and industrial interests. Hong K
and Singapore, representing a collapsing British Em
and a United States of America undermined, as it was belie
and as German propaganda strenuously asserted, by the so
materialism so repugnant to the new-found idealism of
heirs of Old Japan, would be incapable of holding up
energies released by it.

But, since September 27th, doubts have arisen ag
doubts that express perhaps the better side of both Old
New Japan. The Samurai, anyhow, is a gentleman. Sc
how one cannot quite envisage him as permanently in
pathy with the Hitlers and Mussolinis of this world.

A. S. Elwell-Sutto

THE PAPACY, THE DICTATORSHIPS AND THE DEMOCRACIES

Amongst all the utterances of the Popes there are three encyclicals which indicate most clearly their attitude towards the modern State. Encyclicals have a special weight, since they are meant for the whole Catholic world, and a certain finality which renders their revocation even by subsequent Popes not impossible, but in the highest degree unlikely. Hence it must be assumed that although two of these encyclicals were issued by Pope Pius XI and one by his successor, Pius XII, they represent a continuity of policy and an identity of outlook between the two Pontiffs. In a word, they give us not the opinions of a particular Pope, but the mind of the Papacy on the subjects of which they treat. They are those on Catholic Action (*Non abbiamo bisogno*), on National Socialism (*Mit brennender Sorge*) and on True and False Prosperity (*Sertum Lætitiae*).

These encyclicals are unusual in so far as they are each concerned with conditions in a particular State, and they are presented in such a manner as to emphasise the Pope's preoccupation with the faithful of a single nation. The first arose out of conditions in Italy, condemns the Fascist attack on the Church and certain Fascist ideas, and is written in Italian; the second is addressed only in the second place to the Bishops of the universal Church, being primarily addressed to the German Bishops and written in German; the third is written in Latin, but is addressed only to the Bishops of the U.S.A. and combines praise of religious progress in that country with condemnation of the vices which are especially prevalent there. The encyclicals thus bear a close similarity to each other, and it is clear that the Pope does not recognise in any State nor in any form of government a monopoly of virtue. But there are marked differences. The letter to the American Bishops was circulated through the ordinary channels and written in the traditional language of the Church, because it was quite certain to reach the faithful without hindrance, and translated into the vernacular; on

the other hand, *Non abbiamo bisogno* was published in Paris and in Italian because of the danger that both publication and translation would be forcibly prevented in Italy, and it was made known to the world before it was made known to the people for whom it was primarily intended; *Mit brennender Sorge* had to be circulated in Germany by means of a carefully worked-out plan which, in view of the persecution condemned by the encyclical, could not possibly have covered also the translation of a Latin letter. The tone also of the American letter is quite different from that of the other two; in these the Pope denounces in the most forceful way those who infringe the rights of the Church and of man, in the letter on True and False Prosperity his tone is much more that of a father calling back his wayward children. Most important of all, this last letter condemns vices which exist *in* the American Democracy, the other two are concerned with vices of which the dictators themselves have been guilty and with the unjust claims of the State itself.

It would, however, be a mistake to read into these encyclicals a predilection for democracy as opposed to dictatorship, or indeed any sort of preference for a particular form of government. The Pope is not concerned with politics but with religion and morality. Within these limits he covers a wide range of problems, and not only defends the interests of the Catholic Church, but insists on the observance of the universally accepted precepts of the natural law and on the maintenance of the truths which are fundamental to all religion. The ultimate object of his condemnation is the vice of secularism which is common to both dictatorships and democracies, although it finds different expressions under the diversity of political régimes. In the U.S.A. it takes the form of a materialist outlook, greed for wealth with consequent injustice to the workers and the destruction of the family through easy divorce. In Italy and Germany it results in totalitarian claims on the part of the secular State, a materialist conception of the nation and the destruction of human dignity and freedom. In the latter countries also secularism is violent and imposed by the State itself; in the U.S.A. it is a mental attitude spread by the example of individuals and the abuse of free institutions.

In considering the encyclicals in more detail it is probably

[illegible] convenient to begin with *Mit brennender Sorge*, which in order of time comes between the other two. It is undoubtedly the most remarkable and the strongest in tone of the three.

The force and power of this encyclical is derived in the first place from the language in which it is written. There is about the German language a certain virility, fullness and warmth which cannot be rendered into English. Language is but the expression of thought and probably a great many of the conflicts which have arisen between Germany and the more Latinised parts of Western Europe are due to the fact that the Germans think differently from others. Their thought may be vague, but it constantly seeks new expressions, hence their richness of vocabulary and their readiness to form compound words; but because the thought behind it is vague the German may give to any particular term a richer import and a wider connotation than an Englishman who understands its literal meaning. The first paragraph alone of the German encyclical brings out the truth of this.[1] *Mit brennender Sorge* appears in English as 'with deep anxiety,' although *brennend* means 'burning,' indicating that the writer's whole being is passionately devoted to these German Catholics in their troubles, and *Sorge* means 'anxiety,' 'care' and much more than this and implies especially the attitude of a pastor towards his flock. *Befremden* means more than 'dismay'; the Pope is amazed and horrified at the presence of something completely alien to the old German way of life. *Gesinnung*, too, has more warmth than 'thought,' and adds to this the concept of feeling, while *Volk* conveys to the German the whole destiny of his nation and not merely what 'people' or 'nation' conveys to us. Finally, by speaking of the *Leidensweg der Kirche*, the Pope not only recognises the sufferings of the German Catholics, but elevates them to a certain identity with the sufferings of Christ in His Passion.

[1] '*Mit brennender Sorge und steigendem Befremden beobachten Wir seit geraumer Zeit den Leidensweg der Kirche, die wachsende Bedrängnis der ihr in Gesinnung und Tat treubleibenden Bekenner und Bekennerinnen inmitten des Landes und des Volkes, dem St. Bonifatius einst die Licht- und Frohbotschaft von Christus und dem Reiche Gottes gebracht hat.*'

The English translation, published by the Catholic Truth Society, runs: 'With deep anxiety and increasing dismay We have for some time past beheld the sufferings of the Church, and the steadily growing oppression of those men and women who, loyally professing their faith in thought and deed, have remained true to her amidst the people of that land to which St. Boniface once brought the light and glad tidings of Christ and the Kingdom of God.'

This power of the German language is manifested throughout the whole of the encyclical and wonderfully expresses the deep attachment of the Pope to the German people as it also brings out the force of his condemnation of error and vice on the part of their leaders. He begins by recalling the signing of the concordat which he had welcomed as a contribution to the welfare of the German nation and shows how patiently he had waited for signs of its fulfilment before he had been moved to protest. But this is not the principal theme of his letter. He is concerned with even more important matters, with confirming his followers in the fundamentals of their faith and protecting them against the menace to which they are daily exposed. The first of the Nazis' errors is to propagate a false idea of God and to take His name in vain, depriving it of all sense and meaning. This, the first and indispensable foundation of all religion, must be maintained in its original purity in the German lands. Those who propagate a false idea of God are not only anti-Christian, they do not deserve to be called believers in God. After bringing out the true meaning of other dogmas, of more particular interest to the members of his own communion, the Pope comes to one of the most important sections of the encyclical, namely, that dealing with the abuse by the Nazis of sacred terms and concepts: *Keine Umdeutung heiliger Worte und Begriffe.* Here again he insists on the true meaning of terms which express the basic concepts of all religion; amongst these is immortality, which for the Nazis means the eternity only of the race, whereas it belongs in fact to each individual human soul. When he comes to the question of morality, which the Nazis try to withdraw from all Christian influences, the Pope very cleverly attacks them at their most sensitive point; they have committed a sin against the future of their race, *eine Sünde an der Zukunft des Volkes.* Clear understanding of the needs of the people and sympathetic appreciation of their national spirit are thus combined in this encyclical with uncompromising opposition to those who destroy both faith and morality in Germany.

It is clear that the Pope neither condemns nor approves the government as such. He takes it for granted and protests only against its totalitarian claims which conflict with religion, morality and the common human rights. But in spite of the

Church's long experience of political régimes which begin with fierce persecution and become milder after a little while, the tone of *Mit brennender Sorge* implies that the Pope expects no change in National Socialism. The encyclical, although issued as long ago as March 14th, 1937, marks a climax in the relations between the Church and the Third Reich. In fact, subsequent events have given added justification to this magnificent protest. Wherever Germany has triumphed, persecution of the most ferocious kind has followed—in Austria, in Czechoslovakia and, worst of all, in Poland.

With Italy the situation was altogether different. Pius XI had no illusions about the menace of Fascist ideas, and the brutality of the Fascist leaders; he was quick to protest against their anti-religious activities and to condemn erroneous teaching, but he recognised and entered into friendly relations with the Fascist Government and had good ground for hoping that outstanding disputes would be solved in a spirit of charity. Hence his attitude towards Fascism was always more conciliatory than that which he took up towards National Socialism. Nevertheless, there was no question of compromise on principles, and if we look at *Non abbiamo bisogno* in the light of the situation out of which it arose we shall find it to be quite as fierce a denunciation of Fascist errors as *Mit brennender Sorge* is of National Socialism.

The encyclical appeared on June 29th, 1931, after a series of attacks on the Catholic Action organisations, and after a particularly offensive address on the Italian radio. Here, too, in the midst of his righteous anger, the Pope shows his deep love of the Italian people and expresses his astonishment at the description of the Vatican in the wireless message as 'a foreign Power.' That Italian Catholics should consider the Papacy a foreign Power is a special source of grief to him and an amazing error in view of the fact that even Bismarck publicly asserted that he could not consider as a foreign Power the authority revered by 20,000,000 Germans.

After expressing his gratitude to the Bishops of Italy and to the organisations of Catholic Action the Pope describes the series of acts of violence, calumny and sacrilege committed in the recent past and insists that these amount to a veritable persecution of the Church. He denies the charge that Catholic Action is a political organisation, dangerous to the State,

and points to the fact that it includes 500,000 girls and young women and 150,000 small children, while 'effective members' number only 220,000. He expresses grave anxiety for the future because he sees in this violence an attempt to tear away from the Church the younger generation as a whole, and he justifies his protests on the ground that this concerns not politics, but 'the sacred and inviolable rights of souls and of the Church.' He affirms the necessity of religious education of the young and of a completely religious atmosphere in the schools, recalling his words in the earlier encyclical on Christian Education (which in fact was first published in Italian, thus implying its special applicability to conditions in Italy). The Fascist Oath demanding unreserved obedience in the cause of a revolution 'which snatches the young from the Church and from Jesus Christ, and which inculcates in its own young people hatred, violence and irreverence' is quite definitely unlawful. It is true that he does not condemn the Fascist Party, but he has no hesitation about condemning the errors of its leaders and the ideology which inspires them. This is 'a real pagan worship of the State, no less in contrast with the natural rights of the family than with the supernatural rights of the Church.'

While the Italian and German encyclicals are primarily protests against persecution and condemnation of error and only incidentally call attention to certain happier features of the situation in the two countries, the letter to America, published on November 1st, 1939, is primarily a message of congratulation in which the Pope takes the opportunity to call attention to certain features of American life which are hindering further progress in religion and morals. The tone is much more gentle, and the letter takes the form of positive exhortation rather than of merely negative condemnation.

He begins by recalling the establishment of the hierarchy in the U.S.A. 150 years before and the happy association of the first Catholic Bishop with the President, George Washington. He praises the achievement of the latter in the face of great difficulties, attributing it ultimately to the inspiration of Christian principles. He enumerates the more specifically Catholic achievements, expressing a particular interest in the work for the negroes. Then comes the warning. The place is important, it is definitely secondary to the main

purpose of the encyclical; but the words of warning cover more space than the congratulations. How gently it is introduced! 'The contemplation of victories won hitherto must not tempt us to idleness and relaxation,' 'We have a complaint to make, *although in a most fatherly spirit.*' This is far removed from the severity of *Mit brennender Sorge* and the passionate defence of Catholic Action in *Non abbiamo bisogno.*

But there is no hesitation about calling things by their proper names. Sin is the same thing the world over, and the Pope does not mince his words in describing the vices predominant in the U.S.A. and other democracies. All arise from 'one bitter root, the ignoring of God's majesty.' The culprit is clearly designated, but in the most charitable way: 'Would that *your* country had been able to learn from the experience of others, not from its own, what a mass of unfortunate consequences must arise when divorce is tolerated.' 'Many of the schools in your country' are blamed because 'they despise or ignore Christ's Person.' Treating of the social question, the Pope gives more positive guidance, but makes it known that he is well aware of the tragic social disorder which is present in the land of freedom and unlimited opportunities. God has ordained that there should be rich and poor

> for the better exercise of our human virtues. . . . But it was never His will that there should be some men in the world overflowing with superfluous riches; that there should be other men in the world who are reduced to the extremes of hardship, so that they lack the necessary means of livelihood.

The consistent attitude of the Papacy is made perfectly clear by these three encyclicals. The Popes are concerned about matters which come within their proper sphere as the religious leaders of Christendom. They are indifferent to political forms, only concerned with politics at the point where these touch on religious or moral problems, vitally interested in the just ordering of society and in the complete education of children because these things must be based on sound morality and true religion, and reasserting on every occasion the fundamental truths of Christianity and insisting on the practice of the moral law.

EDWARD QUINN.

CHRONICLE OF THE WAR

For months now the enemy has been battering the civil population of Britain, dropping bombs on towns and villages, on hospitals and small dwellings, in a vain attempt to crush this country, while at sea their submarine attacks have been intensified, especially along the routes of the Atlantic. Meanwhile the great reorganisation of the Axis plan continues. Political and military readjustments, necessitated by Britain's refusal to give in, and the consequent frustration of their scheme for a 'new Europe,' are now the main preoccupation of the Axis leaders. Some time ago the *Voelkischer Beobachter* gave an indication of the extent of their aspirations and their ideas for reconstruction: 'Europe after the war,' it said, 'will not be a happy continent, because enormous tasks lie ahead of the victorious Axis powers, alike in Asia, South America and Africa, tasks of political, social and revolutionary importance.' This somewhat universal programme presupposes, it would seem, the easy domination of the whole of Europe, leaving the conquerors free to concentrate their attentions elsewhere.

The Battle of London has altered all that, and although the 'New Order' is still the slogan of Nazi diplomats, its meaning has changed. Now it is a cloak for failure, a disguise under which the further prosecution of the war may be carried on, a bribe held out to the intended victims, that desiring peace, they may be swept into the conflict. Britain is undeceived, and Britain's faith was voiced once more by the Prime Minister in his broadcast to the French people on October 21st. 'Remember,' he said, 'we shall never stop, and never give in, and that our whole people and Empire have vowed themselves to the task of cleaning Europe from Nazi pestilence and saving the world from a new Dark Age.' He spoke for Britain's Allies and perhaps for others also. For the first time since the war began the plans of the Axis have not run so smoothly,

ccess in the field is not being so easily attained, and although ie situation is still perilous, hope and confidence is growing Europe.

In the middle of October Germany and Italy could look ound with a certain satisfaction—everything appeared to be oing according to plan. The 'Three Party Pact' with Japan as, in their view, a great step forward, a hindrance to further terference by the United States in European affairs. It ould also, so they believed, promote closer co-operation ith Russia, while acting as an effective barrier to the formaon of an anti-German bloc. At the same time German and alian propagandists indicated that the complete submission f France was near at hand, resulting in the acquisition of luable naval and military bases in the French colonies and erhaps even the French fleet as well. Spain's probable entry to the war was spoken of with confidence. In Eastern urope the outlook seemed equally favourable. Germany d Italy had grounds for believing that by exerting greater ressure on Greece and Turkey, and by the adoption of miliry preparations which they were careful not to disguise, they ould be able to advance without opposition towards the goal f Suez and the oilfields of Iran.

On October 21st Hitler and Ribbentrop left Germany to eet Laval in Paris. The meeting was the first of a series uring which the Fuehrer made personal contacts with Franco d Pétain, in addition to Laval. With Franco he reviewed e general situation and doubtless discussed the details of the le he thought fit to assign to Spain. Afterwards it was nounced, of course, that understanding had been reached etween them. This may be taken to include agreement as Spain's expectations and possible reward; more than likely slice of French Morocco. Hitler's consent to the Spanish olation of the international statute of Tangier, which folwed swiftly on this conference with the Caudillo, was ndoubtedly obtained. In return, he named his price, and his emands were certainly not limited to the exaction of a panish promise of help in quelling French resistance. It is rt of his plan that Spain shall serve more and more as a roofotter for Germany, watching German interests in South merica, West Africa, and the important strategical outposts the whole Iberian Peninsula. Further, Spain must be ready

with a helping hand against Britain, particularly in any German move against Gibraltar. It was significant that in German references to the meeting emphasis was laid on the complete accord between Germany and Spain; was it an accident that the Axis scarcely received a mention? Spanish comment on the occasion and its results was singularly reserved. This may be due to the internal situation. It is becoming increasingly obvious that the people of Spain are not ready to go to war, still less are they willing to be dragged into it on the side of Italy and Germany. True, their reluctance may not decide the issue, so strict is the supervision and the dragooning to which they are subjected, a supervision recently increased as the result of Himmler's visit. But convinced though the Phalangists may be of their ability to cope with malcontents according to Gestapo rules, there are not a few military leaders who, despite their leanings to the Axis, are persuaded that the situation permits of no risks being taken. Franco himself is fully aware of this. Nevertheless it must be borne in mind that the Axis powers are making great efforts to influence the domestic policy of Spain, and to secure their own designs against frustration from within. Hitler and Ribbentrop perhaps felt reassured in this respect when they left the Spanish frontier for an appointment with Pétain.

There has been great discussion and speculation about this meeting, concerning which the world was told, somewhat mysteriously, that 'collaboration in principle' between France and Germany had been reached. No clear statement from either side has been so far elicited in reply either to the messages of the King and President Roosevelt or to the soundings made through diplomatic channels. How much or how little Pétain has given away, under the influence of Laval, and to a lesser degree of Flandin, is still matter for guesswork. It is held by some that he has made no concessions of vital importance, nothing likely to impede the cause of Britain; others incline to the belief that Vichy has agreed to a scheme of collaboration which will be revealed only when the war has reached a later stage. In effect, that the French Government have accepted the standpoint expressed in the *Berliner Boersen Zeitung* of October 30th:

'France declared war on Germany at the side of Britain. France lost this war and Germany will now be able to rectify some of the

injustices of Versailles. Together with Britain, France was the country which divided Europe into two camps and prevented Germany from playing the part of a great power. Now France has her opportunity, which is hers to accept or reject. . . . If France wishes to collaborate, she must accept the new European order and find a place in it appropriate to herself.

'The meeting of Chancellor Hitler with Marshal Pétain is proof that Germany wants to adopt a positive attitude, on condition, however, that the French change their outlook—even those Frenchmen who still do not comprehend Britain's game. Germany aims at the elimination of all factors tending to divide the two countries, so that others may not be in a position to profit by their mutual rivalry. This system was the British system, the system of Continental particularism. It has now ended, and it has cost France her place as a great power.

'If France wishes to re-establish herself in Europe, she will not only have to clarify her position towards Germany, but also to define her attitude to Britain. Much will depend on the attitude taken up by France in the last phase of Britain's defeat. So long as France thinks as a European power, her position at home and in her empire will define itself by a natural development of events.'

In the French Colonial Empire, the more decided attitude of General Weygand during recent weeks, and other symptoms, slight as yet, of a growing spirit of resistance, provide evidence of the difficulties Laval and his accomplices may encounter in their attempts to obtain control, no matter how gradually, over the whole of France. General de Gaulle, too, has made considerable progress in Equatorial Africa, progress which is being carefully watched not only in other colonies, but in Vichy itself. Report says that doubts as to the policy of Laval are growing, and it is not improbable that de Gaulle's military successes will have repercussions in the sphere of politics. Thus Laval may have cause to walk warily and to 'make haste slowly' with his plans for leading France into the scheme of Germany.

As to Hitler's meeting with Pétain, it was reminiscent of a former episode in the Fuehrer's climb to power. Once before he had confronted an aged and defeated soldier, on whom he imposed his will. Perhaps the method employed with Hindenburg was used again with Pétain. No one yet can tell. In any case, whatever may be said or thought about the possibility of French resistance to German pressure,

whether exerted by Hitler on Pétain himself or by other means, there are no grounds for undue optimism or wishful thinking. It must not be overlooked that Laval has played the major rôle in the negotiations, both before and after Hitler's conversation with the Marshal, and that Ribbentrop and the other Nazi leaders have other ways, far removed from those of diplomacy, of breaking down opposition.

From France Hitler went to Florence, there to resume discussions with Mussolini. The two dictators of course reached that agreement on all points which has become so monotonous a feature of Nazi communiqués. This bare announcement was amplified by the official Stefani News Agency in a statement of the aims and intentions of the Axis Powers, as follows:

'(1) War against England will be continued relentlessly until victory is achieved which will free Europe from Britain's unbearable domination.

'(2) The Axis will carry through, step by step, the new organisation of Europe's life and sweep away the disorder created by Versailles. This new order will materialise when England, whose policy was always based on dissension, is definitely eliminated from Europe.

'(3) Italo-German solidarity is extremely active in all spheres, as regards European as well as non-European questions.

'(4) France can improve her position only by joining up with the process of European reconstruction and by changing her attitude towards the Axis.

'(5) In the past Greece placed herself at the disposal of Britain's war effort against the Axis, and on the other hand, tried to derive the greatest benefit from neutrality. To-day Greece too must admit that whoever helps England can only be regarded as an Enemy of the Axis.'

The last paragraph is presumably an attempt to justify the latest act of aggression, committed at the very time the two dictators met. It was, after all, just one more link in a long chain. Greece was attacked because she stood athwart the path to Suez, because she refused to become a party to German-Italian plans and allow her bases to be used as a jumping-off ground to Syria and Palestine, because she maintained her rights to sovereign independence. The Italians expected little or no armed resistance, but what was to have

been a walk-over has resulted for them in another Caporetto, a second Guadalajara. Whatever the eventual outcome of the war in Greece, whatever ordeals may be endured by the brave Greek people, their fighting spirit and their heroism will be remembered for long years ahead. Instead of a sweeping military triumph, accompanied by ruthless bombing of the civil population and the retreat of British naval forces from the Mediterranean, a very different fate has befallen the assailant. The Greeks are fighting on Albanian soil, the Royal Air Force has acquired valuable new bases from which to raid Italian ports and communications, and the Fleet Air Arm has dealt a crippling blow at their capital ships in harbour. Taranto will long be remembered—by both parties to the encounter. Not only has it redressed the balance of naval power in the Mediterranean; it has almost certainly upset the German-Italian programme for the attack on Egypt and the Near East. Now it looks as if Germany will have to come to the help of her ally, to save Italy from further defeats and to restore, if that is possible, Italian prestige.

It should not be supposed that the attack on the Near East has been definitely abandoned. It has, however, almost certainly been postponed. And Germany's great desire for passivity in the Balkans remains unfulfilled, although efforts to wear down Greek resistance and intimidate the Turks by a war of nerves continue unabated. Hitler finds himself faced with the very possibility he wanted at all costs to avoid, the possibility that he may have to take military action against his will and judgment. The vulnerability of Italy has been established beyond doubt, and for the first time Hitler's generals are proved right. For years they have uttered warnings, always disregarded, as to the weaknesses of the Italian Army. They have received the invariable reply that the alliance with Italy was of purely political significance, and that military deficiencies mattered not at all. Hitler will find the truth unpleasant, even if we on our side have no reason to underrate the nuisance value of Italian arms.

The situation in Greece and the Mediterranean certainly affected the course of the discussions on Russo-German relations. The Fuehrer's speech of November 8th made it plain that he judged the time to be ripe for a concrete definition

of Russia's political attitude. Although success may hav attended his attempt to secure greater economic collaboratio with the Soviet, perhaps even to the extent of an agreemen for the production of armaments, it by no means follow that Hitler's political object was achieved. The German have been particularly anxious, for some time past, to brin about agreement between Russia and Japan on the Chine issue, hoping to gain more active support from Japan agains Britain in the Far East once she was freed from doubt as the intentions of Russia. Therefore Hitler offered Moloto a share in German-Italian spheres of influence in the Nea and Middle East, including no doubt an interest in the part tion of Turkey and some tempting morsel in Iran. Th Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, while giving sym pathetic consideration to suggestions of this nature, is though by many competent observers to have declined to comm himself to any definite course, preferring to play for tim But that does not imply that Russia is in the least inclined t adopt an anti-Axis attitude. Germany's military might i still held in awe in the U.S.S.R. On the German side, common antipathy to Britain is said to form an almos indissoluble bond between the two nations. Thus a Germa broadcaster, reviewing the situation:

'Molotoff has been in Berlin for two days. He had talks lastin for hours with the Fuehrer and Ribbentrop, during which it w noted on both sides that there was agreement on all political que tions affecting the two nations. The purpose of the visit, whic consisted in the further strengthening of German-Russian coll boration, functioning for more than a year now, has been accom plished. This is the best proof of the fact that both parties a extremely satisfied with the practical results of their collaboratio

'Future events in Eastern Europe will have to be considered fro the angle of the forty-eight hours spent by Molotoff in Berlin a Stalin's representative. The deepening of the German-Russia community of interest has, according to neutral reports, had simil effects in London to those of the conclusion of the German-Russia pact.'

President Roosevelt's election for a third time has cause great satisfaction throughout the free world. The campaig itself was a striking proof of the determination of all partie

to support the cause of Britain by every possible means short of war. The British people viewed the outcome, whatever it might be, with confidence. Nevertheless, the majority are glad that Roosevelt has won, because his record in international affairs has shown him to be a staunch and fearless friend, and because his re-election ensures continuity in the American administration at a time when the world is in upheaval. Under his Presidency, it is felt, we may look forward to an ever-increasing stream of practical aid in the struggle in which we are engaged, and to a still closer political sympathy between the two Democracies.

EUROPEAN OBSERVER.

STALIN AND EUROPE

THE centre of interest in the present war swings rapidly fron one part of the world to another: Poland, Scandinavia the Low Countries, France, Italy, the Balkans, Africa Japan, Syria, the U.S.A. But throughout all this there ha been—and is now, more than ever, perhaps—one countr which appears to hold the key to the whole situation: Sovie Russia.

Not only the Governments, but the people of every Stat in Europe and Asia, have been focussing their eyes for man months on the world's most powerful and most enigmati dictator—Stalin. They watch keenly for a sign that wil indicate his views, his attitude, his intentions. That h cannot remain indifferent to the recent European develop ments—or, indeed, to the existing world alignment, is clea enough. But how does he see it all and what is he going t do about it? And since no clear line is discernible, th diplomats, the press and the public either resign themselve to the doleful conclusion that Russia, whether ruled by Tsar or commissars, is, as ever, inscrutable; or else they indulge i the wildest of mental speculation which is based on nothin beyond ignorant and wishful thinking.

This wishful thinking consists in repeating day in, da out, that relations between Stalin and Hitler are rapid reaching or have already reached breaking point, and that a open clash between the two dictators is imminent. With th utmost self-satisfaction our diplomatic correspondents tro out inspired comments about Russia mobilising on th German border (or *vice versâ*); they write gleefully about a inevitable breakdown in the much vaunted Russo-Germa economic collaboration, or quackishly interpret the recen Axis-Japan alliance as being primarily directed not again Great Britain but against Soviet Russia. Even when thes puerile, or deliberately misleading contentions are prompt

belied by the actual developments; even when, instead of fighting each other, Soviet Russia and Germany set up a joint Danubian Commission; or important new trade talks take place in Moscow; or no less a personage than Molotov visits Berlin, it is for some reason considered necessary to play down or misinterpret these ominous developments.

The trade talks did not really get very far, we are told; or there is no harmony among the members of the Danubian Commission; or the red flag hoisted in Berlin to welcome Molotov was only a very small one.

These comments would be ridiculous in their mendacity were they not so consistent and were not the perpetuation of wishful thinking about Soviet Russia in the long run really rather dangerous.

The fact is that there is not one shred of evidence to justify our purblind belief in the deterioration of the Russo-German partnership, or still less, any reason to assume that Stalin will move so much as a little finger to help the Democracies in their fight against his fellow-gangster.

For that is yet another ' beauty ' of our systematic misrepresentation of Soviet Russia's position; not only is she purported to be breaking away from Nazi Germany at almost any moment, but it is apparently Stalin's sacred duty to immolate himself on the altar of that very democracy and civilisation which he himself has done so much to destroy.

With all respect, this kind of approach to the Russian problem is not only devoid of any reality, but is dangerous and unmitigated nonsense. If a serious attempt is to be made to gauge what Stalin is likely to do, or why he behaves as he does, then surely it is necessary to place ourselves in *his* position and judge the problems confronting him in the light of *his* own interests and desiderata—not ours.

His interests are simple enough to recognise. First and foremost he is concerned with maintaining his dictatorship over the terrorised two hundred million slaves who now live under his rule.

Secondly—to keep out of the war, at any price. Neither the internal political nor the economic position of the Soviet Union enables Stalin to risk an armed conflict with anybody. Though a year has now elapsed since his aggression on Finland, the lessons of this grim military enterprise have not been

lost on Stalin. For over a hundred days little Finland stc up, practically alone, to the Soviet colossus and offered whole world a practical demonstration of the Red Arm incompetent command and poor supply organisation.

The Russian soldier is always a good fighter, capable much heroism and daring. But under a system which regula decapitates the army—because able and popular commanc are considered as a political danger; under a system wh places the real power in the army in the hands of polit commissars; under a system, moreover, where economic a social conditions make it quite impossible to organise sup even with the minimum of regularity or adequacy, it is cle undesirable to risk a war against any major power. F scale mobilisation constitutes a threat in itself, for Stalin no certain knowledge whether, once armed, the million peasant serfs in Russia would not turn against their Bolshe gaolers and executioners rather than fight a foreign fo whoever he may be. These two primary consideratic which are so closely interwoven as to be almost indis guishable from each other, viz., maintenance of his dictat ship and avoidance of war at any price, constitute the ba ground of Stalin's whole foreign policy and without a prc appreciation of their significance it is impossible to apprec the nature of his diplomacy or the course he is likely follow. There is always a third, equally important, consid tion—world revolution. But while the first two are c permanent, immediate and urgent nature, the third is rat a matter of the future; an objective which is omnipreser Stalin's mind, but not a question of day-to-day politics. pursuing the goal of world revolution, Stalin has no c punction about adherence to the alleged Communist princi of his party, or about loyalty to friends and collabora (Russian and foreign alike), or indeed about anything might come under the heading of idealism or ideology. would say that such observation of good faith is one of th absurd 'bourgeois notions' for which he has nothing but utmost contempt.

We are sometimes accused of departing from our Commu principles [said Dimitrov, the secretary of the Communist Ir national and one of Stalin's most active 'stooges]. What stupic what blindness! We should not be Marxists and Leninist rev

[illegible], nor disciples of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, if we were not capable of completely altering our tactics and our mode of action as circumstances may dictate. But all the deviations and all the ins and outs of our tactics are directed to a single end—the world revolution.

In the light of all this, Stalin's foreign policy appears both wholly logical and, up to now, amazingly successful. Through his arrangement with Hitler he has not only been able to evade—at any rate for the time being—a danger that is always haunting him, but he has also obtained some vitally important advantages.

What did the Democracies offer him? Nothing, plus the certainty of war; a war, moreover, in which he would have had to face Germany alone—just as Poland did. Hitler, on the other hand, not only gave him a very great deal, but also the possibility of keeping out of the fight.

Without so much as moving a little finger Stalin secured the incorporation of the three Baltic States in the Soviet Union; a slice of Poland, Bessarabia and Bukovina—which places him in a strong bargaining position in the Balkans; finally, at the price of a moral and military disgrace (to which he is fairly indifferent) a part of Finland, with the possibility of exercising a further and constant threat not only on the wretched Finns but also on Sweden.

Whether these territorial acquisitions appeal to Stalin because of his desire for Russia's aggrandisement; whether it is a form of revolutionary imperialism which sees in every additional square mile of land a stepping stone for the further spread of the Bolshevik system; whether Stalin is actuated by the desire to build a belt of countries around his realm as a protective measure against the inevitable clash with Hitler (as most commentators would have us believe), the fact remains that the Soviet Dictator has scored a tremendous success and has been able to do so without going to war. The Finnish episode in this context must be viewed as an exception; a blunder, presumably due to misinformation.

These territorial acquisitions must have whetted Stalin's appetite. There remains considerable scope for further transactions in that direction and it is from this angle that the latest developments of his foreign policy should be viewed.

It is quite untrue to say that the circumstances of 1939

were unique and unrepeatable or that Stalin's opportunities for 'peaceful' expansion have exhausted themselves. Hitler needs him as much now as he did last year, and the association between the gangster of Berlin and the gangster of Moscow remains mutually profitable—even though the reasons for making it so may have undergone certain changes. In 1939 Stalin's greatest value to Hitler was a strategic one. To avoid war on two fronts was as important to Hitler as avoiding any war at all was vital to Stalin. The economic support to be obtained from Soviet Russia was then only a secondary consideration. The Germans knew full well the unsatisfactory state of Bolshevist industry and transport. Moreover, they had stocks enough to carry them through a short war—as they seem to have believed it would be. Since then the position has changed. By now Hitler must realise that the war is bound to last much longer than he anticipated and that not even the looting of all the captive countries will fully cover his requirements in certain raw materials or even in industrial production. If his experts can reorganise and successfully operate Soviet industry and transport, the economic value of Russia may prove as great to him, he hopes, as the support of the U.S.A. will be to Britain.

But in any case it is in Hitler's interest not to fall out with Stalin as long as he is engaged in the West or cherishes the ambitions he appears to cherish in the Near and Middle East. It is worth his while to pay Stalin the price the Bolshevik leader demands for his continued acquiescence or even actual support. If victory is achieved by Germany, there will always be time to turn against Russia. And until such victory is achieved there is every advantage for Hitler in keeping Stalin on his side.

It is worth his while to exercise a certain amount of pressure on the Japanese to reconcile them with Moscow—that is if the Japanese need pressing. And there is ample evidence that they are only too willing to improve their relations with Moscow of their own accord—without being pressed. As to Italy, she has always been verbose in her condemnation of Bolshevism, but extremely active in doing business with Soviet Russia. Stalin has been quite a good client to the Italian shipping yards, for instance, whereas Mussolini's navy has found Soviet oil extremely useful.

So much for the Axis side of it. They have too many other commitments to risk even so much as an estrangement with Moscow. From Stalin's point of view, the advantages of prolonging or even extending the existing arrangements with Hitler and his friends are even greater. Not only does it mean avoidance of war, but the economic deterioration of the Soviet Union has gone so far that assistance from a Western Power is a vital necessity. No one is in a better position to render such assistance than Germany. After all, German engineers know the Soviet industry, which they have helped to build up, inside out. Moreover, they alone can offer immediate service, whereas the Western democracies or the U.S.A. are not only physically inaccessible, but are too busy with armament requirements of their own to be of any help. A little assistance is now being secured from Sweden. But Germany, or some of her captive countries, are the principal source of equipment or technical skill to which the Soviet Union can turn after all her 'triumphant' Five-Year-Plans in order to avoid the complete collapse of her industry and transport.

Apart from this purely practical aspect, there is a political one which has several important facets. In the first instance, it is in Stalin's interest to prolong the war to the utmost of his capacity. It has always been Moscow's nightmare that one day Soviet Russia would be attacked either by Britain or by Germany or by both. Stalin wants this war to last long enough to exhaust both sides to such a degree as to make it impossible even for the victorious one to attack him. He certainly does not wish a speedy victory, either for the democracies or for Hitler, and the collapse of France must have given him as nasty a shock as it gave us. But now that he sees Britain standing up to her 'cataract of disasters' and not merely 'taking it,' but showing unflinching determination in holding out until victory is achieved, he has every incentive —from his point of view—in prolonging the struggle by sustaining Germany. Not too actively, of course, but sufficiently to make sure the war goes on. The assistance he can render Hitler is not so much in the nature of immediate economic help. For that, as has been stated above, necessitates, as a prerequisite, the economic reorganisation of the Soviet Union itself. But he can help a great deal by not

standing in the way, *e.g.*, in Germany's conquest of Rumania or in her drive towards the Black Sea and beyond.

Needless to say, he will only do it at a price. And here we come to the crux of the recent German-Soviet negotiations, begun in Moscow and perhaps completed during Molotov's visit to Berlin. That Hitler has his eye on the oil-wells of Iran and Iraq is too obvious to require elaboration. What is the *quid pro quo* he could offer Stalin for a free hand in that part of the world? Is it too far-fetched to assume that the two gangsters have agreed on carving up Turkey and perhaps even Iran, as they did Poland? And could they not agree to establish a *condominium* over the Straits, which would be mutually profitable to them as long as they remain friends? But Turkey is Soviet Russia's ally, it will be objected. And a *condominium* over the Straits would be of little help if ever the two dictators fall out with each other.

As far as Moscow's 'friendship' with Turkey is concerned, it is well to remember that neither Hitler nor Stalin has ever felt any hesitation in 'selling out' friends for an immediate advantage. In fact, Stalin has made quite a practice of building up positions to have something to 'trade in' as a consideration in his dealings with foreign powers. Think of the Spanish Republicans or the German Communists, whom he dropped in a most cynical manner when the time for a 'get together' with Hitler arrived. He would not hesitate to betray Turkey if he could thereby secure the southern shores of the Black Sea and a free hand in Iran, any more than he would think twice about abandoning China if a profitable deal with Japan became possible.

Moreover, what is his alternative? Opposition to Hitler and his partners? A preventive war against Germany and Japan, before they get strong enough to attack him?

That, our diplomatic experts appear to suggest, would be a wiser course in view of the inevitability of such a clash. It is astonishing to what an extent the very people who shut their eyes to the dangers threatening Britain see clearly when it is the case of a supposed threat to Stalin. By continuing his collaboration with Hitler, Stalin secures a number of immediate advantages and avoids some even more immediate dangers. As to the future, to which so shrewd and so cynical

a man can hardly be blind, it is too remote to dictate a line of action now.

All sorts of things may happen, and Germany is nowhere near winning the war. If such a danger were to become acute, he can always 'sell out' to Britain—for he has closed no doors.

Meanwhile, however, all his interests are on the other side, and it is high time this were grasped here and taken into consideration when determining our own line of policy. It is no use arguing that the association between Hitler and Stalin is 'an uneasy partnership.' Most partnerships are uneasy. The Axis itself is an uneasy partnership and our alliance with France was in many ways uneasy, too. But what holds Stalin and Hitler together is not only the respect of two efficient gangsters for each other, but the realisation that together they have a far greater hitting power—even if this means distasteful compromise to either side or both—than if they operated alone. Their two strongest links, however, are their joint fear of revolution and their implacable hatred of Great Britain.

George Soloveytchik.

RUDOLF OLDEN[1]

[*We are glad to publish the following words on Rudolf Olden and his wife, who went down with 'The City of Benares.' It is a matter of shame and deep regret that these two very gallant defenders of the common decencies in the Europe of our day would not have perished but for the ignorance and inefficiency with which the authorities of this country treated Olden and many of his fellow fugitives from National Socialist despotism.*—THE EDITOR.]

RUDOLF OLDEN, who was born in 1885, was a distinguished lawyer, and at the same time one of the finest and most knowledgeable publicists among left-wing Liberals in the German Republic. For several years he was assistant editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* under Theodor Wolff. Olden left Berlin after the Reichstag fire. He spent some time in Prague, then went to Austria, Switzerland and France before he came to England. Here he was given hospitality in Oxford by Professor Gilbert Murray. From 1934–1940, while in Oxford, Olden wrote several books. In Germany, during the Republic, he had published biographies of Stresemann and Hindenburg. In Oxford he wrote a critical study of Hitler. Apart from this, Olden also contributed regularly to the *Neues Tagebuch*, and the *Pariser Tageszeitung*.

Olden belonged to no political party; he was unable to accept any political dogma. He never adopted an emotional attitude towards political ideas; instead he was a slightly sceptical advocate of human decency wherever he found it, of personal liberty, and of humanitarian principles. Socialistic ideas did not appeal to Olden. He felt instinctively that socialism would impair individualism, would interfere with the rights of the individual, and would encourage despotism. Events in Russia increased his suspicions of socialism. The

[1] From an address delivered by Kurt Hiller at Onchan Internment Camp, September 27th, 1940.

violent negation of individual liberty and freedom of criticism seemed to him not only an outgrowth of Stalinism but of socialism in general.

Olden was an avowed enemy of ruthless force, of tyranny and of barbarism, but he could never make up his mind to become an active worker in any specific movement. Even as a political writer he was more contemplative than active; he preferred analysis to action. His strength was the sensitiveness, the wisdom and the culture expressed in his observations and in his analysis, in his illumination of facts, and his great knowledge.

Olden's books and articles did not appeal to fanatics. He was one of Germany's last real Liberals, and that says a great deal. As recently as this spring he published two very outspoken and forceful articles which testified to his courage. In a splendid, brief statement he attacked those appeasers who, though they repudiated Hitler, were yet willing to accept the 'more moderate' Goering as a man eligible to negotiate a peace, and who dream of a conservative coalition consisting of German generals and managing directors, a coalition ostensibly directed against the Nazi extremists but actually directed against all freedom and progress in Europe. The second article written by Olden last spring was a deeply moving introduction to the German edition of the book by the mother of our Hans Litten.

Rudolf Olden was a Liberal, a lawyer and a Jew of the Evangelical Faith (his father's name had been Oppenheim), but during the German Republic he never belonged to that smart 'democratic' clique of business men who traded in the law, to that set of lawyers who adjusted themselves to the men who happened to be in power, and who would dutifully have become conservative nationalists had they been racially acceptable as such. Rudolf Olden was never worldly or greedy for success, he was utterly without repulsive middle-class ambition; he had profound integrity, he was a free, independent, honest and intellectual man. He was not a rebel but at the same time he felt no venom towards rebels. He liked radical literature if it was well written (in fact, he preferred the form of such books to the radicalism they contained). He was never afraid of compromising his reputation by devoting himself to a good cause even though

it was unpopular, and he was never afraid of defending unpopular people in the courts. In 1931 he was Carl von Ossitzky's counsel (the well-known pacifist had been accused of betraying military secrets). Olden also took part in the work of the League for the Rights of Man. Later he always helped *émigrés* when he could; he hated injustice, repression, libel, and intrigue.

I was with Olden at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, at Christmas, 1938. One day we took a walk in the snow, and we passed a peaceful graveyard. He remarked sadly, with a suggestion of irony at his own mood: 'Mrs. Olden and her daughter will one day come to this spot to visit Father's grave . . .' He had not counted on the mad development of events. It is terrible to think back to that walk which seems to have occurred but a day or two ago. That father, who was over fifty, was deeply attached to his little daughter, born in exile. His wife was more than twenty-five years younger than he. Let us hope that his daughter is safe. His wife, as one of the ship's survivors reported, refused to get into a life-boat without her husband. She was drowned with him.

KURT HILLER.

THE SHELTER—AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH

SINCE the nightly bombing of Britain began on September 7th, the problem of finding safe accommodation for the people of our cities and towns has become acute. The onset of winter has added to the dangers and difficulties with which the authorities have to contend. London being the largest city, and having suffered the full attention of the *Luftwaffe*, we can consider the various health questions to which aerial attack has given rise from the viewpoint of the capital. For London's problems are those of other cities—they vary in degree rather than kind; other urban areas, spread throughout the British Isles, are faced with much the same difficulties.

I do not propose to discuss the question of safety from bombs, or from the fires caused by incendiaries. The first of these dangers can be countered only by adequate protection—'the deeper down, the greater degree of safety.' The second is a matter for constant watchfulness and prompt action on the part of our public services and by individuals. What I want to discuss in this article is the health question in relation to shelters. Shall we find a steady deterioration in the national health as the months pass? Shall we experience devastating epidemics—akin to the influenza pandemic of 1918 during which, in India alone, 6,000,000 people lost their lives? Shall we be stricken with enteric as the result of damage to our sewage? Lastly, will the overcrowding of our shelters lead to an alarming increase of those bronchial and pulmonary illnesses which are, even in normal winters, such a characteristic of life in this island?

Before we attempt to answer these questions let us glance at the steps which the Government has taken, and is taking, to deal with the health question in regard to public shelters.

On October 17th, the Minister of Health spoke in the House of Commons on the health of the nation. A large part

of his speech was devoted to the shelter problem. MacDonald outlined what he called 'a catalogue of propositions.' First, he placed overcrowding, remarking t if the number of people using each shelter could be reducec reasonable proportions 'the problem of protecting them, only from bombs, but also from germs and parasites, becon much simpler.' The obvious remedy for overcrowding evacuation; and the Minister added that the policy evacuating people who can be spared from London becon increasingly important as winter approaches.

Secondly, so far as possible, the population must dispersed evenly throughout the shelters. Thirdly, MacDonald stressed the 'supreme importance' of sleep those spending the night in shelters. The Government ho to provide bunks in the very near future.

The fourth point dealt with the provision of adequ sanitary equipment—one latrine for every twenty peop The fifth proposition laid down that the Medical Officer Health in each borough is responsible for seeing that frequent inspection of each public shelter is made.' T sixth point is that, in each shelter holding more than people, there shall be a first-aid post. The seventh— provision of a sick-bay for partial isolation of individu when deemed desirable; the eighth, a nurse in attendanc the ninth, a medical practitioner, either on the spot or wit call; while the tenth and last point is that shelter inhabita who are suffering from infectious diseases are to be taken of the shelter and accommodated in hospital.

Now these provisions, admirable as they are, do not far enough. The Minister, it is true, reported that Government were examining other aspects of the problem notably the ventilation and heating of the shelters and possibility of disinfection by the use of sprays. 'We m make,' he said, 'the shelters safe for the sturdy defenders democracy.'

The fact that basements and other underground refuge more or less suitable for daytime shelters—are being us now as dormitories, has given rise to a number of proble which would otherwise not have arisen. It is one thing use a surface shelter or an underground station for an hour so during a daylight raid, but a quite different set of proble

arises when they are used for many hours on end, as has been the case since the aerial *Blitzkrieg* began.

As I have already shown, these problems—or most of them—have been recognised by the Minister of Health. But so far many of the aims outlined by Mr. MacDonald have not by any means yet passed from the theoretical into the practical. I imagine that there will be no dispute to the proposition that, so far as the danger from bombs is concerned, the deep shelter afforded by the Underground platforms and tunnels is incomparably the best. But, unhappily, the danger is elsewhere. Mr. MacDonald, in a broadcast talk said:

> 'There seems a fair chance that the most potent threat to us in the months that lie immediately ahead will be not from the bomb and the parachute, but from the bug and the parasite: not from marauding German airmen or troops, but from influenza, diphtheria and other ailments which we can generally hold in check in peace-time, but which may sally forth like bandits breaking loose from prison when the constable's back is turned, to harry and pillage and slay under the abnormal conditions of war.'

This, unfortunately, is no exaggeration. For the bombardment of London has brought to the forefront an old enemy of slum-life—overcrowding. Thousands of people, men, women and, unhappily, children, descend into the shelters at dusk (or before) and emerge a dozen or so hours later. You have only to glance at the rows of people lying or sitting shoulder to shoulder in the Tubes to realise that the rules of hygiene which lay down the minimum cubic space compatible with health are being broken in a manner which must be roundly condemned by any Medical Officer of Health. There can be no question that the most important step—the first that should be taken—is the provision of adequate ventilation. No one factor will be more potent in the production of epidemics than the present failure to remove stale, and to provide fresh, air. Ventilating shafts should be bored at suitable points and modern methods for the supply of fresh air and for maintaining its free circulation should be installed without delay.

So much is obvious. There are, moreover, other factors which strengthen the case for quick action in this matter. I can imagine no better way of increasing the number of cases

of catarrhal diseases than that of spending twelve hours or so in a stuffy, germ-laden atmosphere, and then emerging into the cold, raw, damp air of a winter's morning in London. There is the danger of bronchitis; of pneumonia; and the risk of the spread of tuberculosis. Text-books of medicine stress the fact that, while heredity is nowadays considered to be less important than formerly in this last-named disease, the predisposing factors which count most are bad ventilation, insufficient food, lack of fresh air and exercise. The authorities have, I think it will be conceded, taken steps to ensure that we shall be able to obtain adequate nourishment. They are awake to the danger of deficiency diseases, due to lack of vitamins: and they have realised that shortages of many of the everyday foods may lead to changes in diet with the risk that the new menu will be short of vitamins. Such a shortage occurred in the war of 1914–1918.

As to fresh air and exercise, the present conditions of life for the great majority of town dwellers make these desiderata most difficult of attainment. But in the English winter, town-dwellers are accustomed to carry on with little fresh air and less exercise. What they are not acclimatised to is the contact at close quarters with micro-organisms against many of which they probably have little natural (or acquired) immunity.

The Minister of Health referred to 'ailments which we can generally hold in check in peace-time,' and specified diphtheria as one of these. This disease is highly contagious, but is most commonly met with between the second and twelfth year of life. Active immunity—that is immunity produced by an individual's own antigens—usually follows one attack, but second attacks are not unknown.

Now the danger of a serious epidemic of this disease lies largely in its highly contagious nature, and in the fact that sometimes very mild attacks do occur—attacks in which the patient appears to be suffering merely from a sore throat, but is none the less harbouring the Klebs-Lœffler bacillus in the recesses of his mucous membrane. It is this type of case which is of extreme danger where conditions are favourable for the development of an epidemic. For, unless two factors are insisted upon, dozens, hundreds of people, may well contract the disease from one carrier: these two factors are

concerned with the doctor and the layman. There must be a sufficiency of medical practitioners available (with ready access to laboratories) to examine any and every potential suspect: and the layman must be prepared to report even a slight sore throat and submit himself to prompt bacteriological examination. Fortunately, modern medical science has the Schick-test to aid in the prophylaxis of epidemics. And if more than the normal seasonal number of cases occur, free use of this test to ascertain the diphtheria-susceptible will have to be made.

It is the early diagnosis which counts in this disease. I suppose this is true for every illness; but, as *early* treatment of diphtheria by means of antitoxin produces almost immediate relief, too much stress cannot be laid upon this factor if epidemics are to be avoided. It has been demonstrated that the sooner the antitoxin is used, the better the result and the quicker the recovery.

A word about the treatment of diphtheria 'carriers'—those unfortunate people who harbour the bacillus, and are therefore infectious to others, but are themselves not suffering from the symptoms of the disease. It is sometimes difficult to rid the throat of the Klebs-Lœffler bacillus: and if, after several examinations, it is still present in a virulent form, as judged by its toxicity to the guinea-pig, the 'carrier' must be isolated until he or she is free from the organism.

The value of this test and of subsequent immunisation has been demonstrated beyond cavil. In the Edinburgh City Fever Hospital, for example, 219 nurses who reacted positively to the Schick-test were subsequently immunised, with the result that diphtheria among the nursing staff was reduced by at least 85 per cent.

It will therefore readily be admitted, I hope, that we possess the weapons to fight against diphtheria, and to reduce its incidence. But before I pass on to consider other diseases in relation to war-life in London, I should like to repeat that the means to avoid an epidemic, to avoid even an increase in the seasonal figures, are to hand. If the authorities will use them and the shelter-population will co-operate, I have little fear of a serious diphtheria epidemic in the coming winter.

The possibility of an epidemic of typhoid fever was referred to by the Minister of Health in his broadcast talk.

He said that the risk of such an outbreak 'can easily be exaggerated. It is much less than some scaremongers are seeking to make out.'

Let us examine this possibility.

Typhoid, and the three paratyphoid fevers, may be considered together. The enteric group is most prevalent in the autumn: is commonest between the ages of ten and twenty-five: and the organisms are characterised by their predilection for the lining of the intestine. The infection itself is conveyed by water or by milk, by food—such as oysters, watercress and ice-cream—or by contact with infected bed-linen or, of course, by direct contamination with infected human excreta.

Now, the absence of adequate sanitary provisions in the public shelters means that the risk of one individual who is himself suffering from the disease (or is—more dangerous still—a carrier) infecting his neighbours, is increased enormously. And to minimise this risk, both the occupants and the doctor must co-operate. Those who sleep in shelters must exercise the greatest possible care to ensure cleanliness in the use of such sanitary appliances as exist. At present this is far from being the case—as a member of Parliament told the House, 'Some of the tube shelters are a thorough disgrace, and I challenge the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (the Minister of Health) to go to the sanitary section of Piccadilly Circus Tube and, if he can, remain there for ten minutes without being sick.'

It is not easy to understand why, when in September it became obvious that deep shelters were imperative and a matter of extreme urgency, immediate steps were not taken to install, at least temporary, sanitation. As another Member remarked in the same debate, it is 'silly' to say that 'it takes time to manufacture latrines': a few energetic officials, using the telephone, 'could find shops and improvise certain accommodation which would solve half these problems to-night.' This criticism seems to me a fair one. It was certainly the duty of the Ministry to recognise without delay that the Underground railways were going to be used by large numbers of people at nights: and the sooner they faced up to the minimum hygienic essentials for such mass-dormitories the better. Not a day, not an hour should have been

ost: for it was obvious that deep underground shelters and unnels were the ideal protective areas against bombs.

This question of adequate sanitation, therefore, is a vital one if we are considering the likelihood of a typhoid epidemic. The various fevers of the enteric group are not air-borne, but due to contamination: the bacilli of typhoid and the paratyphoids enter the human body through the gastro-intestinal tract. Nothing is easier, unfortunately, than for one infected ndividual to become the starting-point of an epidemic, in he absence of adequate hygienic arrangements, and where acilities for the washing of hands and bodily cleanliness as a whole are lacking.

No doubt some of the blame for the unhealthy conditions o be found in large shelters and the Underground railways hould lie on the individual, who has not invariably (to put it nildly) exercised that care and thought for the comfort and afety of others which is increasingly necessary when existing anitary arrangements are insufficient. If the Minister of Health acts promptly and provides one latrine for every wenty people, the sanitary conditions in these places should hen be satisfactory—but only if the people themselves are nindful of the necessity of care in the use they make of the atrines.

So much for the enteric group and the steps which are needed to prevent an epidemic of typhoid and paratyphoid. What other infectious diseases are prevalent in London and he other large cities of Britain during the winter months? And which of these are likely to attack us as the result of war-time conditions? One of the most highly infectious liseases may, thanks to inoculation or, if you prefer it, vaccination, be dismissed at once. I refer to small-pox. For lthough the conditions to be found in shelters are ideal for he spread of this revolting disease—it flourishes in a temperature of 60° F. or over, and is arrested in one of 50° F.—hanks to vaccination, what may be called the national mmunity to small-pox, is high.

Measles, being a disease chiefly encountered in the months of November, December, January, May and June, and being highly infectious, can scarcely be dismissed so easily. Indeed, ccording to Dr. Summerskill, speaking in the House of Commons: 'the measles epidemic has now started, and is

gaining ground rapidly, and pneumonia, which is one of the commonest complications of measles, will follow.' If this is so, the problem of isolating the patients and, at the same time not exposing them unduly to the risk of bombing, is a difficult one. Underground accommodation must be found and utilised as isolation hospitals: alternatively, the patients and their contacts must be evacuated into 'safe' areas. Serum from individuals convalescent from measles protects against an attack if injected before the fifth day of the incubation period: but the *passive* immunity which results lasts for a few weeks only. It is an interesting observation that serum administered between the fifth and tenth days leads to an attenuated attack, but a lasting *active* immunity. But serum from convalescents was difficult enough to obtain in pre-war days. I cannot believe that, in the event of a serious epidemic, this method of treatment would be practicable.

The other familiar epidemic diseases of Britain—German measles, chicken-pox, mumps and scarlet fever—can be considered together. The organisms responsible for the first three of these diseases are unknown, but all these diseases are more prevalent in the spring and autumn months. Should there be a widespread epidemic of any of these exanthemata, the responsible authorities will be faced with the problem of finding safe accommodation for the patients—not an easy problem.

We turn now to another, and quite different danger, that borne by lice. The body-louse is responsible for much disease. The clinical entity which first appeared in the war of 1914–18, and which was labelled 'Trench Fever,' was spread by lice. Typhus, now happily remembered only as a disease of the bad old days of insanitary gaols, was caused by lice, just as the plague was spread by fleas and rats. I cannot believe, however, that conditions in the public shelters will ever become so appallingly unhygienic as those in which soldiers lived in the Great War. Even if the bombardment of London persists throughout the winter months it should yet be possible, by rigid medical measures, to detect and deal with those inhabitants of the shelters who are a menace to the health of their neighbours. Active medical supervision will, of course, be necessary, and facilities for diagnosis, treatment, and when necessary isolation, will have to be provided.

I can end on a cheerful note. Since the last war which Germany thrust on an unwilling Europe medical science has made many and important discoveries. To-day, when we in Britain are groaning under yet another German-planned war, we have the necessary knowledge to anticipate the appearance of diseases and take steps to prevent their spread. A bold and wide plan for countering each and every disease, not only when it appears, but even before it actually occurs, should side-track successfully major epidemics. We should be able, in the words of the Minister of Health, to make 'the shelters safe for the sturdy defenders of democracy.'

ANTHONY WEYMOUTH.

A FREE FRENCHMAN SPEAKS

(*Continued*)

II

Should I live to be a hundred I shall still remember the hours, the days I lived through, after hearing that my country had accepted defeat. I could not bear to be in any company; I fled the town, walking, walking through the country lanes, hither and thither, with no goal but grief. I tried to accept the catastrophe, to make myself realise it, to reason with myself, but my instinct as a Frenchman was too strong. I could not bring myself to acknowledge the end of my race on soil that had been consecrated by close on twenty centuries of history. I felt, moreover, that all this lamentable present was but the consequence of past mistakes, only too evident, and that it was idle to cry out on the injustice of Fate. I was filled with misery and anger.

It is true that I had been for some time aware that the military situation in France was very critical; but I would remind myself that France was sworn ally to England, and that England was still inviolate. Not until both nations were beaten could either one of them be beaten. If I am playing cards with a partner I do not throw in my hand under pretext that I have not what would take a trick; I transfer my disappointed hopes to my partner and set myself to help him as best I can. Then, too, I knew my country's history; I knew how often in the past a sudden upheaval of energy had saved her on the edge of ruin. Above all, it was not possible that France could be found wanting in honour. On her flag the word *Honneur* stands side by side with *Patrie*. More than that, it precedes it, as indeed it should.

After all, the honour of any great nation cannot be at odds with her interest. A dishonourable peace must be contrary to her permanent interest, however her present interest

seems to demand it. The sense of honour is to a nation what a man's soul is to his body. The body, the territory, may be taken captive; but the nation that keeps her honour is not dead. She carries in her the seed of resurrection; the lamp still burns on the threshold of the tomb. The conquered nation who carries in her heart this living flame no enemy can put out believes that one day she will live again; believes it as a faithful soul believes in God. How often throughout history has heroic Poland seemed to die? But always there has come a resurrection, and it will come again.

On the other hand, a nation that accepts a dishonourable peace is worthy of her dishonour. The acceptance of defeat, when it is still possible to fight on, is a deadlier wound than occupation by the enemy. It is the moral suicide of a country that has no longer the courage to live on, even in spirit. The lamp in the tomb has gone out, for lack of oil.

So then, I did not give up hope. Had I not, at that very moment, the example of other noble nations, of all the Allies, confident despite disaster of final victory, refusing to admit that the end had come? The Governments of Czecho-slovakia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, refugees in the fortress of England, were witnesses that if the conqueror had captured the body, the soul of their countries had escaped. These nations were in chains, but they were not dead. They had kept their honour and, with honour, hope.

Now my mind was at rest. I brooded over the glorious and tragic history of France. Victories alternated with defeats, but the defeats were not dishonourable, even the worst of them; and always France had risen again. I had confidence, too, in the men who had just taken over the helm of the ship *France* in her hour of danger. Their names were symbols of glory, and of honour. Pétain, Pétain, above all. . . .

'Ah, Monsieur le Maréchal, you have lived too long!' The atrocious, hope-destroying reality was more than I could bear to admit. How could this thing be?

Even now I do not know how to explain it. Was it the threat of horrible reprisals on the civilian population that decided him to sign the death warrant of France? Was it the instinctive belief of the loyal soldier in the loyalty of his adversary, and the hope that a great name might incline him

to show mercy? Or was it the professional soldier's admiration for the stronger man which brought him to accept defeat? Or was it senility, treachery, Machiavellian scheming?

I do not know. I do not know what to believe. But this I do know for certain, by an instinct that has no need of reasons or explanations, that this thing should not have been.

Forgive me, Monsieur le Maréchal, but the sense of honour does not reason with itself nor explain itself. It feels. If I am thus, it is because I was brought up in your school. And if you were thirty I am certain that you would have reacted as I did.

Unconditional surrender, the promise of material aid to the enemy against the Allies, concealment from the nation of the actual conditions of peace—to accept that there was no need for a Marshal of France; any politician would have done.

But the intervention of the old soldier has served the Germans well, and it is for this above all that he will bear a crushing load of responsibility before the bar of history. Had any former Minister of France, whoever he might be, accepted such terms of surrender, every patriotic Frenchman would have risen against him. Pétain signs the same terms of surrender, and by his very intervention has sown confusion in the most loyal hearts.

He could have said to Hitler: 'You have conquered the greater part of France. So be it. For the moment you are the stronger. Were I alone I might perhaps admit defeat. But I am sworn ally with England; so close that we are pledged to one another to make no separate peace. You have won the first game. Make the most of it; that is what one expects. But you have not won the rubber, and I can sign nothing. I shall wait to do that till you have conquered England. Meantime do with me as you please.'

Alas, that was not what Pétain said. And as he was one of the spiritual leaders of France many followed him in his abjuring, persuaded that such a man could not betray his country's honour, nor do anything contrary to her permanent interests. I have not followed him, but at the cost of what inward struggle, what self-questioning! And so I can understand how many Frenchmen who are sincere patriots, but

ill-accustomed to reason about their patriotism, had not the heart to burn the idol they had adored till now. Here, above all, is the core of Pétain's guilt.

There is much that is legendary in the fame of a great man. Because one day he utters a phrase that makes history, because his soldiers are ready to die for him, he passes for a genius. The legend is born. And it grows, above all, in a Republic where the ordinary man, left with nothing but institutions to love, chooses himself a few names on which to pin his faith. There is no harm in it, provided that the person concerned does not come to believe in his own legend. Because he has been called great he believes himself great; because he has been made a symbol he believes himself a symbol. He forgets that greatness is not the normal condition of mankind, and that the same man seldom achieves it twice in one lifetime. He believes that he is permanently great, a sort of demi-god. It might be no more than an amusing foible, a proof how small great men can be. But by its help the great man may come to regard himself as indispensable, and there perhaps you have the reason why Pétain felt it his duty to intervene. And so the man who had said to Wilhelm II: 'They shall not pass,' said to Hitler: 'Come in, come in; make yourself at home.'

I have tried, in absence of the documents, to give as it were a psychological explanation of the Pétain case. No doubt there will be many others. History must be the judge.

Remains, that certain actions of this Government seem to me suspect and equivocal. I see in to-day's papers that Daladier and other Ministers are to be tried by their successors in office, under the ironic eye of the Germans, and perhaps at their command. I do not deny a share in responsibility to these public men of yesterday; but they are not the only men responsible. What, for instance, of the former leaders of the French Army, generals turned professors, who because they had once won a war by such and such a method could imagine no other? They had forgotten that for twenty years the motor had become the war lord. Those who tried to show them the danger of the static policy were dismissed as fanatics, fantastic dreamers. They maintained in the French Army their Zouaves and their Spahis, but they forgot to

equip them with tanks and aeroplanes. These, too, must take their share. What of the Chiefs of our Intelligence? How can one explain their ignorance of the strength of the German Army? On what reports—reports probably inspired by the enemy—did they base their conclusions? They too must stand their trial. And how many others, who to-day accuse, for fear of being accused? At all times it has been the custom of the guilty to choose scapegoats from among themselves; but such judgments take in no one. And how, least of all, could any one believe in the impartiality of judges sitting in a court of which the Germans keep the doors? So long as the enemy is on French soil the Vichy Government can do nothing final. It is indeed obliged by force of circumstance to consider and to proclaim itself a provisional affair. A government of that sort is not in a position to pronounce judgment, for it is the business of judgment to make an end of debate.

In my solitary walks I avoided the English as I did the French. If by chance our ways crossed, I instinctively lowered my eyes. Time was we would have smiled and nodded to one another, comrades in arms. Never, till now, had I hesitated to look any one in the face. It was a galling sensation. Yet I was so afraid that I should find a flicker of contempt in that once friendly glance, might hear, who knows, some insult muttered under the breath. No doubt I, personally, counted for nothing in these tragic happenings. In France I had never hesitated to attack a Government I did not like. But in a foreign land I felt myself answerable for my country, and I should have felt it natural to be held to account for her mistakes.

So then, let me put this on record here and now, never once had I to complain of the least glint of mockery. Here and there one or two might speak to me of their surprise, but never with rancour or bitterness, and always with compassion. I was soon to find that all the sympathy which had been shown to us on our arrival was there unchanged, and this in spite of the ill-manners of a few Frenchmen whom defeat had embittered. I had not dared to approach the English; it was the English who sought out me, and their tact was faultless. When the time came that I could tell them I was determined to continue the good fight along with them,

their sympathy and pity were transformed into a warm and friendly enthusiasm.

The impeccable behaviour of our hosts during those wretched days, their fair play towards those Frenchmen who wished to return to France, contributed not a little to my decision to remain with them. More than ever I realised that their struggle was my struggle. And this England that I used in the past to think of as a world, not indeed hostile, but closed, this England had become a country that I could love.

III

France, who went to war to defend the other nations of Europe, has been powerless to defend herself. She has been conquered by Germany as swiftly as was Poland. These are facts.

No doubt it is too soon to seek out the causes, at any rate the immediate causes, of a catastrophe unparalleled in our history. The study of the documents can only begin when action has ceased. But I am determined to say what one French citizen, with freedom of thought and speech, thinks of it all. It is my right. After all, we soldiers of to-day, the men still under thirty, we count for something in this catastrophe. It was not we who made the Treaty of Versailles, and it was not we who let it be unmade. It was not we who let Germany re-arm, who let her rebuild to strength, in broad daylight, while the whole world looked on. It was not we who had the control of French policy for twenty years. It was not we who sowed discord among Frenchmen, stirred up the class disputes that have sapped our strength. It was not we who declared this war. It was not we who signed a dishonourable peace.

We came to our maturity, ready to receive our inheritance . . . and our inheritance is destroyed. Whose is the fault? You, our elders, the men that were before us, how valiantly you fought and won the war of 1914–1918! But how well you lost the peace!

Nor was it we, the men who fought to-day, who lost this present war. This war has been a war of material—our spirit was unbroken, and in no way inferior to our elders'. But how can a man fight when he has neither arms nor ammunition,

when his leaders refuse to engage the enemy, when at the very moment of going into action one hears the order to retreat?

And amongst us, the young men, there are some who, even more than the rest, have a right to speak. They speak in the name of one dead in the Great War: and of these am I.

I was not ten when the Armistice was signed in 1918. Whilst the church bells were ringing for joy and the people laughing and swarming in the streets, I stayed beside my mother where she sat, shrouded in the long veils of grief. Everybody was laughing and singing, but my mother was crying. The happiness of others, now that it was all over, did but bring home to her the cruelty of fate.

'I have only one consolation,' she said to me. 'It is the thought that your father's sacrifice will not have been in vain.' That memory is bitter to me to-day.

The years that followed were mad for pleasure. People wanted to forget, to fleet the time carelessly, let the world spin. There has always been a reaction like this in history after a period of anguish. For myself, I had small share in the merry-making. It was a shadowed, studious adolescence, moulded in the cult of a memory. Then one came to man's estate. Now it was my turn, it was for me to sit down at the banquet of life, to have my own hearth, to carve myself a place in the world.

Instead, catastrophe. My father's sacrifice will have been senseless and in vain.

So be it. Enough of that. Now I shall say the things that lie on my heart.

Have we been betrayed? I do not know. I have no way of coming at the facts without which considered judgment is impossible. I shall say only this: the men in charge should have known our own strength. They should have informed themselves as to the forces of the enemy. If we were the weaker, we should not have run headlong upon suicide. If we were the stronger, where did our strength go?

But out defeat has causes more remote than these. Here there is no need of documents or evidence in writing: my own memory will suffice. And the memories that crowd upon me bring me to this conclusion. France died because her soul was sick. She was snapped from the tree of life,

and fell into Hitler's hands, like a rosy apple, rotten at the heart. This country, once masculine and proud, torch-bearer of civilisation in the vanguard of the nations, was become (despite certain appearances) a woman, with a woman's qualities and a woman's defects: and the French themselves no better than insufferable children, quarrelsome and ill-bred.

It is with régimes as with individuals: they have their youth, their flowering, their decadence and their death. The decadence of democracy is demagogy, its death dictatorship. With the assistance of the foreigner, France finds herself a dictatorship, but she only reached that pass because a crazy demagogy had brought her down by the stern to suicide.

A people is a democracy when it governs itself by means of representatives whose business it is to reconcile the general interest with the liberty of the individual, in the equality of all. A people is a demagogy when its representatives neglect the general interest, and think only of their own. For long years France has been a demagogy.

I grant you that she kept up the democratic forms. She even posed as champion of the democracies, and, no doubt, her people believed sincerely enough in her mission. The French, who are for ever talking politics, ended by becoming completely stripped of the political sense. Her leaders, finding the régime profitable, took good care not to enlighten them. They were degenerate themselves.

'The Chamber? It is a kind of froth of ignorance and vanity spewed up by universal suffrage in Paris. Jumping-jacks of a day, illustrious nobodies, ambitious flats, fists up to defy the world, and content to snatch at a bone to gnaw: sick minds, dreaming of revenge for their constant humiliation: disordered appetites, unbuttoned folly. When a man of ordinary common sense goes by and casts an eye upon that writhing heap, he halts, amazed and sick at heart. . . . Is it possible? Is France that thing that's there? No, France is elsewhere: she is not with the vermin that batten on her: she is with those of her children who travail and who toil.'

Who, you will ask, wrote lines so harsh? Doubtless an enemy of Parliament, a partisan of dictatorship, writing yesterday out of the bitterness and anger of defeat? Far

from it. They were written in 1895 by a man whose whole sympathy went out to Republican France: by Emile Zola.

They apply, however, with even more force to the pre-war years: the evil had swelled higher. Of the parliamentary office that should have been a duty, the members made a career: how many briefless barristers, how many doctors without practice, sat in the Chamber, with hardly a sincere conviction amongst them? When the fancy took them to stand for election, they sniffed the air to see which way the wind blew; chose the ticket most likely to secure the maximum of votes, prepared to abandon it the moment they were elected, if the wind had changed and there was a chance of office. Certain of them, starting off from socialism, wound up on the extreme Right. Is not that so, M. Laval? Others, after marching in the ranks of the *Jeunesse Catholique*, became leaders of the Popular Front. Is not that so, M. Pierre Cot? In short, every member felt it his duty to become a Minister: every Minister would have felt himself disgraced if he had not been at least once in his career, Premier.

The descent was imperceptible: yet in the end all executive power was dependent on the legislative; hence the temptation to provoke, by one pretext or another, the fall of the Ministry in office, with the secret hope of a seat in its successor. The Third Republic lived for seventy years and had known about a hundred and ten Ministries. These gentlemen had, moreover, a universal competence: they could pass with nonchalance from Finance to Justice, from National Education to the Colonies. Every candidate after his election, every Deputy after reaching cabinet rank, had to satisfy the ambitions of his camarilla, place his friends. For the smaller appetites a tobacconist's licence or a job as postman: for the larger, the promise of a Bill, an amendment to a Bill, a demand for an amnesty, an important contract to come one's way. How many of our leaders were themselves led by the nose, puppets whose strings were in the hands of high finance. The *affaire Stavisky* that made such a stir exposed some of those strings: in that business the strings were cheques.

The basis of the régime, election, was itself completely counterfeit.

Contested elections are normal in a democracy. The régime cannot exist without several political parties.

Admit but one party and the country finds itself automatically a dictatorship. But excess in anything is a defect. France suffered from a plethora of so-called parties which were nothing but groups; *Royalistes*, *Parti Social Français*, *Fédération Républicaine*, *Démocrates Populaires*, *Alliance Démocratique*, *Gauche Radicale*, *Groupe des Indépendents de Gauche*, *Radicaux Socialistes*, *Socialistes*, *Communistes*—enough and to spare, without counting the independent members. Since none of these groups was strong enough to stand alone, the Minister who took office must make alliances with his neighbours, water down his Cabinet, renounce his personal programme in whole or in part to secure support: a fine prospect for constructive policy.

Each of these parties had its great man, all of them aspirants for Cabinet rank: hence a continual underground tug-of-war within the parties themselves. The mandarins of the Republic took, in turn, the various levers of control. It is the way of France to make anything the excuse for a song, and one that I remember had a great vogue—

> 'You take the same ingredients,
> And make a start once more,

ending with the disillusioned

> 'Why did we change the Government?
> It's the mixture as before.'

Unluckily, in this struggle between particular interests, the general interest of the nation was ground to powder. As a result of the system the elections, instead of being a solid and serious means of consulting the nation, were no more than a Fair Day for the parties. The currency that bought the voices of the Sovereign people was the brisk bidding of the candidates—'ten francs . . . twenty francs . . . Any advance?' But it was France, the permanent interest of France, that these cheapjacks put up for auction. The ordinary man, all feeling for the national interest lost long ago, snapped at the bait, and, election after election, played the game of a demagogy that went from folly to folly. To win a seat it was enough to promise the impossible, without indicating how one would set about trying to achieve it. I know boroughs where the successful candidate was the

one who stood most drinks in the cafés. At Marseilles, where they never do things by halves, there have been elections that raised the dead to vote.

Beyond question, the better sort turned more and more from politics. We have had criminals in the Chamber, men sentenced under common law, scatterbrains, traitors, but men of authentic knowledge and wisdom have found the doors shut against them. They did not know how to promise the moon. Constantly one heard decent folk say, 'Politics? They make me sick'; and many had gone so far as not to vote at all. 'To go in for politics' came to mean 'to do a bit of business on the sly,' and it was too often justified. Not always. There were honourable men in the Chamber as well as knaves; good Frenchmen with a sincere wish to work for the good of their country. But the men who could live through years of parliamentary promiscuity, see this seat and that on administrative councils dangled before them as the price of a single vote and keep their integrity, were in a minority too small to have any influence. Like Cassandra they prophesied disaster to unheeding ears.

There was a time when the intervention of good Frenchmen in politics would have been possible, and effective: a time when France had not yet fallen back into childhood, and could have chosen sane leaders, had not these defaulted from their duty. We shall see later how grave was the responsibility of these 'rightminded' Frenchmen.

Still, however, France called herself a democracy. Still she flaunted her noble device: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' But the words had become empty of all meaning. They masked reality.

Liberty? The reality was liberty to say everything and do everything, even what was positively evil. This is not liberty, but licence. To take one example among hundreds, we have seen servants of the State, paid by the State, forming completely illegal syndicates, and threatening to hold up the public services if their salaries and pensions were not, as they put it, 'adjusted.'

Equality? The reality was the reign of a favouritism as absolute as in the years of despotism. Whoever stood well with the party in power was indulged: whoever opposed it was browbeaten and persecuted. Thus, since 1904, French-

men in religious orders, as much citizens of France as the rest, have been denied the right to own property or to live in community, and were constrained to go into exile in order to live the life which was their ideal. '*Lois d'exception*' were passed, directed expressly against them. A strange equality, this; strange liberty of thought: the very corner-stone of the régime.

Fraternity? Fraternity, perhaps, within one class, but between classes, hate. The various parties followed for the most part class divisions. In place of uniting Frenchmen, they separated them into hostile compartments. Economics would have proved to them that it was to their interest to come to an understanding, but politics opposed it, for politics lived on their squabbles. The party in power governed, not for France, but against its own opponents. If one is to be a member one must have electors, and the best way to keep one's electors well in hand is to transform free men into partisans. I could quote examples without number. In solid truth, healthy democracy in France was dead, killed by those who called themselves its defenders.

It would have been easy to find a remedy. It would have been possible, for instance, by prolonging the electoral mandate, to prevent immediate or final re-election, and the parliamentary function would then cease to be a career. There were other remedies in plenty, but any one of them, if it would have saved France, would equally have clipped the wings of the ruling oligarchy. Hence their savage opposition to all reform under colour of defending the Republic and the Constitution. Two Presidents of the Council, one, Millerand, actually functioning, the other, Doumergue, returned to that office, were swept away for having glimpsed the danger and spoken of applying remedies. The ordinary man, bewildered and made game of, took good note of the degeneracy of the Government, and detached himself from it. Hence his aligning himself with one or other of the extreme parties, Right or Left, which alike promised him a complete reminting of the State.

The Republican leaders made ready the bed for the dictators.

JACQUES.

[*To be continued.*]

POEM

THE PLEA

Be I again in Your remembering, God,
As I am in Your memory. For I,
Without Your condescension, have become
A dream that night rejects. I know, alas!
That sinners have no rights, and supplicate
Your infinite mercy, God. And sinner I,
In double dire transgression: in what I share
With other men, and in forgetfulness
Of that inevitable sin. For I
Have walked amongst Your mansions, by Your waters,
In the high mountains; eaten, drunk, and slept,
Touched fondly and with passion, tasted all
The early harvest-bounties, and have sent
Not one bright thought towards You or one prayer,
Or brooded on my death at eventide.
For this presumptuous mimicry of You
In this scarred, riven, sweat-begotten world,
For my forgetfulness am I forgotten.
To be forgotten is to be, not death,
But death forgetting death, sense without taste,
The artist clipped of his creativeness,
Seeing Cezanne as the flat oil-smudged square.
Divided from the prophecy of myself,
My ultimate naming in Your last assize,
I have become the creature of one place,
The thickening body and the greying hair,
Which idiot-disgust must contemplate
Amongst the suave live bronzes of the young.
The world is not its own significance.
Without the quick of God and shadow of death
It dwindles to its surfaces; and these,

Like water's, have no substance but become
Possessed by fickle images. All's now
And never now: mask slips from mask to mask,
And in the lust for unreality
The terra firma of the sponge and squid
Becomes the stirring horror of our joy.
There move I—or have moved; for am I not,
God, God, my Saviour and my salt of joy,
Saved by the knowledge that Your knowledge is?
Ah, see how terrible is that abyss
Through which in trivial leisure now I fall!
For I must try Your having by a cheat,
Knowing too well how well You know my cheat.
Who shall be more abandoned? The born-blind?
Or those who having eyes and thinking eyes
Slide to the dark ravines when morning comes,
And know where sun is by the darker bars
Run from the firs' feet slanted to the stream?
Am I remembered, Lord? For I have climbed
To where the pine and cypress and wild fig
Filter sea and island through their screen;
And in the clear still beauty of the noon
I seem to see with other, quieter eyes;
And in this wild disburdening of despair
There sounds (or so it seems or cares to seem)
The memory of a memory of peace.
My body comes to terms with time and place
And has no special need or fear of them.
What lightning takes my heart when the heart says:
'Perhaps He may remember.' And then I fear
And will not dare to dream the possible.
And yet, and yet, there's coolness on my tongue,
And the world comes to rights by right of taste.
Ah, this at least I know, that one small drop,
Fallen from infinite balm, is cyclamen
Spread through the mountain-pastures all the day.
And one small second of remembering
Tides me through wonder for a score of days.
God, is it so? Am I remembered, God?

L. AARONSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

REPRISALS

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—In regard to Reprisals, THE NINETEENTH CENTURY for November contains two articles both declaring apparently in favour of reprisals. I say 'apparently' because the Bishop blows hot and cold and says and unsays, leaving the reader uncertain of his conclusion. Your own declaration (p. 421) is more explicit, except perhaps on p. 422 where you use a double negative to suggest a positive, thus: 'It is not certain that terroristic bombardment would not, etc.' Both statements are made from the Christian standpoint presumably; your own attitude to the Bible is plain from many pertinent quotations on the outer cover and particularly on p. 316 of the October issue. I write as a Christian minister, no pacifist, but believing that War may be a Christian duty and that Christ and His Cross are our constant example and ideal.

The Bishop takes possible reprisals as not only of the vindictive kind which all Christians condemn (p. 458), but as disciplinary retribution, which many support, he says. To call reprisals retribution is to get away from the point and confuse the mind. To discuss 'methods of warfare' and the horrors of war as on p. 459 is to create a false issue. Where war is there must be horrors of war, and in the end it is true that the decision lies with the Government, though every Christian conscience must judge the Government. It is not a matter of military tactics and expediency.

What are the evils against which Reprisals are advocated? Terroristic bombing of civilians, including women and children and of hospitals, bombing and machine gunning of trawlermen unarmed, of people escaping in rafts and boats, of people on the streets or in shelters. These are the reprisals in question, and I submit that if our nation follows the lead of the Bishop and yourself and imitates our enemies in these practices we deserve to lose not only our Christian faith and hope and standing and self-respect, but this and every war we fight in that vindictive spirit and by these inhuman methods.

You say on p. 422 the decision to abstain from reprisals for

terroristic bombing seems to you a *psychological, political* and *strategic* error. I answer, the decision to use terroristic bombing would be a *moral error* of infinitely greater magnitude. Are we fighting for Christian ideals or merely for bread and butter and sleep and pleasure? Your prosaic paragraph on the 'prosaic attitude' cuts no ice and gets us nowhere. For you have yourself constantly argued for war aims and peace aims. The mere 'prosaic' plan of living from day to day and fighting from blow to blow is impossible. That Londoners demand retribution for the wrong done them is, you say, 'right and human.' And later you say that one result of '*successful reprisals*,' begging the question by the word 'successful,' would be to hearten the people in our country, mostly Londoners, who have suffered so badly. You actually say to hearten by hitting back, meaning only to satisfy not the sense of justice but a spirit of revenge, despicable in any professing the Christian faith and desiring to live worthily of a Christian community.

No, sir, we dare not adopt such methods of barbarism, and I deeply regret that a Bishop whom one should for his very office respect and an editor whom one has admired and applauded for many incisive and true criticisms and deliverances should have blundered so badly.

Yours, etc.,

GILBERT BUCHANAN.

HEIL HUNGER

[*The following letter from Dr. Gumpert (whose book* HEIL HUNGER *was reviewed in the September number of the* NINETEENTH CENTURY) *has been sent to us by his publishers, to whom it was addressed, with a request for its publication.*

THE EDITOR.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.,
LONDON.

I wrote my book *Heil Hunger! Health under Hitler* for the purpose of proving that the health of the German people, after six years of the Hitler régime, had not improved at the outbreak of the war, but had grown considerably worse. A great many physicians have discussed my book. Two of them did not like it and considered my deductions erroneous, as well as the facts submitted. One of them was the head of the Department of Public Health of the Reich, Dr. Conti, in Berlin, and the other was Dr. William A. Brend, of London.

In THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, September 1940, Dr. Brend

published an article in which he maintains that my book is 'full of errors and mis-statements' and 'not be worth while.' He begins his polemics with a mis-statement, by misquoting me. I am supposed to have written:

> Six years of Nazi rule have resulted in an increased death-rate, a falling birth-rate, a declining fecundity, a growing criminality, an increase in rickets, drunkenness, venereal disease, tuberculosis, epidemics, a piling up of accidents, and a doubling of mental diseases.

In reality the sentence reads as follows:

> an increased death-rate, a falling birth-rate, a fecundity, an increase in rickets, the physical incapacity of the youth, 90 per cent. flat feet, a growing criminality, an increase in drunkenness, a doubling of mental diseases, an increase in venereal diseases, a rise in tuberculosis for man and beast, an increase in epidemics, food poisoning, puerperal fever, an increasing mortality rate in the hospitals, a piling up of fatal accidents, a decline in working capacity, new occupational diseases, injury by compulsory sports, an increase in female labour, under-nourishment, a shortage of vitamins, misery among the farmer class, the ruin of science, the decline of military power.

Dr. Brend in selecting several arguments which he claims he can refute and by omitting other important arguments endeavours to create the impression with the readers as though he had refuted my book.

Upon perusal of his numerous rows of figures I must admit that my book does contain several mis-statements:

1. Not 80,000 more persons died annually in Hitler-Germany than before Hitler, as a result of the increased death-rate, but only 67,831.
2. In the year 1937 the suicide rates of Austria and Hungary were higher, so that Germany does not take first place, but third.
3. The total number of registered suicides, 1936, in Europe (with the exception of Germany) was not 30,201, as I wrote and not 37,415 as Dr. Brend asserts, but 35,228.
4. The total number of German suicides in 1936, was not 21,984, but 19,288.

Three of these misunderstandings can be explained by the fact that the *Statistisches Jahrbuch fuer das Deutsche Reich* ('Statistical Year Book for the German Reich') of 1938, which served me as a reference, already gave the figures for Austria and Germany combined, although the *Anschluss* had not yet taken place. However, particularly in the case of suicides, it may be well to point out that at that time the same terror of national-socialism was at work in Austria and Hungary, which, as I believe, led to the increase in the rate of suicides in Germany.

A further misunderstanding is due to the fact that according to my statement the death rate had decreased during the past fourteen years in all the countries of the world, with the exception of Greece, Colombia, Egypt, while it now had increased in Germany. I arrived at this conclusion by a comparison of the tables of the Statistical Year Book, 1927, p. 11, x, and 1938, p. 19, x. Inasmuch as the census was not always taken in the same years small discrepancies result, which Dr. Brend has discovered.

Very well, there are five inaccuracies which might have been avoided. But they in no way alter my final deductions contained in the chapter 'Population Policy.' The mortality rate has risen. (Correct.) The number of marriages, after an initial upward spurt, has declined. (Correct.) The fecundity index is far behind the level attained in the pre-Hitler period. (Correct.)

Dr. Brend considers the continued increase of the mortality rate since Hitler unessential. I differ with him. Dr. Brend considers the death rate among children as very favourable (rise by 1·5 per cent. *per annum* for infants over one year in the cities of Germany !) I differ with him. Dr. Brend again and again refers to the fact that conditions over the same period were worse in other European countries than in Germany. I am well aware of that. Germany was, as I am bound to emphasise repeatedly, a country of unusual high hygienic standards. I was concerned with proving that this standard had not improved under Hitler, as the Nazis and Dr. Brend maintain. This standard has partly deteriorated in a most catastrophic manner.

I had assumed that the unusual increase of deaths in column 43 headed 'Sudden death, with causes not indicated or insufficiently indicated,' could be explained by a number of not correctly registered suicides and murders. Dr. Brend asserts that I have added the word 'sudden' arbitrarily 'and this throws an interesting sidelight on my methods.' Dr. Brend's assertion is untrue. The Statistical Year Book for the German Reich speaks of nothing but 'Sudden Death or causes not given at all or insufficiently given.' Fortunately Dr. Brend does not know how in the case of political 'accidents' certificates of death are manufactured in the Third Reich. I know it from experience.

Dr. Brend considers the increase in tuberculosis registrations insignificant. I differ with him, since the German authorities themselves regard them as threatening. His assertion that only the death cases from tuberculosis give an indisputable picture of the spreading of this disease is in error. Tuberculosis is a chronic disease and the death cases to-day only give a picture of the new cases of about ten years ago. Dr. Brend criticises that I have inadmissibly embraced

the cases of patients in institutions for 'the mentally sick, epileptic, idiots, the feeble-minded and cases of nervous disorders' which have been doubled. That again, he claims, is proof of my strange methods. This aggregation is not my invention, but taken word for word from the Statistical Year Book for the German Reich (1927, p. 432). He traces the doubling of the number merely to the greater care exercised by the Nazis. He is mistaken. The number of available beds has increased only about 10 per cent. in fourteen years. In the German Republic insane people were not permitted to run about in the streets.

A further gross distortion on the part of Dr. Brend: He ironically cites my alleged remark that the nervous disorders reported in increasing numbers from nearly every part of Germany are due to excessive indulgence in tobacco and alcohol. This remark does not emanate from me, but from the official Public Health Service, as the text clearly shows.

Dr. Brend is 'surprised that it is just the generative organs of industrially overworking women which become affected.' I could supply him with convincing literature on this subject, including the opinions of the national-socialist Reich Public Health Office. Dr. Brend does not even permit that the Nazis be burdened with the flat feet of the school children; he considers this a consequence of the first World War, although the children were born only a decade after the conclusion of the war, although rickets, as I have shown, increased in the Third Reich tremendously.

I am entirely at a loss to understand what Dr. Brend aims at by his attacks and his mis-statements. He discovers several errors in figures, which do not alter the state of affairs in the slightest degree, but he conceals the entire amount of material that proves the poor state of health of the Nazis.

DR. MARTIN GUMPERT.

NEW YORK, *October 10th*, 1940.

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—Dr. Gumpert, in his reply to my article in the September number of this JOURNAL, has evaded all my main criticisms and repeated many of his mis-statements, the most flagrant of which was his assertion that the German birth rate has fallen under Hitler. As I have already stated, the birth rate, after falling steadily for many years to its lowest point, 14·7 in 1933, rose abruptly in 1934 to 18·1 and was 19·7 in 1938. This is the outstanding feature of German vital statistics in recent years, and we are going to hear a great deal more about it and its effects and causes. To represent the German birth rate as having fallen is, on the most charitable assumption, an

act of carelessness so gross as to throw doubt on the validity of every statement made in the book. Let it be remembered that this statement was the one most eagerly quoted by reviewers and public speakers as evidence of the failure of Nazi effort, and many of these must now regret that they were misled by Dr. Gumpert's unfortunate mistake.

But the error, as I pointed out, was the more puzzling for the reason that, while nowhere quoting the actual figures of the birth-rate, Dr. Gumpert gave a number of other statistics which suggested that it had fallen and consequently appeared to support his assertion. He repeats some of these in his reply. After admitting to five 'inaccuracies,' he continues :

> But they in no way alter my final deductions contained in the chapter 'Population Policy.' The mortality rate has risen. (Correct.) The number of marriages, after an initial upward spurt, has declined. (Correct.) The fecundity index is far behind the level attained in the pre-Hitler period. (Correct.)

Now these three statements are verbally true, but the deductions Dr. Gumpert draws from them, or intends others to draw from them, are not true, always remembering that he is purporting to show the deterioration in Germany under Nazi rule. Hitler seized power in 1933, consequently comparisons, for Dr. Gumpert's purpose, should be between 1932 and the latest year for which statistics are available, in most cases 1937; or between series of years before and after 1933 where it is necessary to eliminate yearly fluctuations by averaging. Two of the above statements however illustrate Dr. Gumpert's device of taking for comparison pairs of years which have no relation to the Nazi period and then assuming, or letting it be assumed, that they relate to the Nazi period. Here, for instance, are the German marriage rates since 1929 :

1929	9·2	1932	7·9	1935	9·7
1930	8·8	1933	9·7	1936	9·1
1931	8·0	1934	11·2	1937	9·1
				1938	9·4

It will be seen that after the big rise in 1934 there has been some decline, but the rate in 1938 is still very appreciably higher than that in 1932. Dr. Gumpert does not mention the year of comparison when he states that the number of marriages has declined, but he obviously intends it to be assumed that it is 1932, otherwise there is no point in the remark.

Literally true also is the statement that the fecundity index (*i.e.*, births per 1,000 women aged fifteen to forty-five) is far behind the level attained in the pre-Hitler period, but only so if 'pre-Hitler

period' means a date at least as far back as 1914! The rate was 82·3 in 1923, and thereafter it fell steadily to the record low level of 58·9 in 1933. In 1934 (the first year in which the Hitler influence could show) it rose to 73·3 and in 1937 was 77·1. Thus, compared with 1932, the rate instead of being 'far behind' was actually 30 per cent. higher in 1937. Incidentally, we may note that in his book Dr. Gumpert says that the rate, 77·1 in 1937, was the lowest level. I pointed out this 'inaccuracy' in my article, but he has not corrected it in his reply.

While on the subject of the birth rate, I should be glad to call attention to another of Dr. Gumpert's remarks, suggestive of a fall, which was not included in my article. He states that the number of mothers with four or more children declined between 1933 and 1939, but the enquiring mind wonders why he gives no information about the mothers with one, two and three children respectively. Reference to the German Year Book satisfies this curiosity. The first two of these classes (the largest) have both increased, the third has remained stationary, and the last, as Dr. Gumpert states, has decreased. This was just what might have been expected. Hitler's emotional appeal was to the young. Mothers already with three children have resisted his persuasive voice. Why did Dr. Gumpert pick out the only class which has declined?

To return to the quoted statement. The mortality rate (which shows considerable yearly fluctuations) averaged 11·4 per 1,000 for the four years preceding 1933 and 11·5 for the four succeeding years. Dr. Gumpert is right therefore when he says it has risen. It has done so by 0·1 per 1,000. But in his book, by comparing the highest rate in the Nazi period, 11·8 in 1935 and 1936 with the rate 10·8 in 1933, he arrives at an increase of 1·0 per 1,000, and then assuming that this increase applied to every year, informed his readers that this meant 'in round figures' an *annual* increase in the number of deaths of 80,000, this in a country with a population of 67,831,000! In his letter he has corrected his arithmetic and now says that only 67,871 more persons die *annually* as a result of the increased death rate. But as the average increase is only 0·1 per 1,000, it will be seen that even this number is still ten times in excess of the correct figure.

Dr. Gumpert has also (partially) corrected his arithmetic relating to suicides. He now states that the German suicides in 1936, which he said in his book were 21,984 and almost equal to the total number of suicides in the rest of Europe, were in fact 19,288, and those in the rest 35,288, but he still omits to point out that this 'rest' does not include ten countries with a population of some 215,000,000, for which no returns were available. He explains his 'inaccuracies' over these figures by saying that the German Statistical Year Book

for 1938 already gave the figures for Germany and Austria combined. This is untrue. Here is how the entry appears in that Year Book, 'Selbstmord . . . M.13,443 . . . W.5,845 . . . . Österreich, 2,696.' Dr. Gumpert added these figures together himself to swell the German total although they relate to 1936, two years before the union with Austria.

Dr. Gumpert denies my statement that he has himself introduced the word 'sudden' when he says in his book, 'There is an ominous column, No. 43, headed: "Sudden death, with causes not indicated or insufficiently indicated."' and he says in his reply that he was quoting from the Statistical Year Book of the German Reich. Unfortunately, however, he gave the number '43' as that of the column he was quoting, and this shows that he has taken it from the table of causes of death in the International List, which is published in Geneva, in French and English, from material supplied by each Government and issued in this country by Messrs. Allen and Unwin, who also published *Heil Hunger*. The entry in that list is as follows: 'No. 43. *Causes non spécifiées ou mal définies.* Causes of death not specified or ill-defined.' The entry under '43' in the German Year Book is '*Andere Herzkrankheiten.*' The verbal difference between 'specified' and 'indicated,' etc., is presumably due to the translation of the Geneva entry into German and back again into English, but this will not explain the appearance of the word 'sudden.' Actually column 43 in the International List (which is equivalent to 199–200 in the Detailed International List, followed with slight modifications in this country) means what it says, and is employed by Registrars all over the world to record sudden deaths not otherwise described, deaths not certified by doctors, persons found dead in whom the cause of death cannot be ascertained, and deaths from 'heart failure' and other medically indefinite conditions, whether sudden or otherwise. Dr. Gumpert's vivid imagination has led him to see in this column a Nazi device for concealing suicides, deaths in concentration camps and even 'mysterious disappearances' and, in his reply, it has even made him find an 'unusual increase' in the number of deaths it records. But this flight of fancy collapses completely when we discover that the death rate in this column attained its highest level in 1932, 24 per 100,000 inhabitants, and thereafter fell steadily to 21·5 in 1936, the latest year for which the figures are available. Dr. Gumpert, however, rather naively admits now that all this was an assumption.

In reply to my comment that he had assembled a rather heterogeneous collection of affections to prove his statement that mental disorders have increased in Nazi Germany, Dr. Gumpert now says that the aggregation was not his own idea but was taken word for

word from the Statistical Year Book for 1927. But in his book he never mentions the year 1927: he compares 1923 and 1936, and for 936 his statement is certainly not true. He has himself added ogether four columns (Nos. 9–12) in the German list of institutions or every kind of malady, and included certain neurological affecions which we do not regard as mental diseases in this country. He states that the number of available beds has only increased by bout 10 per cent. in fourteen years, although the number under nstitutional care had doubled. According to the Year Books, howver, the number of beds for the affections Dr. Gumpert quotes was 33,444 in 1923, and 194,271 in 1936. This seems to me to be more han 10 per cent., but of course Dr. Gumpert has his own special nethods of arithmetic. On Dr. Gumpert's figures, moreover, it would seem that the Nazi has reverted to the rather uncomfortable ighteenth century practice of putting more than one patient in a ed. Apart from the silliness of going back to 1923 to prove Nazi ncompetence, Dr. Gumpert should know that every country in which an active public health policy has been pursued—and Germany was one—shows a growth in its provision for the sick, but his is very far from connoting an increase in morbidity. In England nd Wales, for instance, the number under care for mental disorder n 1923 was 126,279, and in 1938 it was 158,732, but we do not take his as evidence of an increase in these conditions.

Similarly with notifiable diseases, as the standard of living rises, reater accuracy and completeness of notification are demanded om both registering officials and doctors, possibly resulting in a teady rise in the numbers recorded, though the real incidence of he disease and its death rate may be falling. Deductions from caseates, which Dr. Gumpert is very fond of quoting, can only be rawn with the greatest care. An apparent rise may be entirely due a new administrative regulation, and we shall see an instance of his when considering food poisoning in Germany. We may note this connection that Dr. Gumpert reiterates his belief that a rise about 0·6 per cent. in the case-rate from tuberculosis in the two onsecutive years, 1935 and 1936, proves an increase in the prevalence of this disease. How does he explain the continuous fall in e death rate from tuberculosis from 75·0 in 1932 to 70·5 in 1936?

Dr. Gumpert says that I 'do not even permit that the Nazis be urdened with the flat feet of the school children.' This is a comlete distortion of my remark which was: 'The wide prevalence f flat foot and other deformities among the youth need not be uestioned, but is more likely to be due to malnutrition of children uring the last war and early years of the peace than to recent condions.' In fact Dr. Gumpert never mentions flat feet in connection

with school children in his book, and the only statistics he gives relating to this disorder are for youths born in the years 1913 to 1916.

Two medical points may be noticed. Dr. Gumpert points out that his remark that the increasing numbers of nervous disorders in Germany are due to excessive indulgence in tobacco and alcohol, emanates from the Public Health Service. I have not had an opportunity of reading the report from which he quotes, but I am still not impressed, and I can only repeat that in this country we know alcoholic neuritis and delirium, but that alcoholics are notoriously less liable to nervous disorders, as ordinarily understood, *i.e.*, neuroses, than non-alcoholics; and we find excessive tobacco smoking an effect rather than a cause of such disorders. As regards his remark in his book that 'it is just the generative organs of women which suffer to such an important degree as the result of industrial employment; and the malignancy of tumours is many times higher among such women than among those not so employed' (a remark which in his reply, while purporting to quote my article, he has himself modified by inserting the word 'overworking' into my words and omitting the second part of the sentence), I can merely say that if this were confirmed by English experience it would be a fact of the highest social importance and of the greatest medical interest.

Finally Dr. Gumpert accuses me of misquoting him because I have not dealt with all the matters covered in his catalogue of Nazi iniquities. But I do not question for a moment his statement that crime has increased in Germany, or that there is misery among farmers or that science is ruined. Indeed we knew all these things before *Heil Hunger* was written. But I am surprised to learn that military power has declined under the Nazis. I was only concerned to correct his many mis-statements about public health in Germany because of the erroneous and possibly harmful illusions they were creating in this country, and but for this fact I should not have thought the book worth noticing. As, however, Dr. Gumpert thinks he has been unfairly treated I will now deal with a few more of the points in his list which were omitted from my article.

Speaking of bacteriological food poisoning he states that in 1935 the number of cases reported was 1,751 and in 1936 the number was 3,674. 'In one year therefore there was an increase of more than 100 per cent.' These three statements are again literally true. But why has Dr. Gumpert omitted the footnote attached to the German table stating that until 1935 only cases of poisoning by meat, fish and sausage were reported?

Dr. Gumpert's remarks on puerperal fever afford a delightful little study of his methods. He says:

Puerperal fever has become a rarity in hospitals. Such was the case in Germany, too, until the coming of the Nazis. When they acquired power, puerperal fever likewise re-acquired its ancient and baleful power in the hospitals of Germany. The following are the figures for cases of puerperal fever: for 1933, 5,151; for 1934, 6,355; for 1935, 7,004; for 1936, 7,965.

Now at first sight this looks like a convincing indictment, a rise of more than 50 per cent. in the four years. But it is a safe rule with Dr. Gumpert always to examine his dates, and the question at once presents itself, why has he not given us the number for 1937? It was available, and for other diseases he quotes he takes that year. Was it because the number in 1937 fell to 6,417? And why has he not given the figures for 1932? Was it because the number in that year was 5,818? And as the number in 1931 was even higher, 5,878, we see now that his statement that puerperal fever had become a rarity in pre-Nazi Germany has gone by the board. Moreover, the rise in Nazi Germany from 5,818 to 6,417 becomes 11 instead of 50 per cent. But now another consideration arises. These are gross figures and they carry no significance until they are related to the number of births, but in view of his antics with the birth rate Dr. Gumpert dare not point this out. When we correlate these figures with the birth rate the picture is entirely altered. As there was a rise of 20 per cent. in the birth rate from 1932 to 1937, and only a rise of 11 per cent. in the cases notified, it is clear that so far from there having been an increase in the puerperal fever rate, there must have been a substantial decline in the rate per thousand live births which is the usual way of recording the incidence of this disease. Actually the case-rate fell from 5·9 per thousand births in 1932 to 5·0 per thousand in 1937; and the death rate, which is a better criterion, fell from 2·5 per thousand births in 1932 to 1·8 per thousand in 1937. In the aggregate of German towns with more than 100,000 inhabitants, the death rates from puerperal fever in recent years were: 1931, 3·3; 1932, 3·2; 1933, 3·3; 1934, 2·4; 1935, 2·0; 1936, 1·9; 1937, 1·4; thus one more of our author's myths becomes apparent.

Five infectious diseases, diphtheria, scarlet fever, dysentery, typhoid and paratyphoid, and infantile paralysis, have increased alarmingly under Nazi rule according to Dr. Gumpert. Of these, both the case-rate and death rate of the first two have increased materially; the rates for dysentery are practically unchanged; both the case-rate and the death rate from typhoid and paratyphoid have fallen substantially. For infantile paralysis, Dr. Gumpert states that the number increased from 1,318 in 1933 to 2,723 in 1937. This is true, but the number in 1932 was 3,896!

As regards fatal accidents, Dr. Gumpert shows a substantial increase in the numbers, but he makes no effort to show that the increase was greater than in proportion to the increase of employment in Germany which we know was very large.

Finally, Dr. Gumpert gives a table showing the large numbers of recruits rejected for military service owing to physical defects, including bad teeth. How completely this is a question of the standard demanded, may perhaps best be shown by the following quotation from the *British Medical Journal* for August 14th, 1938: 'Of 58,547 applicants for entry into the Royal Navy and Royal Marines for the year ended March, 1938, 22,039 were rejected on medical and dental grounds.' The writer of an English equivalent to *Heil Hunger* would make great capital out of this statement, but all it proves is the very high standard required for admission to these splendid bodies of men.

Dr. Gumpert is a quick-change artist. After writing a book in which from cover to cover he paints as black a picture of health conditions in Germany as it is possible to imagine, proving it by his own peculiar methods for every branch of public health, he now says, in reply to my criticisms, 'Germany was, as I am bound to emphasise repeatedly, a country of unusually high hygienic standards. I was concerned with proving that this standard had not improved under Hitler.' This is a very different story, and no one would imagine from his book that all he was trying to show was that a high standard had not become higher. His claim now is that, 'This standard has partly deteriorated in a most catastrophic manner.' But of all the conditions he examines, only scarlet fever and diphtheria give any support to this contention, both infectious diseases which are subject to wide fluctuations with the prevalence of epidemics.

The high standard of public health in Germany was of course well known to those with even an elementary knowledge of international hygiene. Except for the conditions mentioned above, and a higher death rate from syphilis, it was about the same as in this country. It was not so high as that in Holland, which, judged by every test we can apply, was—and may it still be!—the healthiest country in Europe, but it was well above the general European average. Moreover, it would have been inconsistent with German efficiency, to have built up their powerful military machine, and to have allowed the people to fall into the deplorable state described by Dr. Gumpert. We have therefore a striking illustration of the power of 'wishful thinking' in the eager credence given by our authorities and the Press to this astonishing German-American fairy tale.

W. A. Brend.

BOOK REVIEWS

Calabria: The First Italy, by Gertrude Slaughter (the University of Wisconsin Press, $4).

There have been so many admirable books written on Calabria that a very high standard has been set for any new book on that country. Lenormant, Gissing, Norman Douglas—we seem to see and know the country through their books, while the works of Henry Swinburne and Ramage still find readers. Ramage's *Nooks and Byways of Italy* is indeed an enchanting volume, and one seems to remember that Edward Hutton devoted one of his many books on Italy to Calabria. Now comes Mrs. Slaughter, an American writer, and it is difficult perhaps with so many charming volumes in mind to come to her demi-semi-historical papers without impatience. Her book is a little pretentious and the manner too didactic for so old and so unspoilt a province. A great deal of information is given in her book, however, and some of it is not very accurate. For example, she tells us that 'Magna Graecia included the modern Calabria,' but in fact Calabria was never Magna Graecia. Magna Graecia was those various Greek cities, like beads on a string, which, in the midst of a darkness of barbarous tribes, stood along the Italian shores of the Ionian and the Tyrrhene seas. And is it not pedantic to speak of the 'toe' of Italy as Bruttii—at least, in a work of vulgarisation? Even Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Geography* refuses to do that. Mrs. Slaughter is also surely mistaken when she tells us that 'the Renaissance of Northern Italy' knew the Greek civilisation of Magna Graecia. It is certain that the humanists of the High Renaissance, Raphael for instance, though passionately interested, as he was, in antiquity, were completely ignorant even of such enormous relics of this civilisation as the Temples of Paestum, though they stood, and stand, within a few miles of an episcopal city. And in speaking of Paola and St.

Francis of Paola, Mrs. Slaughter mentions 'the Franciscan Order of Minimi at Paola.' But the Order of the Minimi or Minims founded by St. Francis of Paola, with its characteristic vow of *vita quadragesimalis*, was never part of the Franciscan Order in any of its ramifications. The Franciscan Order is that of the Friars Minor, founded by St. Francis of Assisi. The truth is that anyone setting out to write 'a biography of southernmost Italy' will need a considerable scholarship. For he will have to deal not only with that very ancient Greek civilisation which the names of Sybaris, Crotona, Siris and many another city stand for, but with Roman and still more Byzantine history, or with the Norman, the Angevin and the Spanish kingdoms. An alluring place Calabria! But no one should set out to tell 'its story from the time of the Homeric legends and Greek colonies to present-day restoration and recovery,' even though one thinks its history 'generally unknown,' without initiation.

EDWARD HUTTON.

Education and Social Change: An English Interpretation, by Professor F. Clarke (Sheldon Press, 1*s.* net).

Professor Clarke's brochure is number three in a series entitled 'The Christian News-Letter Books,' which, according to the general preface, 'is designed to assist thought upon the relation of the Christian faith to present problems.' The timeliness of such an endeavour can hardly be denied in an age in which Christianity, even in the broadest acceptance of the term, cannot be taken for granted in writers and thinkers within the geographical limits of Christendom. Unfortunately this particular book seems to stand in no relation to the general aim. There is not, as far as we have been able to discover, a single line in it which might not have been written by an author who rejected every form of Christian doctrine. Yet there are few subjects that more clearly lend themselves to discussion in the light of Christian principles than that of education. There is the problem which has lately exercised so many minds on the divorce between religion and public instruction. There is also the very important question whether the school teacher in the Christian conception of society stands *in loco parentis* or *in loco civitatis*.

Professor Clarke has nothing to say on these matters or on any of equal depth. Religion is vaguely indicated at the end in an

approval of the poet's conception of the world as 'a vale of soul-making,' but this might be endorsed by any Buddhist or pantheist. What we are offered for the most part is a set of reflections on the Spens report on Secondary Education and a quite interesting attempt to derive an educational tradition from the English history of the last three centuries. No intelligent reader would criticise the book for not sermonising, and an absence of theological terminology would be no drawback if it were arguable that a broadly Christian attitude could be deduced from what it has to say. But this is far from being the case. So far as any theological attitude can be deduced it is a belief in the irrelevance of Christianity. There are, according to Professor Clarke, two conceptions of culture, between which it is necessary to achieve a synthesis. One is the literary or classical and the other the scientific or modern. It is surely possible to be a good Protestant without holding, as our author appears to do, that Christianity began at the Reformation and is a purely English phenomenon.

A writer in a predominantly Christian society may be presumed to have the Christian conception in his mind. He will expect the reader to be testing what he has to say against the background of the accepted beliefs even when they are not explicitly named. The philosophy at the back of Professor Clarke's mind seems to be Marxianism. He may reject it for aught we know, but he seems to take it for granted that it is by Karl Marx rather than by the New Testament that the reader will judge his theories. Hence he considers in what sense he can be said to contemplate 'a classless society'—that apocalyptic dream of the Marxians. He wants 'the adaptation of a modified form of the principle of *l'école unique*.' Adapting a modified form of a principle seems a pleasant exercise, but it is significant that Professor Clarke falls as naturally into the terminology of the Left as a Christian writer might be expected to do into that of Scripture or Christian tradition. Some of his comments, in which this background is very apparent, leave us rather baffled. For example, we are told (p. 30): 'The mass of the English people have never yet evolved genuine schools of their own. Schools have always been provided for them from above, in a form and with a content of studies that suited the ruling interest.' How does a mass of people evolve a school?

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

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